

T H E
W O R K S
O F
M. DE V O L T A I R E.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

W I T H
NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY T. SMOLLETT, M.D.
T. FRANCKLIN, M.A. AND OTHERS.

IN TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES.



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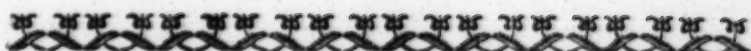


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T H E
H E N R I A D E.

CANTO the FIRST.



VOL. XX.

B

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry III. joined by Henry de Bourbon, king of Navarre, against the League, having blockaded Paris, sends over Henry de Bourbon privately into England, in hopes of obtaining succours from queen Elizabeth. A violent storm over-taking him in his voyage, he is obliged to put into an island, where an old hermit receives him, and foretels his change of religion, and accession to the throne. Description of England, and its government.





THE

HENRIADE.

CANTO the FIRST.

* **T**HE chief renown'd, who rul'd in France, I sing,
By right of conquest, and of birth, a king;
In various suff'rings resolute, and brave,
Faction he quell'd: he conquer'd and forgave.
Subdu'd the dang'rous League, and † factious Mayne, 5
And curb'd the head-strong arrogance of Spain.
He taught those realms he conquer'd to obey,
And made his subjects happy by his sway.

O heaven-born truth, descend, celestial muse,
Thy power, thy brightness, in my verse infuse. 10
B 3 May

* *The chief renown'd,*] Henry IV. of France, son of Anthony king of Navarre, who descended in a direct line from Robert count de Clermont, youngest son of Lewis IX. or St. Lewis king of France. The posterity of his eldest son *Philip the Bold*, failing in Henry III. king of France, three hundred years after the death of St. Lewis, Henry of Bourbon became heir to the crown, as descended from the above-mentioned count de Clermont, who married Beatrix, daughter of Agnes de Bourbon, heir of Archemband, lord of Bourbon in the middle of the XIIIth century.

† Charles duke de Mayne, brother of Henry duke de Guise, who form'd the League, a faction in France; who, under pretence of the danger of the church, made head against Henry III. king of France, and, after his death, against Henry of Bourbon, who gain'd great advantages over the Spaniards in confederacy with the League.

May kings attentive hear thy voice divine;
 To teach the monarchs of mankind, is thine.
 'Tis thine, to war-enkind'ling realms to shew
 What dire effects from curst divisions flow.
 Relate the troubles of preceding times; 15
 The people's suff'rings, and the prince's crimes.
 And O! if fable may her succours lend,
 And with thy voice her softer accents blend;
 If on thy light her shades sweet graces shed,
 If her fair hand e'er deck'd thy sacred head, 20
 Let her with me thro' all thy limits rove,
 Not to conceal thy beauties, but improve.

* Valois then govern'd the distracted land,
 Loose flow'd the reins of empire in his hand:
 Rights were confounded, laws neglected bore 25
 No force, alas! for Valois reign'd no more.
 No more the prince for deeds of war renown'd,
 Whom as her son victorious conquest own'd;
 Whose arms thro' Europe spread disorder'd fear,
 Whose loyal subjects shed the pious tear, 30
 When the bleak north proclaim'd him truly great,
 And laid her crowns, and sceptres at his feet.
 Those rays of glory, erst in battle won,
 Sunk into night, and vanish'd from the throne.
 There sat the monarch on the lap of ease, 35
 Reclining fondly in the arms of peace.
 Too weak to bear in each lethargic hour,
 The regal diadem, and weight of pow'r.
 Voluptuous youths usurp'd the sole command,
 And reign'd, in truth, the sov'reigns of the land. 40
 Pleas'd in their soft luxurious prince to find
 Corrupted morals, and a female mind.
 Meantime the Guises rose at fortune's call;
 And built their schemes of greatness on his fall.
 Thence sprang the League, which prov'd the fatal
 source 45
 Of num'rous ills, and baffled all his force.

The

* *Valois then govern'd*] Henry III. king of France, one of the
 principal heroes of this poem, is always called Valois, the name
 of the royal branch to which he belong'd.

THE HENRIADE

7

The servile crowd, with vain chimæras fed,
Too blindly follow'd where the tyrants led.
Now from the Louvre see the monarch fly,
No faithful friend, no kind protection nigh; 50
All had been lost, but warlike * Bourbon came,
Whose gen'rous soul was fraught with virtue's flame.
'Twas his, the royal sacrifice to save,
And teach once more the monarch to be brave.
The kings to Paris with their troops advance, 55
The eyes of Europe all are fix'd on France.
Rome takes th' alarm, her fears the Spaniards share,
And wait with dread the issue of the war.

High on the walls inhuman Discord stood,
Eager for slaughter, and athirst for blood; 60
Thro' all the city rag'd, nor rag'd in vain,
But drove to arms the hostile League, and Mayne:
'Thro' church, and state, the deadly poison spread,
And call'd the proud Iberia to her aid.
'This savage monster scenes of horror loves, 63
And plagues the vot'ries, whom her soul approves.
She racks, and galls the slaves, her chains confin'd,
And riots in the torments of mankind.
Westward of Paris, where the winding Seine
Adorns each meadow with eternal green, 70
Where oft' the Graces, and the Muses play,
The troops of Valois shone in dread array.
There whom religion sway'd by diff'rent laws
Revenge united in their sov'reign's cause.
A thousand chiefs stood forth at Bourbon's word, 75
Love join'd their hearts, and valour drew the sword.
With joy they follow'd the bright paths of fame,
But one their leader, and their church the same.

Immortal † Louis eyed him from above
With all the fondness of parental love :

B 4

Virtues

* *Bourbon*] Henry IV. is call'd indifferently throughout the poem either Bourbon, or Henry. He was born at Pau in Bearne the 13 December 1553.

† *Immortal Louis*] St. Louis, the ninth of that name, king of France, from whom the Bourbon branch was descended.

Virtues he saw, which Gallia's king might grace,
 And future glories worthy of his race.
 Charm'd with his courage, yet he griev'd to find
 Such weak discernment in so brave a mind :
 Would gladly guide him to the throne of truth, 85
 And wish'd to check the errors of his youth.
 But valiant Henry gain'd the regal crown,
 And rose by measures to himself unknown.
 Louis was present from his blest abode
 To lead the youthful hero in his road. 90
 Full oft' unseen the kind assistance came,
 That toils, and dangers might augment his fame.

Oft' had our walls beheld with martial rage
 In doubtful war th' embattl'd ranks engage.
 The plains were desolate, and carnage spread 95
 From shore to shore her mountains of the dead,
 When Valois thus address'd the chief with sighs,
 And tears of sorrow streaming from his eyes.

See to what height thy monarch's ills are grown,
 There read the faithful portrait of thy own. 100
 With equal hate the factious Leaguers join
 To strike at Bourbon's glory, and at mine.
 Seditious Paris, with a proud disdain,
 Rejects the present, and the future reign.
 The ties of blood, the laws, each gen'rous care 105
 That fills thy soul, proclaims thee lawful heir.
 Great are thy virtues, and, I blush to own,
 For this would Paris drive thee from the throne.
 Nay more, to shew that heav'n approves the deed,
 Religion heaps her curses on thy head, 110
 Rome without armies distant nations awes,
 Spain hurls her thunder, and asserts her cause.
 Friends, subjects, kindred, in this evil day,
 Or basely fly, or proudly disobey.
 Rich is the harvest of Iberia's gains, 115
 Who pours her legions on my desert plains.
 Perchance, the succours of a foreign force
 May stop th' impending danger in it's course.

Britannia's

Britannia's queen may lend the friendly aid,
 And mutual terror may our foes invade. 120
 What, tho' eternal jealousy, and pride,
 Oppose our int'rest, and our hearts divide.
 When life's severest ills have been endured,
 My glory blasted, and my fame obscur'd ;
 When vile affronts have made my honour poor, 125
 My subjects, and my country, are no more.
 Who comes these proud insulters to controul
 Is most my friend, and dearest to my soul.
 No common, listless, agent will I trust,
 Be thou my envoy in a cause so just. 130
 On thee my fortune in the war depends,
 Thy merit only can procure me friends.

Thus Valois spoke, and Bourbon heard with grief
 The new designs, and counsels of the chief.
 His great, and gen'rous mind disdain'd to yield, 135
 Thus to divide the glory of the field.
 There was a time when conquest met his arm,
 And all those honours, which the brave can charm :
 When strong in pow'r, unaided by intrigue,
 Himself, with * Condé, quell'd the trembling
 League. 140
 Yet, in obedience to the king's command,
 He left his laurels, and withdrew his hand.
 The troops, amaz'd, with restless ardor burn,
 Their fate, their fortune waits on his return.
 The absent hero still preserv'd his fame, 145
 The guilty city shudder'd at his name :
 Each moment thought the mighty warrior near.
 With death, and desolation in his rear.

He thro' the plains of Neustria bends his way,
 Attended only by his friend † Mornay. 150
 B 5 Mornay;

* Condé,] Henry prince of Condé. He was the hopes of the Protestant party : and died at Saint-Jean d'Angeley, aged 35 years, in 1685.

† Mornay.] Dupleffis Mornay; the bravest and most virtuous person.

Mornay, too good to flatter, or deceive,
 The cause of error too averse to leave.
 By zeal and prudence studious to advance
 Alike the int'rest of his church and France.
 The courtier's censor, but at court belov'd, 155
 Rome's greatest foe, and yet by Rome approv'd.

Between two rocks, which hoary ocean laves,
 And beats with all the fury of his waves,
 The port of Dieppe meets the hero's eyes,
 And crowds of eager mariners supplies. 160
 Their hands prepare the vessels for the main,
 Those sov'reign rulers of the azure plain.
 The stormy Boreas, fast-enchain'd in air,
 Leaves the smooth sea to softer Zephyr's care. 164
 Their anchor weigh'd, they swiftly quit the strand,
 And soon descry Britannia's happy land.

When lo! the day's bright star is hid in clouds,
 And gath'ring whirlwinds whistle thro' the shrouds :
 Heav'n gives her thunder, waves on waves arise,
 And floods of lightning burst from all the skies : 170
 Death mounts the storm, and foaming billows shew
 The king of terrors to the sailors' view.
 Nor death, nor dangers Bourbon's soul annoy,
 His country's sorrows all his cares employ ;
 For her he casts the longing look behind, 175
 The storm accuses, and condemns the wind.
 Less gen'rous warmth the Roman's breast inspir'd,
 By love of conquest, and ambition fir'd,
 When launching boldly from Epirus' coast,
 By angry seas, and furious surges tost, 180
 He dar'd his mightier fortune to oppose
 To all the pow'r of Neptune, and his foes :
 Firm, and convinc'd, that no impending doom
 Could snatch it's monarch from the world, and Rome.
 'Twas

person belonging to the Protestant party. When Henry IV. chang'd his religion, Mornay reproach'd him in the severest manner, and retired from court. He was called the pope of the Huguenots.

THE HENRIADE.

11

'Twas then that being, infinitely wise,
At whose high will all empires fall, or rise,
Who gave this world it's fair, and beauteous form,
Who calms the ocean, and directs the storm,
On Gallia's hero look'd with pity down,
From the bright radiance of his sapphire throne. 190
The waves, obedient to his dread command,
Convey'd the vessel to the neighbouring land.
Guided by heav'n, secure the hero stood
Where Jersey's isle emerges from the flood.

Near to the shore there lay a calm retreat, 195
By shades defended from the solar heat :
A rock, that hid the fury of the seas,
Fordid the entrance of each ruder breeze :
By nature's hand adorn'd, a mossy grot
Improv'd the beauties of this rural spot. 200
An holy hermit, train'd in wisdom's ways,
There spent the quiet evening of his days.
Lost to the world, and all it's trifling shew,
His only study was himself to know.
O'er ev'ry fault his pensive mind would rove, 205
Which pleasure dictates, or which springs from love.
The flow'ry meadows, and the silver streams,
Had rais'd his soul to more enlighten'd themes.
Each passion quell'd in this retir'd abode,
His ardent wish was union with his God. 210
Wisdom before him spread her ample page,
And heav'n protect'd his declining age :
She pour'd her purest blessings on his head,
And taught him Fate's mysterious book to read.
The hoary sage, who well our hero knew, 215
Whom God inform'd with science ever true,
Near a clear stream invites the prince to taste
The simple diet of his rural feast.
He oft had fled from vanity, and care,
To humble cottages, and simpler fare ; 220
Had bid adieu to courts, and courtly pride,
And laid the pomp of majesty aside.

In a

In plain, and useful converse much was said
 Of troubles thro' the christian empire spread.
 Mornay unmov'd determin'd to protect, 225
 With zealous fervor, Calvin and his sect.
 Henry, in doubt what precepts to believe,
 Petition'd heav'n one ray of light to give.
 Error, he said, in all preceding times,
 Has truth conceal'd, and been the nurse of crimes. 230
 Must I then wander, and mistake the road,
 Whose only confidence is plac'd in God ?
 A God, so gracious, sure will lend his aid,
 And teach mankind, what worship should be paid.

Let us, replied the venerable seer, 235
 God's secret counsels, and designs revere.
 Nor rashly think, that human errors bring
 Their muddy currents from so pure a spring.
 Well I remember, when these aged eyes
 Beheld this sect in humble weakness rise, 240
 When, as an exile dreading human fight,
 It fled for refuge to the shades of night.
 By slow degrees the phantom rais'd her head,
 And all around her baleful influence shed.
 Plac'd on the throne, no pow'r her force confines, 245
 She reigns our tyrant, and o'erturns our shrines.
 Far from the court, in this obscure retreat,
 With sighs, and tears, I weep Religion's fate,
 One hope remains to cheer life's dreary vale ;
 So strange a worship cannot long prevail : 250
 It's new-born glory in our days shall cease,
 First sprung from man, and founded in caprice.
 Frail, like ourselves, all human works decay ;
 God sweeps their glory, and their pride away.
 Safe, and secure, his holy city stands ; 255
 Nor dreads the malice of our mortal hands.
 In vain the fabric hell, and time, invade,
 His own right arm the strong foundation laid.
 On thee, great Bourbon, will he pour his light,
 And chase the mists of error from thy fight. 260
 On Valois' throne, with providence thy shield,
 Bright wilt thou shine, and all thy foes shall yield.
 Thro'

Thro' paths of glory conquest leads thy sword ;
 'Tis heaven's decree ; the highest gave his word.
 Yet hope not rashly, in the pride of youth, 265
 To enter Paris, uninform'd by truth.
 But most of love's bewitching draught beware,
 The bravest hearts are conquer'd by the fair.
 From that sweet poison guard thy manly soul ;
 Though passion calls, and pleasure crowns the bowl.
 And when, at length, this sage advice pursued, 271
 The factious Leaguers and thyself subdued,
 In horrid siege thy bounteous hand shall give
 Life to a nation, and its strength revive ;
 Then all thy realms shall taste the sweets of peace, 275
 All strife shall vanish, and all discord cease.
 Then raise thine eyes to that almighty lord,
 Whom erst our fathers honor'd, and ador'd.
 Who most preserves his image, most shall find
 That virtue pleases, and that heav'n is kind. 280

Thus spoke the seer, each word new warmth be-
 stow'd,
 And Henry's soul with secret raptures glow'd.
 Those happy days were present to his eyes,
 When God to man descended from the skies ;
 When virtue open'd all her sacred springs, 285
 Pronounc'd her oracles, and govern'd kings.
 With tears he clasp'd the hermit to his breast
 And parting sighs his honest grief express'd.
 Far distant scenes creative fancy drew,
 And rising glories dawn'd upon his view. 290
 Marks of surprize were stamp'd on Mornay's face,
 But heav'n from him withheld her gifts of grace.
 The world in vain bestows the name of wise,
 Where virtue beams, but error's clouds arise.

While thus the sage, enlighten'd from above, 295
 Spoke to the heart, and try'd the prince to move.
 Charm'd with his voice the list'ning winds subside,
 Phœbus breaks forth, and ocean smoothes the tide.
 By him conducted, Bourbon reach'd the shore,
 And prosp'rous gales the chief to Albion bore. 300
 Soon

Soon as he saw the sea-encircled isle,
 It's change of fortune made the hero smile.
 Where once the public evils ow'd their cause
 To long abuses of the wisest laws,
 Where many a warrior fell of high renown, 305
 And kings descended from the tott'ring throne,
 A virgin queen the regal sceptre sway'd,
 And fate itself her sov'reign pow'r obey'd.
 The wise Eliza, whose directing hand
 Had the great scale of Europe at command; 310
 And rul'd a people, that alike disdain
 Or freedom's ease, or slav'ry's iron chain.
 Of ev'ry loss her reign oblivion bred;
 There, flocks unnumber'd graze each flow'ry mead.
 Britannia's vessels rule the azure seas, 315
 Corn fills her plains, and fruitage loads her trees.
 From pole to pole her gallant navies sweep
 The waters of the tributary deep.
 On Thames's banks each flow'r of genius thrives,
 There sports the Muse, and Mars his thunder gives. 320
 Three diff'rent pow'rs at Westminster appear,
 And all admire the ties, which join them there.
 Whom int'rest parts, the laws together bring,
 The people's deputies, the peers, and king.
 One whole they form, whose terror wide extends 315
 To neighb'ring nations, and their rights defends.
 Thrice happy times, when grateful subjects shew
 That loyal, warm affection which is due!
 But happier still, when freedom's blessings spring
 From the wise conduct of a prudent king. 330
 O when, cried Bourbon, ravish'd at the sight,
 In France shall peace, and glory thus unite?
 A female hand has clos'd the gates of war,
 Look on, ye monarchs, and adopt her care.
 Your nations Discord's horrid tide o'erwhelms, 335
 She lives the blessing of adoring realms.

Now at that spacious city he arrives,
 Where, nurs'd by heav'n-born freedom plenty, lives.
 Now, mighty William's tow'r before him stood,
 Now fair Eliza's more august abode.

Thither he speeds, attended by Mornay,
 His friend, and sole associate in the way.
 True heroes scorn that pageantry, and state,
 Whose glitt'ring honors captivate the great.
 For France he supplicates with humble prayers, 345
 And native dignity each accent bears.
 From honest frankness all his periods flow,
 The only eloquence that soldiers know.
 Does Valois send you to the banks of Thame? 350
 Eliza cries, surpriz'd at Valois' name.
 Are all your dire contentions at an end!
 And you, that bitt'rest enemy, his friend!
 Fame spread your discords, and that fame was true,
 From north, to south, from Ganges, to Peru,
 And does that arm, so dreaded in the fight, 355
 Protect his honor, and maintain his right!

Distress, replied the chief, our friendship gave,
 The chains are broke, and Valois will be brave.
 Far happier days he once was doom'd to see, 360
 Had all his confidence been plac'd in me.
 But fears unmanly in his breast arose,
 'Twas art, and cowardice, that made us foes.
 Henceforth, the vanquish'd shall my aid receive,
 His wrongs I punish, and his faults forgive. 365
 This war so just may raise Britannia's fame,
 'Tis thine, great queen, to signalize her name.
 Let royal mercy spread her downy wings,
 And crown thy virtues by defending kings.

The queen, impatient, asks him to relate 370
 What ruthless evils harrafs'd Gallia's state.
 What springs of action had produc'd a change
 At once so new, so wonderful, and strange.
 Full oft' of bloody broils, Eliza said,
 Thro' Britain's isle has fame the rumor spread. 375
 But who for certainty on fame depends,
 Which light with darkness, truth with falsehood
 blends;
 From you or Valois' friend, or conqu'ring foe,
 Those long dissensions I could wish to know.

Yourself

Yourself was witness, and can best impart 380
 What mystic ties have chang'd so brave a heart.
 Display your martial deeds, your griefs declare,
 No life more worthy of a royal ear.

And must I then, return'd the chief with sighs,
 Recal those scenes of horror to my eyes! 385
 O would to heav'n oblivion's endless night,
 With thickest shades, might veil them from my sight!
 Must Bourbon tell of kindred prince's crimes,
 And the fell madness of preceding times?
 I shudder at the thought, but your command 390
 Respect of pow'r forbids me to withstand.
 Others, no doubt, would use refin'd address,
 Disguise the truth, and make their errors less:
 But I reject an artifice so weak,
 And like a soldier, not an envoy speak. 395



THE
HENRIADE.
CANTO the SECOND.



THE NEW YORK

AND

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THE NEW YORK

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the great relates to queen Elizabeth the history of the civil wars of France. He traces them from their origin, and enters into a detail of the massacres committed on St. Bartholomew's day.



THE
HENRIADE.
CANTO the SECOND.

IN France, great sov'reign, to increase the curse,
 Our ills are risen from a sacred source.
 Religion, raging with inhuman zeal,
 Arms ev'ry hand, and points the fatal steel.
 To me however it will least belong, 5
 To prove the Romans, or Geneva wrong.
 Whatever names divine the parties claim,
 In mad imposture they are both the same.
 If in the strifes, which Europe's sons divide,
 Murder, and treason mark the erring side ; 10
 Since both alike in blood their hands imbrue,
 Their crimes are equal, and their blindness too.
 For me, whose business is to guard the state,
 I leave to heav'n their vengeance, and their fate.
 My hand ne'er trespass'd on the rights divine ; 15
 Or e'er profan'd the incense of the shrine.
 Perish each statesman cruel, and unkind,
 Who reigns despotic o'er the human mind ;
Who

Line 6. Several Historians have described Henry IV. as wavering between the two religions ; here he is described as he was, a man of honour, seriously endeavouring to inform himself, the friend of truth, the enemy of persecution, and detesting guilt wheresoever it appeared.



Who stains with blood religion's sacred word,
 And kills, or gains new converts by his sword, 20
 Presuming rashly, that a gracious God
 Approves the sacrifice of human blood.
 Oh wou'd that God, whose laws I wish to know,
 On Valois' court such sentiments bestow!
 The Guises falsely plead religion's cause, 25
 No scruple checks them, and no conscience awes.
 At me those leaders, insolent and proud,
 Direct their fury, and ensnare the crowd.
 These eyes have seen our citizens engage
 In mutual murders, with a zealous rage: 30
 For vain disputes have seen their pious care
 Deal all around the horrid flames of war.
 You know the madness of those vulgar minds,
 Which faction warms, and superstition blinds;
 When, proudly arming in a cause divine, 35
 No pow'r their head-strong passion can confine.
 Erst in these happy realms yourself beheld
 The rising evil, and it's danger quell'd:
 The troubl'd scene assum'd a milder form;
 Your virtuous cares subdued the gath'ring storm. 40
 No reign more pleasing cou'd I wish to see,
 Your laws are flourishing, your city free.
 Far other paths did Medicis pursue,
 Far less belov'd, less merciful than you.
 Mov'd by these tales of misery, and woe, 45
 More of her conduct shou'd you seek to know,
 Myself her real character will tell,
 Nor ought exaggerate, nor ought conceal.
 Many have tried, but few cou'd e'er impart
 The secret counsels of so deep a heart. 50
 Full twenty years within the palace bred
 Much to my cost, I saw the tempest spread.

The

Line 25. Francis duke of Guise, commonly at that time called the Great duke of Guise, was the father of Balasrè. It was he, who, with the cardinal his brother, laid the foundations of the league. He had several great qualities, which however we must take care not to dignify with the name of virtues.

The king, expiring in the bloom of life,
 Left a free course to his ambitious wife.
 Form'd by her cares to empire, either son 55
 Alike she hated, when he reign'd alone.
 Her hands, the source from whence confusion flow'd,
 The seeds of jealousy, and discord sow'd.
 Her deep designs, no wild effect of chance,
 To Condé Guise oppos'd, and France to France. 60
 By turns defending enemies, and friends,
 And rivals aiding for her private ends.
 False to her sect, and superstition's slave,
 She sought each pleasure, which ambition gave.
 Scarce did one virtuous grace adorn her mind, 65
 Deform'd with all the vices of her kind.
 Forgive the freedom of an honest heart ;
 You reign a stranger to your sex's art.
 August Eliza, blest with ev'ry charm,
 That thought can fancy, or that heav'n can form, 70
 To win affection, or to guard a state,
 Lives a bright pattern to the good, and great.
 With love, and wonder all your deeds are seen,
 And Europe ranks you with her greatest men.
 Francis the second, in youth's early pride, 75
 By fate untimely join'd his fire, and died.
 Guise he ador'd, no more his years had shewn,
 Nor vice, nor virtue mark'd him for their own.
 Charles, younger still, the regal name obtain'd,
 But fear evinc'd, 'twas Medicis that reign'd, 80
 Charles

Line 55. Catharine of Medicis quarrell'd with her son Charles IX. towards the latter end of his life, and afterwards with Henry III. She had so openly expressed her dislike of the government of Francis II. that she was suspected, though unjustly, of having hastened the death of that king.

Line 60. In the memoirs of the league is contained a letter from Catharine of Medicis to the prince of Condé, in which she returns him her thanks for having taken arms against the court.

Line 63. When she believed that the battle of Dreux was lost, and the protestants had gained the victory, " Well then, she cried, " we will say our prayers in French."

Line 63. She was so weak as to believe in Magic, witness the Talismans which were found upon her after her death.

She fought by artful policy to bring
 Eternal childhood on the rising king.
 A hundred battles spoke her new command,
 And discord's flames were kindled by her hand.
 Two rival parties she with rage inspir'd, 85
 Their arms directed, and their bosoms fir'd.
 Dreux first beheld their banners wave in air,
 Ill-fated theatre of horrid war!
 Old Montmorenci, near the royal tomb,
 Met from a warrior's arm a warrior's doom. 90
 At Orleans Guise resign'd his latest breath,
 A stern assassin gave the stroke of death.
 My father, still unwilling slave at court,
 Was fortune's bubble, and the queen's support;
 Wrought his own fate, in battle firmly stood, 95
 And died for those, who thirsted for his blood.
 Condé vouchsaf'd a parent's aid to lend,
 My surest guardian, and my truest friend.
Nurs'd

Line 87. The battle of Dreux was the first pitched battle between the catholic and protestant parties. It happened in 1562.

Line 89. Anne de Montmorenci, a man remarkable for his obstinacy, and the most unfortunate general of his time, was taken prisoner at Pavia and Dreux, beaten at St. Quintin by Philip II. and was at length mortally wounded at the battle of St. Denis by an Englishman named Stuart, the same person who had taken him prisoner at Dreux.

Line 91. This is the same Francis de Guise who is mentioned afterwards, famous for the defence of Metz against Charles V. He was besieging the Protestants in Orleans in 1563, when Poltrot-de-meré shot him in the back with a pistol loaded with three poisoned balls. He was forty-four years old when he died.

Line 93. Anthony of Bourbon, king of Navarre, the father of Henry IV. was of a weak and unsettled temper. He quitted the protestant religion in which he was born, just when his wife renounced the Catholic. He never knew with certainty, what party or what religion he belonged to. He was killed at the siege of Bogen, where he assisted the Guises, who were his oppressors, against the Protestants whom he loved. He died in 1562, of the same age with Francis de Guise.

Line 97. The prince of Condé who is here meant, was brother of the king of Navarre and uncle of Henry IV. He was a long time

Nurs'd in his camp, beneath the laurel's shade,
 Amidst surrounding heroes was I bred. 100
 Like him disdaining indolence, and sloth,
 Arms were the toys, and play-things, of my youth.
 O plains of Jarnac! O unhappy day
 That took my guardian, and my friend away!
 Condé, whose kind protection I enjoy'd, 105
 Thy murd'ring hand, O Montesquiou, destroy'd:
 Too weak, too feeble to revenge the blow,
 I saw thee deal destruction on the foe.
 Young and untaught, exposed to ev'ry ill,
 Heav'n found some hero to protect me still; 110
 Great Condé first my steps to glory train'd,
 Next my good cause Coligny's arm sustain'd:
 Coligny, gracious queen! if Europe see
 A virtue worthy her regard in me,
 If Rome herself confess my youthful days 115
 Not unrenown'd, Coligny's be the praise,
 Early I learn'd beneath his eye to bear
 A soldier's hardships in the school of war;
 His great example my ambition fir'd,
 His counsel form'd me, and his deeds inspir'd. 120
 I saw him gray in arms, yet undismay'd,
 The gen'ral cause reclining on his aid;
 Dear to his friends, respected by the foe,
 Firm in all states, majestic tho' in woe;
 Expert alike in battle and retreat, 125
 More glorious, ev'n more awful in defeat,
 Than Gaston or Dunois in all the pride
 Of war, with France and fortune at their side.

Ten years elaps'd of battles lost and won,
 Still on the field our well-arm'd legions shone 130
 VOL. XX. C With

time chief of the Protestants, and a great enemy of the Guises. He was slain after the battle of Jarnac by Montesquiou, captain of the guard to the duke of Anjou, (afterwards Henry III.) The Count of Soissons son of the deceased, fought diligently after Montesquiou and his relations, that he might sacrifice them to his vengeance.

Line 112. Gaspard de Coligny, admiral of France, the son of Gaspard de Coligny, marshal of France, and of Louisa de Montmorenci, sister of the constable, born at Châtillon Feb. 16, 1516.

Vid. the following remarks.

With grief the queen her barren trophies view'd,
 Our hardy troops, tho' vanquish'd, unsubdued,
 And at one stroke, one fatal stroke ordain'd,
 To sweep the civil fury from the land.
 Sudden new counsels in her court prevail'd 135
 And peace was offer'd, when the sword had fail'd.
 Peace! be thou witness, heav'n's avenging pow'r!
 That treach'rous olive how it blush'd with gore;
 Gods! is it then so hard a task to stray,
 And shall their monarchs teach mankind the way? 140

True to his sov'reign, still devoutly true,
 Tho' he oppos'd her, to his country too,
 Coligny seiz'd the happy hour to heal
 Her bleeding int'rests, with a patriot's zeal.
 Undaunted thro' surrounding foes he press'd, 145
 (Suspicious seldom haunt a hero's breast)
 Nor staid, till in her own august abode,
 Full in the midst before the queen we stood.
 With circling arms and flowing tears she strove
 To lavish o'er me ev'n a mother's love; 150
 Coligny's friendship was her dearest choice,
 Still to be rul'd by his unerring voice;
 Wealth, pow'r, and honour at his feet she lay'd,
 Her son's indulgence to our hopes display'd, }
 Vain flatt'ring hopes alas! and quickly fled. } 155
 All were not blinded by this specious shew
 Of cordial grace and bounty from the foe.
 But Charles, still anxious to insure success,
 More bounteous seem'd, as they believ'd him less.
 Train'd up in falsehood from his earliest youth, 160
 He held eternal enmity with truth;
 From infant years had treasur'd in his heart
 The pois'nous precepts of his mother's art;
 And fierce by nature, merciless and proud,
 With ease was ripen'd to the work of blood. 165
 More deeply still to veil the dark design,
 By nuptial bands he made his sister mine.

Oh

Line 167. Margaret of Valois, sister of Charles IX. was married to Henry IV. in 1572, a few days before the massacre.

Oh bands accurst, and Hymen's rites profan'd,
 By heaven in anger for our curse ordain'd,
 Whose baleful torch, dire omen of our doom, 170
 Blaz'd but to lead me to a mother's tomb.
 Tho' I have suffer'd, let me still be just,
 Nor blame thee, Medicis, but where I must:
 Suspensions, tho' on reason firmly built,
 I scorn, nor need them to enhance thy guilt. 175
 But Albert died—forgive these tears I shed,
 Due to the fond remembrance of the dead.
 Meanwhile the dreadful hour in swift career,
 Big with the queen's vindictive wrath, drew near.

Night's gloomy mantle thrown o'er earth and
 heav'n, 180
 Silent and still th' appointed sign was giv'n.
 The moon's pale regent falter'd on her way,
 And sick'ning seem'd to quench her feeble ray.
 Coligny slept, and largely o'er his head
 The drowsy pow'r had all his influence shed, 185
 Sudden unnumber'd shrieks dispell'd the charm,
 His rallying senses felt the dread alarm;
 He wak'd, look'd forth, and saw th' assassin throng
 With murd'rous strides march hastily along:
 Saw on their arms the quiv'ring torch-light play, 190
 His palace fir'd, a nation in dismay,
 His bleeding household stifled in the flames,
 While all the savage host around exclaims,
 "Let no compassion check your righteous hands,
 "'Tis God, 'tis Medicis, 'tis Charles commands. 195
 C 2 Now

Line 172. Jeanne de'Albert, mother of Henry IV. who was drawn to Paris with the rest of the Huguenots, died almost suddenly between the marriage of her son and the feast of St. Bartholomew; but Caillart her physician, and Desnards her surgeon, both zealous Protestants, who opened her body found no marks of poison upon it.

Line 182. It was on the night between the 23d and 24th of August, being the feast of St. Bartholomew in 1572, when this bloody tragedy was executed.

Now his own name shrill echoing rends the skies,
 And now far off Teligny he descries,
 Teligny, fam'd for ev'ry virtuous grace,
 Whose truth had earn'd his daughter's chaste

embrace,

Hope of his cause, and honour of his race. } 200

The bleeding youth by ruffians force convey'd,
 With outstretch'd arms demands his instant aid.

Helpless, unarm'd, he saw his fate decreed,

Saw, that his blood must unreveng'd be shed;

Yet bravely anxious for renown achiev'd, 205

Wish'd but to die the hero he had liv'd.

Already the tumultuous band explore

His own recess, and thunder at the door.

Instant he flings it wide, and meets the foe

With eye untroubled, and majestic brow, 210

Such as in battle with delib'rate breast,

Serene, he urged the slaughter, or repress'd.

Awful and sage he stood, his gracious form

Quell'd the loud tumult, and controul'd the storm.

Finish, my friends, your fatal task, he said, 215

Bathe in my freezing blood this hoary head,

These locks, which yet full many a boist'rous year

Ev'n the rough chance of war has deign'd to spare.

Strike, and strike deep; be satisfied and know

With my last breath I can forgive the blow, 220

The mean desire of life my soul abjures,

Yet happier! might I die, defending yours.

The savage band grown human at his words,

Clasping his knees let fall their idle swords;

Prone on the ground his pard'ning grace implore, 225

And at his feet repentant sorrows pour;

He in the midst, like some lov'd monarch, rose,

Theme of his subjects' praise, and idol of their vows.

When

Line 197. The count de Teligny, ten months before, had married the daughter of the admiral. He had so much sweetness in his countenance, that they who came first to kill him relented at the sight, but others more barbarous did the business.

When Besme, impatient for his destin'd prey,
 Rush'd headlong in, enrag'd at their delay ; 230
 Furious he saw the deed unfinish'd yet,
 And each assassin trembling at his feet.
 No change in him this scene of sorrow wrought,
 Hard and unfeeling still, the caitiff thought,
 Whoe'er relented at Coligny's fate, 235
 Was the queen's foe, a rebel to the state.
 Athwart the croud he breaks impetuous way,
 Firm stands the chief, unconscious of dismay,
 Deep in his side the fierce Barbarian struck
 The fatal steel, but with averted look, 240
 Lest at a glance that eye's resistless charm
 Should freeze his purpose, and unnerve his arm.
 Such was the brave Coligny's mournful end ;
 Affront and outrage ev'n his death attend,
 The rav'ning hawk and vulture hover round 245
 His mangled limbs, still fest'ring on the ground.
 At the queen's feet his sacred head is thrown,
 A conquest worthy both herself and son.
 With brow unalter'd and serene she fate ;
 Nor seem'd t' enjoy the victim of her hate ; 250
 To veil her secret thoughts so well she knew,
 Such presents seem'd familiar to her view.

Vain were the task and endless to recite
 Each horrid scene of that disastrous night ;
 Coligny's death serv'd only to presage 255
 Our future woes, an earnest of their rage.
 Legions of bigots, flush'd with fiery zeal
 And frantic ardour, shake the murth'ring steel ;

C 3

Proudly

Line 229. Besme was a German a domestic of the house of Guise. This wretch being afterwards taken by the Protestants, the Rochellers offered a price for him, that they might tear him to pieces in the great square, but he was killed by a person named Bretonville.

Line 244. They suspended the admiral by the feet with an iron chain to the gibbet of Montfaucon. Charles IX. went, together with his court, to enjoy this horrid spectacle. One of his courtiers saying, that the body of Coligny had an ill smell, the king answered like Vitellius, the body of an enemy slain smells always well.

Proudly they march where heaps of slaughter rise,
 Unfated vengeance sparkling in their eyes. 260
 Guise in the van full many a victim paid,
 Indignant, to his father's injur'd shade ;
 'Their leaders animate the troops aloud,
 And chase to madness the deluded crowd ;
 Long registers of deaths foredoom'd display, 265
 And guide the pignard to it's destin'd prey.

The tumult I omit, the deaf'ning screams,
 The blood that floated in promiscuous streams ;
 How on his father's corse struck rudely down,
 Convuls'd with anguish fell th' expiring son ; 270
 How when the flames had split the mould'ring wall,
 It crush'd the cradled infant in it's fall :
 Events like these we view with less surprize,
 For still they mark the track where human frenzy flies.
 But stranger far, what few will e'er believe 275
 In future ages, or yourself conceive,
 The barb'rous rout, whose hearts with added fire,
 Those holy savages, their priests, inspire ;
 Ev'n from the carnage call upon the Lord,
 And waving high in air the reeking sword, } 280
 Offer aloud to God the sacrifice abhorr'd.
 What num'rous heroes in that havoc died !
 Renel and brave Pardaillan by his side,
 Guerchy and wise Lavardin, worthy well
 A longer life and gentler fortune, fell. 285
 Among the wretches, whom that night of woe
 Plunged in the gloom of endless night below,
 Marfillac

Line 261. This was Henry duke of Guise, surnamed Balafré, who was slain at Blois: the brother of duke Francis, who was assassinated by Poltrot.

Line 283. Anthony of Clermont-Renel, as he was saving himself in his shirt, was massacred by the son of the Baron des Adrets, and by his own cousin, Buffy d'Amboise. The marquis of Pardaillan was slain at his side.

Line 284. Guerchy defended himself a long time in the street, and slew many of the assassins, 'till he was overpowered by numbers ; but the marquis of Lavardin had not time to draw his sword.

Marillac and Soubise, mark'd down to death,
 Defended stoutly their devoted breath,
 'Till all with labour wearied and foredone,
 Close to the Louvre's gate push'd roughly on,
 While to their king with suppliant voice they cry,
 Deaf to their pray'rs, he hears not, and they die.

High on the roof the royal fury stood,
 At leisure feasting on the scenes of blood,
 Her cruel minions watch the gloomy host,
 And mark the spot where slaughter rages most;
 Brave chiefs! triumphant only in their shame,
 They saw their country blaze, and glory'd in the
 flame.

Oh scandal to the name of king rever'd!
 Himself, the monarch, joins the felon herd;
 Himself the trembling fugitives pursues,
 And ev'n his sacred hands in blood imbrues.
 This Valois too, whose cause I now support,
 Who comes, by me, a suppliant to your court,
 Shar'd in his brother's guilt an impious part,
 And roused the flame of vengeance in his heart;
 Nor yet is Valois fierce, of savage mood,
 Or prone by nature to delight in blood;

C 4

But

Line 288. Marillac, Count Rochefaucault, was a favourite of Charles IX. and had spent part of the night with him. The king had some inclination to save him, and had himself commanded him to sleep in the Louvre; but at length he let him depart, saying, I see plainly it is God's will that he should perish.

Soubise was so called because he had married the heiress of that family. His own name was Dupont-Quellence. He defended himself a long time, and fell covered with wounds under the queen's window. The ladies flock'd thither to see his body, naked and bloody as it was, with a savage curiosity, worthy of that abominable court.

Line 300. I have heard the last marshal of Fessé assert, that in his youth he knew an old man 90 years of age, who had been page to Charles IX. and who had often told him, that he himself loaded the carabine, with which the king fired upon his Protestant subjects, the night of St. Bartholomew.

But on his youth those dire examples wrought, 310
And weakness, more than malice, was his fault.

A few there were whom vengeance fought in vain,
Who 'scap'd unhurt among the thousands slain.
Caumont! thy fortune, thy auspicious fate,
Ages unborn with wonder shall relate. 315
The hoary fire, between his sons reposed,
His aged eyes in needful slumber closed,
One bed sufficed them all; when rushing in
The fell destroyers mar the peaceful scene,
With hasty strokes their poignards plunging round, 320
They deal a random death at ev'ry wound.
But he, whose mercies o'er our fate preside,
Can waft with ease the threat'ning hour aside;
Through very zeal to slay, they spare the son,
And not a trace of mischief reach'd Caumont. 325
A hand unseen was stretch'd in his defence,
And screen'd from harm his infant innocence;
Pierced with a thousand murders, to their force
His father still opposed his bleeding corse,
And, a whole nation's ardour to destroy 330
Eluding, twice gave being to his boy.

Me to sweet sleep resign'd and balmy rest,
No fear alarm'd, no jealousy possess'd;
Deep in the Louvre at that dreadful hour,
Far from the din of arms I slept secure: 335
But oh! what scenes my waking eyes survey'd,
Grim death in all his horrid pomp array'd,
Porches and Porticos were deluged o'er,
With crimson streams, and stood in pools of gore;
My friends still bleeding, my domestics slain, 340
The truest, best, and dearest of my train.
Already at my bed the villains stand
Prepar'd, already lift the murth'ring hand;

My

Line 314. De Caumont, who escaped the massacre, was the famous marshal de la Force, who afterwards gained such great reputation, and lived to the age of fourscore and four years.

My life hangs wav'ring on a point, I wait
The final stroke, and yield me to my fate.

345

But whether rev'rence of their ancient lords,
The blood of Bourbon, check'd their daring swords;
Whether, ingenious to torment, the queen
Held Henry's life a sacrifice too mean;
Or wisely spar'd it, to secure alone, 350
In future storms, a shelter for her own;
Instead of death, at once to set me free,
Chains and a dungeon were her stern decree.

Far happier was the fate Coligny shar'd,
His life alone her treach'rous arts ensnar'd,
The hero's freedom still, and glory unimpair'd. } 355
I see Eliza shares in the distress,
Though half the sad recital I suppress.
It seem'd as from the queen's malignant eye
All France had caught the signal to destroy; 360
Swift from the capital on ev'ry side
Death o'er the kingdom stretch'd his banners wide.
Kings in their vengeance are too well obey'd;
Whole armies blindly lend their impious aid;
France floats in blood, and all her rivers sweep, 365
Upon their purple tides, the carnage to the deep.



T H E

HENRIADE.

CANTO the THIRD.



THE ARGUMENT.

The hero continues the history of the civil wars of France. The unfortunate death of Charles IX. Reign of Henry III. His character. That of the famous duke of Guise, known by the name of Balafre. Battle of Coutras. Murder of the duke of Guise. Extremities to which Henry III. is reduced. Mayenne at the head of the league. D'Aumale the hero of it. Reconciliation of Henry III. and Henry king of Navarre. Queen Elizabeth's answer to Henry of Bourbon.



T H E

H E N R I A D E.

C A N T O the T H I R D.

WHEN many a day (for thus the fates ordain'd):
With blackest deeds of murder had been
stain'd;

When each assassin, cruel, and abhorr'd,
Fatigu'd with crimes, had sheath'd his glutt'd sword;
Those crimes at length the factious crowd alarm'd 5
Whom zeal had blinded, and their sov'reign arm'd.

As rage subfid'd, melting pity mov'd
Each friend to virtue, who his country lov'd;
Her plaintive voice awaken'd softer cares,
And Charles himself relented at her tears. 10

That early culture, by ill fate design'd
To blast the fairer blossoms of his mind,
Conscience subdu'd;—her whisp'ring voice alone
Can shake with terror the securest throne.

Not all his mother's principles cou'd frame 15
A heart like hers, insensible of shame.

Severe remorse his anxious soul dismay'd,
His strength was wasted, and his youth decay'd.
Heav'n mark'd him out, in vengeance for his crimes,
A dread example to succeeding times. 20

Myself

* Myself was present at his latest breath,
 And still I shudder at that scene of death,
 When, in return for tides of Gallic blood,
 Each bursting vein pour'd forth the crimson flood.
 Thus fell lamented in his early prime 25
 A youthful monarch bred to ev'ry crime,
 From whose repentance we had hop'd to gain
 The balmy blessings of a milder reign.
 Soon as he died, with speed advancing forth
 From the bleak bosom of the wint'ry north 30
 Great Valois came, like some bright orient star,
 To claim his birth-right in these realms of war.
 On him † Polonia had bestow'd her throne,
 Deem'd by each province worthy of the crown.
 Great are the dangers of too bright a name, 35
 E'en Valois sunk beneath the weight of fame :
 Tho' in his cause each danger I defy,
 Cou'd toil for ever, and with transport die,
 Yet, heav'n-born truth, this tongue thy accents loves,
 And only praises what the heart approves. 40
 Soon was the race of all his greatness run ;
 As morning vapours fly before the sun,
 Oft' have I mark'd these changes, often seen,
 Heroes and kings become the weakest men :
 Have seen the laurel'd prince in battle brave 45
 Wear the soft chain, and live a courtier's slave.
 This fact by long experience have I known,
 Seeds of true courage in the mind are sown.
 Valois was form'd by heav'n's peculiar care
 For martial prowess, and the deeds of war : 50
 Yet was too weak the rod of pow'r to wield,
 Tho' great in arms, and steady in the field.
 Detested minions shew'd their artful skill,
 And reign'd supreme the sov'reigns of his will.

His

* He never enjoyed his health after the affair of St. Bartholomew, and died about two years afterwards, May 30, 1574, cover'd with his own blood, which gush'd out from ev'ry pore.

† The reputation he had acquired at Jarnac and Montcontour, supported by French coin, had gained him the election as king of Poland in the year 1573. He succeeded Sigismund II. the last prince of the race of the Jagellons.

THE HENRIADE.

41

His voice but dictated their own decrees ; 55
 Whilst they, indulging in voluptuous ease,
 Drank of each joy which luxury supplies,
 And scorn'd to listen to a nation's cries.
 Unmov'd beheld afflicted France lament
 Her strength exhausted, and her treasures spent. 60
 Beneath their yoke whilst Valois tamely bow'd,
 And new oppressions from new taxes flow'd,
 Lo * Guise appears ! ambition spurs him on,
 All eyes are fix'd upon this rising sun.
 His deeds of war, the glory of his race, 65
 His manly beauty, and attractive grace;
 But more than all, that happy, pleasing art,
 Which wins our love, and steals upon the heart,
 Subdu'd e'en those, whom virtue faintly warms,
 And gain'd their wishes by resistless charms. 70
 None e'er like him cou'd lead the mind astray,
 Or rule the passions with more sov'reign sway.
 None e'er conceal'd from busy curious eyes,
 Their dark intentions in so fair disguise.
 Tho' proud ambition kindled in his soul, 75
 His cooler judgment cou'd that pride controul.
 To gain the crowd, and win deserv'd esteem,
 Detested levies were his daily theme.
 Oft' have they heard his flatt'ring tongue declare,
 The public sorrows were his only care. 80
 On modest worth he lavish'd all his store,
 Or cloth'd the naked, or enrich'd the poor.
 Oft' wou'd his alms prevent the starting tear,
 And tell, that Guise, and charity, were near.
 All arts were tried, which cunning might afford, 85
 To court the nobles whom his soul abhorr'd.
 Alike to virtue as to vice inclin'd,
 Or love, or endless hatred rul'd his mind.
 He brav'd all dangers which on arms await,
 No chief more bold, none more oppress'd the state. 90
 When

* Henry of Guise ; surnamed Balafré : born in the year 1550, of Francis de Guise, and Ann d'Est. He executed the grand project of the league formed by his uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and begun by Francis his father.

When time at length had made his influence strong,
 And fix'd the passions of the giddy throng ;
 Stripp'd of disguise unmask'd the traitor shone,
 Defy'd his sov'reign, and attack'd the throne.
 Within our walls the fatal league began, 95
 And next thro' France the dire contagion ran.
 Nurs'd by all ranks the hideous monster stood,
 Pregnant with woes, and rioting in blood.
 Two monarchs rul'd o'er Gallia's hapless land :
 This shar'd alone the shadow of command ; 100
 That wide diffus'd fierce wars destructive flame,
 Master of all things save the royal name.
 Valois, awak'd, the threat'ning danger sees,
 And quits the slumbers of lethargic ease.
 But still to ease, and indolence, a prey, 105
 His eyes are dazzled by the blaze of day.
 Tho' o'er his head the stormy thunders roll,
 Nor storms, nor thunders rouse his sluggish soul.
 Sweet to his taste the streams of pleasure flow,
 And sleep conceals the precipice below. 110
 Myself remain'd, the next succeeding heir,
 To save the monarch, or his ruin share :
 Eager I flew his weakness to supply ;
 Firmly resolv'd to conquer, or to die.
 But Guise, alas ! that sly, dissembling fiend, 115
 By craft depriv'd him of his truest friend.
 That old pretence thro' all revolving time,
 Divine religion, veil'd the horrid crime.
 The busy crowd fictitious virtue warm'd,
 With zeal inspir'd them, and with fury arm'd. 120
 Before their eyes in lively tints he drew
 That ancient worship, which their fathers knew.
 From new-born sects declar'd what ills had flow'd,
 And painted Bourbon as a foe to God.
 Thro' all your climes, forbid it heav'n ! he said, 125
 His tenets flourish, and his errors spread.
 Yon walls, that cast a sacred horror round,
 Will soon be sunk, and level'd with the ground.
 Soon will you see unhallow'd temples rise,
 And point their airy summits to the skies. 130
 So

So lov'd by Bourbon, so ador'd has been
 The curst example of Britannia's queen.
 Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the public fear
 Was swiftly waisted to the royal ear.
 Nay more, the leaguers issue Rome's decree, 135
 And curse the monarch that unites with me.
 Now was this arm prepar'd to strike the blow,
 Pour forth it's strength, and thunder on the foe;
 When Valois, won by subtle, dark intrigue,
 Fix'd on my ruin, and obey'd the league. 140
 Unnumber'd soldiers, arm'd in-dread array,
 Fill'd ev'ry plain, and spoke the king's dismay.
 With grief I saw such jealousy disclos'd,
 Bewail'd his weakness, and his pow'r oppos'd.
 A thousand states were lavish of supplies, 145 }
 Each passing hour beheld new armies rise,
 Led on by fierce Joyeuse, and well instructed Guise. }
 Guise, form'd alike for prudence as for war,
 Dispers'd my friends, and baffled all their care.
 Sill undismay'd, such strength my valour boasts, 150
 I press'd thro' myriads of embattl'd hosts.
 Thro' all the field I sought the proud Joyeuse; —
 But stay—the rest Eliza will excuse.
 More of that chief 'twere needless to relate,
 You've heard his end, and fame has spread his fate. 155
 “ Not so,—the queen with eagerness reply'd,
 “ Well hast thou spoke with modesty thy guide;
 “ But deign to tell me what I wish to hear,
 “ Such themes are worthy of Eliza's ear:
 “ Joyeuse his fall in vivid colours draw; 160
 “ Go on, and paint thy conquest at Coutras.”
 Touch'd with these words the hero sunk his head;
 An honest blush his manly cheek o'erspread.
 Pausing a while, the tale he thus led on,
 Yet wish'd the glory any but his own. 165
 Of all, who Valois could by flatt'ry move,
 Who nurs'd his weakness, and enjoy'd his love;
 Joyeuse illustrious best deserv'd to share
 The fairest sunshine of his royal care.
 If to his years the stern decree of fate 170
 Had fix'd some period of a longer date,
 In

In noble exploits had his virtue shone,
 And Guise's greatness not excel'd his own.
 But vice o'er virtue gain'd superior force,
 Court was his cradle, luxury his nurse : 175
 Yet dar'd the am'rous chieftain to oppose
 Unskilful valour to experienc'd foes.
 From pleasures downy lap the courtiers came
 To guard his person, and to share his fame.

In gay attire each gallant youth was dress'd ; 180
 Some cypher glitter'd on each martial vest.
 Some dear distinction, such as lovers wear,
 To tell the fondness of the yielding fair.
 The costly sapphire, or the diamond's rays,
 O'er their rich armour shed the vivid blaze. 185
 Thus deck'd by folly, thus elate and vain,
 These troops of Venus issued to the plain.
 Swift march'd their ranks, as tumult led the way,
 Unwisely brave, and impotently gay.
 In Bourbon's camp, disdaining empty shew, 190
 Far other scenes were open'd to the view :
 An army, silent as the dead of night,
 Display'd it's forces well inur'd to fight ;
 Men gray in arms, and disciplin'd to blood,
 Who bravely suffer'd for their country's good. 195
 The only graces, that employ'd their care,
 Were swords well pointed, and the dress of war.
 Like them array'd and steady to my trust,
 I led the squadrons cover'd o'er with dust.
 Like them ten thousand deaths I dar'd to face, 200
 Distinguish'd only by my rank, and place.
 These eyes beheld the brilliant foe o'erthrown,
 Expiring legions, and the field our own.
 Deep in their breasts I plung'd the fatal spear,
 And wish'd some Spanish bosom had been there. 205
 Still shall my tongue their honest praises tell ;
 Firm in his post each youthful courtier fell,
 And bravely struggl'd to his latest breath
 Amid't the terrors of surrounding death.

Our

Our filken sons of pleasure, and of ease,
 Preserve their valour in the mid'st of peace.
 Call'd forth to war, they bravely scorn to yield,
 Servile at court, but heroes in the field.
 Joyeuse, alas! I tried, in vain, to save;
 None heard the orders which my mercy gave. 215
 Too soon I saw him sunk to endless night,
 Sustain'd by kind associates in the fight,
 A pale, and breathless corse, all ghastly to the sight. }
 Thus some fair stem, whose op'ning flow'rs display
 Their fragrant bosoms to the dawn of day, 220
 Which decks the early scene, and fresh appears
 With Zephyr's kisses, and Aurora's tears,
 Too soon decays, on nature's lap reclin'd,
 Crop'd by the scythe, or scatter'd by the wind.
 But why shou'd memory recal to view 225
 Those horrid triumphs to oblivion due?
 Conquests so gain'd for ever cease to charm,
 Whilst Gallic blood still blushes on my arm.
 Those beams of grandeur, with false lustre shone,
 And tears bedew the laurels which I won. 230
 Unhappy Valois! that ill fated day
 Show'r'd down on thee dishonour, and dismay.
 Paris grew proud, the league's submission less,
 And Guise's glory doubled thy distress.
 Vimori's plains saw Guise the sword unsheath, 235
 Germania suffer'd for Joyeuse's death.
 Auneau beheld my army of allies
 Yield to his pow'r, defeated by surprize.
 Thro' Paris streets he march'd with haughty air,
 Array'd in laurels, and the pride of war. 240
 Ev'n Valois tamely to his insults bow'd,
 And serv'd this idol of the gazing crowd.
 Shame will at length the coolest courage warm,
 And give new vigour to the weakest arm.
 Such vile affronts made Valois less incline 245
 To offer incense at so mean a shrine.
 Too late he tried his greatness to restore,
 And reign the monarch he had liv'd before.
 Now deem'd a tyrant by the factious crew,
 Nor loyal fear, nor love, his subjects knew. 250

All Paris arms, sedition spreads the flame,
 And headstrong mutiny asserts her claim.
 Encircling troops raise high the hostile mound,
 Besiege his palace, and his guards surround.
 Guise, undisturb'd amidst the raging storm, 255
 Gave it a milder, or severer form :
 Rul'd the mad tumult of rebellious spleen,
 And guided, as he pleas'd, the great machine.
 All had been lost ; and Valois doom'd to die
 By one command, one glance of Guise's eye ; 260
 But, when each arm was ready for the blow,
 Compassion sooth'd the fierceness of the foe ;
 Enough were deem'd the terrors of the fight,
 And meek-eyed pity gave the pow'r of flight.
 Guise greatly err'd, such subjects all things-dare, 265
 Their king must perish, or themselves despair.
 This day confirm'd, and strengthen'd in his schemes,
 He saw that all was fatal but extremes :
 Himself must mount the scaffold, or the throne,
 The lord of all things, or the lord of none. 270
 Thro' Gallia's realms ador'd, from conquest vain,
 Aided by Rome, and seconded by Spain ;
 Pregnant with hope, and absolute in pow'r,
 He thought those iron ages to restore.
 When erst our kings in mould'ring cloisters liv'd, 275
 In early infancy of crowns depriv'd.
 In hallow'd shades they wept the hours away,
 Whilst tyrants govern'd with oppressive sway.
 Valois, indignant at so high a crime,
 Delay'd his vengeance to some better time. 280
 Our states at Blois were summon'd to appear,
 And fame, no doubt, has told you what they were.
 In barren streams from oratory's tongue
 Smooth flow'd the tide of eloquence along ; 284
 Laws were propos'd whose pow'r none e'er perceiv'd,
 And ills lamented which none e'er reliev'd.

Guise in the midst, with high imperious pride,
 Was vainly seated by his sov'reign's side.
 Sure of success, he saw around the throne,
 Or thought he saw, no subjects but his own. 290
 These

These sons of infamy, this venal band
 Was ready to bestow the dear command,
 When Valois pow'r was destin'd to appear,
 And burst the chains of mercy and of fear.
 Each day his rival study'd to attain 295
 The mean, the odious triumphs of disdain;
 Nor deem'd, that ever such a prince could shew
 Those stern resolves, which strike th' assassin's blow.
 Fate o'er his eyes with envious hand had spread
 Her thickest veil's impenetrable shade. 300
 The hour arriv'd when Guise was doom'd to bear
 That lot of nature, which all mortals share.
 Disgrac'd with wounds before the royal eye,
 The mighty victim was condemn'd to die.
 All pale, and cover'd by the crimson tide, 305
 This sun descended in his native pride.
 The parting soul, by thirst of glory fir'd,
 In life's last moments to the throne aspir'd.
 * Thus fell the pow'rful chief, assemblage rare
 Of foulest vices, and perfections fair. 310
 With other conduct, than to kings belongs,
 Did Valois suffer, and revenge his wrongs.
 Soon did the dire report thro' Paris spread,
 That heav'n was injur'd, and that Guise was dead.
 The young, the old, with unavailing sighs 315
 Display'd their grief, and join'd their plaintive cries.
 The softer sex invok'd the pow'rs above,
 And clasp'd his statues in the arms of love.
 All Paris thought her father, and her God,
 Call'd loud for vengeance, and inspir'd to blood. 320
 Amidst the rest, the brave and valiant Mayne
 Sought not their zealous fury to restrain:
 But, more by int'rest, than resentment mov'd,
 The flame augmented, and their zeal approv'd.
 Mayne, under Guise inur'd to war's alarms,
 Was nurs'd in battle, and train'd up to arms: 325
 His brother's equal in each dark intrigue,
 And now the lord, and glory of the league.

Thus

* He was assassinated in the king's antichamber at Blois, on Friday the 23d of December, 1588.

Thus highly rais'd, thus eminently great ;
 He griev'd no longer for his brother's fate : 330
 But better pleas'd to govern, than obey,
 Forgot the loss, and wip'd his tears away.
 Mayne, with a soul to gen'rous deeds inclin'd,
 A statesman's cunning, and a hero's mind,
 By subtle arts unnumber'd followers draws 335
 To yield him homage, and to serve his laws.
 Skilful e'en good from evil to produce,
 Full well he knows their talents, and their use.
 Tho' brighter splendors dazzl'd all our eyes,
 Not greater dangers ever rose from Guise. 340
 To young Aumale, and this more prudent guide,
 The leaguers owe their courage, and their pride.
 Aumale, the *great invincible* by name,
 Is high exalted in the lists of fame.
 Thro' all their ranks he spreads ambition's fires. 345
 Presumptuous valour, and his own desires.
 Unshaken in their cause the league protects,
 And bravely executes what Mayne directs.

Meantime, the king, whose pow'r the Germans dread,
 To deeds inhuman from his cradle bred ; 350
 That tyrant catholic, that artful foe,
 Incens'd at Bourbon, and Eliza too :
 Ambitious Philip, sends his warlike train
 To aid our rivals, and the cause of Mayne.
 Rome, best employ'd in making wars to cease, 355
 Lights discord's torch, and bids her fires increase.
 The same fierce views the christian father owns,
 Points the keen blade, and animates his sons.
 From Europe's either end the torrent falls :
 Uniting sorrows burst upon our walls. 360
 Weak, and defenceless in this evil hour
 Valois relented, and implor'd my pow'r.
 Humane benevolence my soul approves,
 The state commiserates, and Valois loves.
 Impending dangers banish all my ire, 365
 A brother's safety is my sole desire.
 With honest zeal I labour for his good :
 Tis duty calls me, and the ties of blood.

I know

I know the royal dignity my own,
 And vindicate the honours of the crown. 370
 Nor treaty made, nor hostage ask'd, I came,
 And told him, courage was his guide to fame.
 On Paris' ramparts bid him cast his eye,
 And there resolve to conquer, or to die.
 These friendly words, thus happily apply'd, 375
 Thro' all his soul diffus'd a gen'rous pride.
 Manners thus chang'd, thus resolutely brave,
 The sense of shame, and not example gave.
 The serious lessons, which misfortune brings,
 Are needful often, and of use to kings. 380

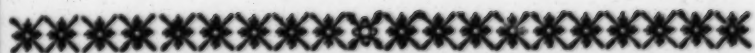
Thus Henry spoke with honesty of heart,
 And begg'd for succours on Eliza's part.
 Now from the tow'rs where rebel discord stood,
 Conquest recalls him to her scenes of blood.
 The flow'r of England follows to the plain, 385
 And cleaves the bosom of the azure main.
 Essex commands,—the proud Iberian knows,
 That Essex conquers e'en the wisest foes:
 Full little deeming, that injurious fate
 Should blast his laurels with her keenest hate. 390
 To France brave Henry hastens to repair,
 Eager to grace the theatre of war.
 Go, said the queen, thyself, and virtue please;
 My troops attend thee o'er the azure seas.
 For thee, not Valois, they endure the fight; 395
 Thy cares must guard them, and defend their right.
 From thy example will they scorn to swerve;
 And rather seem to imitate, than serve.
 Who now the sword for valiant Bourbon draws
 Will learn to triumph in Britannia's cause. 400
 Oh! may thy pow'r the factious leaguers quell,
 And Mayne's allies thy gallant conquests feel!
 Spain is too weak thy rebel foes to save,
 And Roman thunders never awe the brave.
 Go, free mankind, and break the iron chains 405
 Where Sixtus governs, or where Philip reigns.
 The cruel Philip, artful as his fire
 In all that views of int'rest may require.

Tho' less renown'd in war, less great, and brave,
 Division spreads in order to enslave ; 410
 Forms in his palace each ambitious scheme,
 And boundless triumphs are his darling theme.

Lo! Sixtus,* rais'd from nothing to the throne,
 Designs more haughty blushes not to own.
 Mont Altoe's shepherd monarchs would o'ercome, 415
 And dictate laws in Paris, as at Rome :
 Safe in the honours which adorn his brow,
 To Philip and to all mankind a foe :
 As serves his cause, or insolent, or meek,
 Rival of kings, and tyrant o'er the weak. 420
 Thro' ev'ry clime, with faction at their head,
 E'en to our court his dark intrigues have spread.
 These mighty rulers fear not to defy ;
 They both have dar'd Eliza's power to try :
 Witness, ye seas ! how Philip fought in vain 425
 With English valour, and the stormy main.
 These shores beheld the proud Armada lost ;
 Yon purple billows bore the floating host.
 Rome's pontiff still in quiet silence bears
 The loss of conquest, and our greatness fears. 430

Display thy banners in the martial field ;
 When Mayne is conquer'd, Rome herself will yield.
 Tho' proud when fortune smiles, her own defeat
 Lays her submissive at the victor's feet.
 Prompt to condemn, and eager to absolve, 435
 Her flames, and thunders, wait on thy resolve.

* Pope Sixtus V. who from having been a shepherd's boy rose to the Papal throne.



THE
HENRIADE.

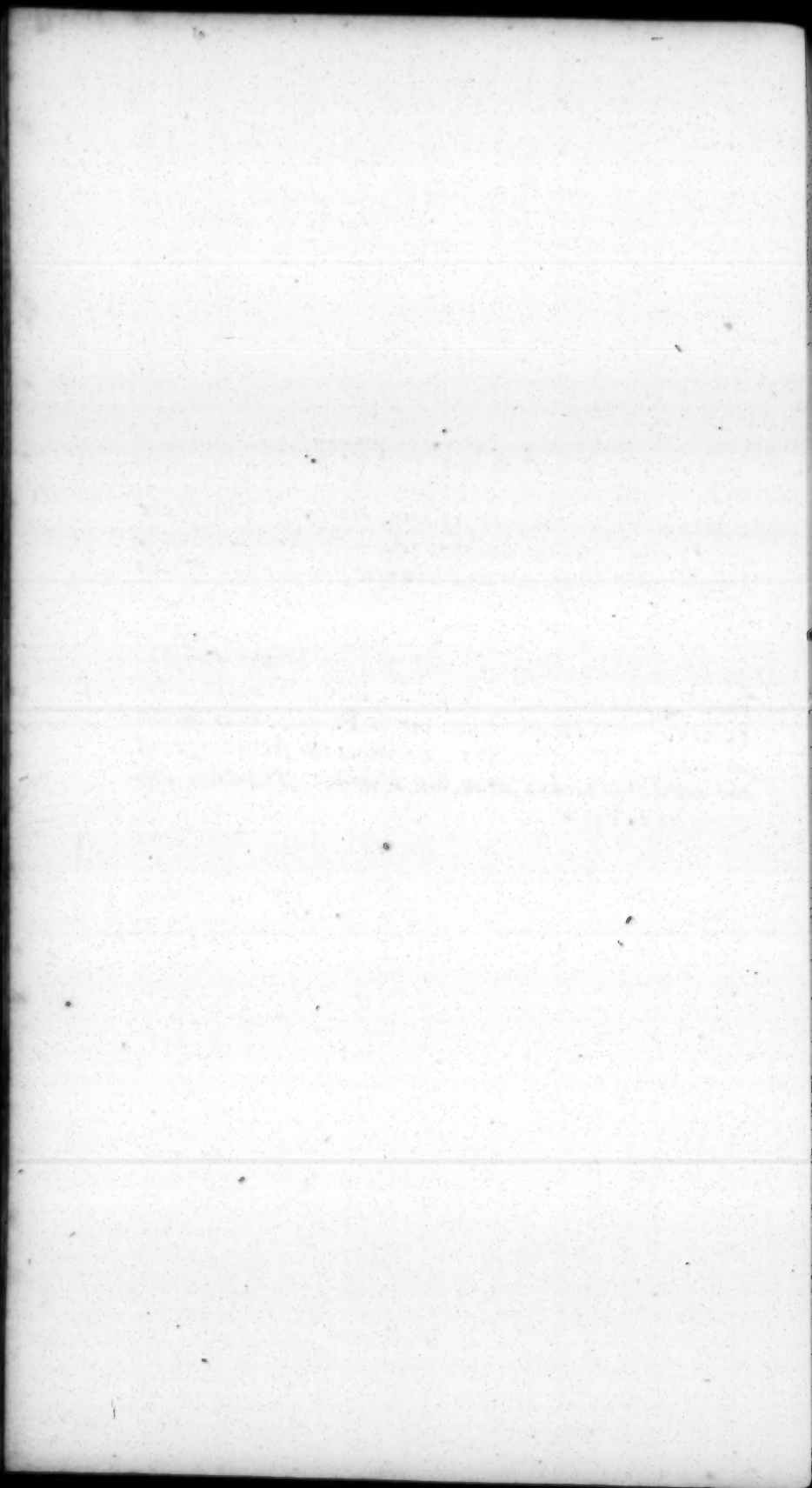
CANTO the FOURTH.



THE ARGUMENT.

D'Aumale is upon the point of being master of Henry the third's camp, when the hero, returning from England, engages the Leaguers and changes the fortune of the day.

Discord comforts Mayne, and flies to Rome for succours. Description of Rome. Discord meets with Policy. She returns with her to Paris, causes an insurrection of the Sorbonne; animates the sixteen against the parliament, and arms the Monks. Troubles, and confusion in Paris.





T H E
H E N R I A D E.

C A N T O t h e F O U R T H.

W H I L E thus sequester'd from the train of state,
 Their glorious int'rests sagely they debate,
 At leisure o'er the princely science stray,
 Combat and conquest and imperial sway,
 The Seine with terror saw the chiefs, combin'd, 5
 Spread on his banks their banners to the wind.

Anxious the king, from Henry distant far,
 Bewail'd th' uncertain destiny of war ;
 His cheering aid irresolute he needs,
 For vict'ry follows still where Bourbon leads. 10
 With triumph the confed'rate bands beheld
 His weak dismay, and eager sought the field ;
 Chill'd ev'ry dreadful hour with fresh alarms,
 He saw th' o'erwhelming torrent of their arms,
 And prone to change, and hasty to repent, 15
 Regrets his absence, whom himself had sent.

Long with these traitors to their lawful lord,
 Joyeuses' brother drew the factious sword ;
D 4
By

Line 18. Henry, Count of Bouchage, younger brother of the
 duke of Joyeuse, slain at Coutras.

Once

By turns a soldier, and a saint was he,
 Now all for arms, and now a devotee, 20
 Preferr'd, as when inclin'd his various soul,
 One hour the helmet, and the next the cowl.
 He left the scenes of penitence and tears,
 To bark sedition in the Leagu'rs ears,
 And bath'd remorseless, in his country's blood, 25
 The hand just then devoted to his God.

Of all the chiefs, for valour most renown'd,
 Whose prowess shed despair and horror round,
 Whose puissant arms the boldest might appal,
 The first in feats of glory was D'Aumale. 30
 Sprung from the far-fam'd heroes of Lorraine,
 King, laws, and peace alike were his disdain;
 The noblest youths his daring steps pursue,
 With them incessant to the field he flew,
 Now in still march, now shouting from afar, 35
 By day, by night, he urged the various war,
 Assail'd th'unguarded foe on ev'ry side,
 And with their blood the dusty champain dyed.
 So from proud Athos or Imaus height,
 Where earth, sea, air, lie stretch'd before the fight, 40
 With headlong speed the rapid eagle flies,
 And vulturs dart along the gloomy skies ;

With

Once as he was passing by the convent of the Capuchins at Paris, at four o'clock in the morning, after having spent the night in a debauch, he fancied he heard the angels singing matins in the convent. Struck with this idea, he made himself a Capuchin, by the name of *brother angel*. Afterwards, when he quitted the cowl, and took arms against Henry IV. the duke of Mayenne made him governor of Languedoc, duke and peer and marshal of France. At length he came to an accommodation with the king: but as he was one day standing with his majesty in a balcony, under which a great multitude were assembled, the king said to him, cousin, these people seem delighted with seeing an apostate and a renegade together. This speech of Henry's sent him again to his convent, where he died.

Line 30. The chevalier d'Aumale, brother of the duke d'Aumale, of the house of Lorraine, a young man of an impetuous spirit with many shining qualities; he headed all the sallies during the siege of Paris, and inspired the inhabitants with his own courage and confidence.

THE HENRIADE.

57

With hungry beaks the feather'd spoil they rend,
 Resiftless on the bleating flocks descend,
 And soaring to their airy cliffs convey, 45
 With screams of cruel joy, the living prey.

Fir'd on a time, and frantic with the thirst
 Of glory, to the royal tent he pierced ;
 Dark was the night and sudden the surprise,
 Around the camp a panic horror flies ; 50
 The torrent of his arms o'erlooks the mound,
 And the big deluge threatens all around.
 But when the day-star rais'd his glimm'ring urn,
 Came Mornay to announce his lord's return ;
 With joyful speed th'impatient chief drew near, 55
 When the rough din smote loudly on his ear,
 Amaz'd he flies, sees terror and distress
 In the king's troops, nor ev'n in Bourbon's less,
 " And are you vanquish'd, and is this," he cried,
 " Is this the glorious welcome you provide 60
 " For Henry, for your Henry ?" at that name
 Their hearts were flush'd again with valour's glowing
 flame.

So when the Sabin arms drove trembling home,
 Ev'n to the capitol, the bands of Rome,
 His guardian God their mighty founder hail'd, 65
 And in the name of Stator Jove prevail'd.
 Let him, they cry, let Henry lead the fight,
 And we must conquer in our Henry's fight.
 Keen as the flash, that cleaves the stormy cloud,
 In the mid camp the dazzling hero stood, 70
 Impetuous to the foremost ranks he flies,
 Death in his hand, and light'ning in his eyes,
 Th'ambitious chiefs crowd fast around his shield,
 At once he shifts the fortune of the field,
 His stern approach the pale confed'rates shun, 75
 As stars diminish'd fade before the sun.
 D'Aumale enraged tries ev'ry art in vain
 To rally their disorder'd files again ;
 His voice a while their tim'rous flight with-held,
 But Henry's drove them headlong o'er the field ; 80
 His awful front strikes terror thro' the foe,
 Their chief unites them, and their fears o'erthrow :

'Till ev'n D'Aumale, reluctant borne along,
 Obeys the o'erwhelming torrent of the throng. 83
 Incumber'd thus with many a winter's snow,
 Some rock forsakes the mountain's lofty brow,
 And, wrapt in sheets of ice, rolls o'er the vale below. }

He shews to the besieging pow'rs around
 His front, so long with matchless glory crown'd,
 Bursts through the multitude, and, loathing life, 90
 Seeks in despair once more the mortal strife;
 Restrains a while the victor's rapid course,
 'Till weak, and baffled by superior force,
 Each moment he expects the fatal meed,
 Death, the just wages of his hardy deed. 95

But Discord, for her darling chief afraid,
 Flies swift to save him, for she needs his aid,
 Between her champion and the foe, she held
 Her massy, broad, impenetrable shield,
 Whose sight, or rage, or terror can convey, 100
 Omen of death, and meteor of dismay.
 Offspring of Hell! from her infernal cave
 Then first she came, to succour and to save,
 Then first her hand, dire instrument of death,
 Redcēm'd from instant fate a hero's breath. 105
 Forth from the field, her minion, cover'd o'er
 With wounds, unselt amid his toil, she bore,
 His anguish with a lenient hand allay'd,
 And staunch'd the blood, that in her cause was shed.
 But while her labours to his limbs impart 110
 Their wonted health, her venom taints his heart.
 Thus tyrants oft, with treach'rous pity, stay
 The wretch's doom, and spare but to betray;
 Act by his arm the purpose of their hate,
 And dark revenge, then yield him to his fate. 115

Bold to atchieve, nor fraught with wisdom less
 To catch th' auspicious moment of success;
 Victorious Henry urg'd th' important blow,
 And with new fury press'd th' astonish'd foe.

Close

Close in their walls their dire disgrace they mourn, 120
 And dread th' assault, and tremble in their turn.
 Ev'n Valois now, to martial deeds inspir'd
 The troops, himself by Henry's actions fir'd
 Laughs at all pain, despises all alarms,
 And owns ev'n toil and danger have their charms. 125
 No secret feuds the jarring chiefs confound,
 Their brave attempts were all with glory crown'd;
 Horror, where'er they march, their way prepares,
 The ramparts tremble, and the foe despairs.
 Where now shall Mayne deep sorrowing seek redress? 130
 His troops, a people groaning in distress!
 The weeping orphan here her sire demands,
 There brethren claim their brother at his hands;
 Each mourns the present, dreads the future most,
 And disaffection rends the murm'ring host. 135
 Some counsel flight, surrender some prefer,
 But all renounce unanimous the war;
 So light the feeble vulgar, and so near
 Their headstrong rashness is allied to fear.
 Their ruin he beheld already wrought, 140
 A thousand plans perplex his lab'ring thought;
 When Discord by her snaky locks confest,
 Stood forth reveal'd and thus the chief address'd.

August descendent of an awful line,
 Whose vengeful cause unites thee firm to mine; 145
 Form'd by my counsel, nurs'd beneath my care,
 Know thy protectress, and her voice revere.
 Shall wretches base as these thy fears excite?
 Who freeze with horror at a loss so slight.
 Slaves of my pow'r, and vassals of my will, 150
 Ev'n now our great designs they shall fulfil;
 Let but my breath their dastard bosoms fire,
 They court the combat, and with joy expire.

She spoke, and rapid as the light'ning's flight,
 Glanc'd thro' the clouds, and vanish'd from his sight. 155
 Around the French she saw confusion low'r,
 And hail'd the fight, and bless'd the welcome hour;
 The

The teeming earth grew barren as she pass'd,
 And the bright blossoms wither'd at the blast ;
 Flat in the furrow lies the blighted ear, 160
 Pale and half quench'd the sick'ning stars appear ;
 Beneath her bursts the thunder's fullen sound,
 And death-like horror seized the nations round.

Dark scowling o'er the flow'ry vales below,
 A whirlwind snatch'd her to the banks of Po. 165

Tow'rd's Rome at length her baleful eye she roll'd,
 Rome, the world's dread, and Discord's fane of old,
 Imperial Rome, by destiny design'd,
 In peace, in war, the mistress of mankind.
 By conquest first she stretch'd her wide domain, 170
 And all earth's monarchs wore her galling chain ;
 On arms alone her solid empire grew,
 And the world crouch'd where'er her eagle flew
 More peaceful art her modern rule supports,
 Now e'en her conquerors tremble in her courts ; 175
 Deep rooted in the hearts her pow'r she sees,
 And needs no thunder but her own decrees.

High on that gorgeous wreck of ancient war,
 Where Mars for ages drove his rattling car,
 A pontiff now maintains his priestly state, 180
 And fills the throne where once the Cæsars sat.
 There wand'ring, heedless of the mighty dead,
 Monastic feet on Cato's ashes tread,
 On God's own altar there the throne they raise,
 And one despotic hand the cross and sceptre sways. 185

There first his infant church th' almighty plac'd,
 By turns with zeal rejected, or embrac'd ;
 There heav'n's high will his first apostle taught,
 In native truth and singleness of thought.
 Scarce meaner praise his successors acquir'd, 190
 And they were honour'd most, who least aspir'd ;
 No fopp'ry then their modest brow adorn'd,
 All praise but virtue, and all wealth they scorn'd,
 And

And flew with rapture from their low abode,
 To die triumphant in the cause of God. 195
 Deprav'd at length they scorn'd their humble state,
 And heav'n, for man's offences, made them great :
 Ambition then profan'd the sacred shrine,
 And human pow'r was grafted on divine ;
 The lurking dagger and the pois'ning bowl, 200
 Were the dark basis of their new controul.
 Vicegerents of the Lord, his holy place
 With brutal lust they blush'd not to disgrace,
 'Till Rome, oppress'd beneath their hateful reign,
 Sigh'd for her idol gods and pagan rites again. 205
 A wiser race more modern times beheld,
 Who crimes like these or wrought not, or conceal'd :
 Then kings appeal'd to Rome's decisive pow'r,
 And chose their umpire, whom they fear'd before ;
 Humility once more and meekness shone 210
 Renew'd, beneath the proud pontific crown.
 But pious fraud and priestcraft in these days,
 Are Rome's chief virtue, and her worthiest praise.

Now in the pomp of apostolic state
 Supreme, and crown'd with empire, Sixtus fate ; 215
 If fraud and churlish insolence might claim
 Renown, no monarch bore a fairer name.
 Long time he sculk'd beneath the driv'ler's part
 Disguis'd, and ow'd his greatness to his art ;
 Long seem'd unworthy what he sigh'd to gain, 220
 And shun'd it long the surer to obtain.

Deep in his palace, secret and unseen,
 Dwelt dark-veil'd policy, mysterious queen ;
 Unsocial inter'st and ambition join'd,
 Of yore, to spawn this pest of human kind. 225
 Her

Line 215. Sixtus the fifth, when he was cardinal of Montalto, counterfeited the idiot so artfully for 15 years, that he was commonly called the Ass of Ancona. It is well known by what contrivances he obtained the papacy, and with what haughtiness he governed.

Her smiles a free untroubled soul express'd,
 Tho' cares unnumber'd swarm'd within her breast ;
 Keen were her haggard eyes, nor knew to close
 Their wakeful lids, nor would admit repose ;
 Thick woven films o'er Europe's fight she spreads, 230
 Confounds her counsels, and her kings misleads ;
 Calls truth itself to testify a fraud,
 And stamps imposture with the seal of God.

When first the phantom Discord met her view,
 With instant rapture to her arms she flew ; 235
 Then smil'd a ghastly grin, but fighting soon,
 As one o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, thus begun :
 I see, alas ! those happy times no more,
 When thoughtless multitudes ador'd my pow'r,
 When Europe credulous obey'd my laws, 240
 And mix'd with mine religion's sacred cause.
 I spoke, and kings from their exalted seat
 Came trembling down, and worship'd at my feet ;
 High on the echoing vatican I stood,
 And breath'd my wars, and launch'd my storms
 abroad. 245
 Ev'n life and death confess'd my proud domain,
 And monarchs reign'd by me, or ceas'd to reign.
 Now France subdues my light'nings, e'er they fly,
 And, quench'd and smother'd, in my grasp they die.
 Religion's

Line 248. During the wars in the thirteenth century, between the emperors and the popes, Gregory IX. had the hardiness not only to excommunicate the emperor Frederic II. but even to offer the imperial crown to Robert, the brother of St. Louis. The parliament of France, assembled, answer'd in the name of the king, that the pope could not lawfully depose a sovereign, nor the brother of a king of France receive, from the hand of the pope, a crown, over which neither he nor St. Peter had any right. In 1570 the sitting parliament issued a famous arret against the bull in *cræna domini*.

The celebrated remonstrances, made by the parliament under Louis XI. on the subject of the pragmatic sanction, are well known, as are those likewise, which they made to Henry III. against the scandalous bull of Sixtus the fifth, which called the reigning family, a generation of bastards, &c. and the continual fortitude, with which they always maintained our liberties against the pretensions of the court of Rome.

Religion's friend, she thwarts my slighted arms, 250
 And breaks my philtres, and dispels my charms;
 Truth's borrow'd guise in vain did I display,
 She first discern'd, and tore the mask away.
 But oh! what joy! could I delude her now,
 At least avenge my sufferings on my foe. 255
 Come then, my light'nings with thy torch restore,
 And France shall feel us, and the world once more;
 Our bonds, again, earth's haughty lords shall wear,
 Again—she spoke, and pierc'd the yielding air

Remote from Rome, where vanity and pride, 260
 In temples sacred to themselves reside,
 Conceal'd from sight, within her humble cell,
 Religion, pensive maid, delights to dwell.
 There angels hover round her calm abode,
 And waft her raptures to the throne of God. 265
 Mean while, the sanction of her injur'd name,
 Th'oppressor's wrong, and tyrant's fury claim;
 Yet, doom'd to suffer, no revenge she knows,
 But melts in silent blessings on her foes:
 Her artless charms their modest lustre shroud 270
 For ever from the vain tumultuous crowd,
 Who without faith their impious vows prefer,
 And pray to fortune, while they kneel to her.
 In Henry she beheld her future son,
 And knew the fates had mark'd him for her own; 275
 With sighs to speed the destin'd hour she strove,
 And view'd and watch'd him with a seraph's love.

Sudden the * fiends their awful foe surprize;
 The captive lifts to heav'n her streaming eyes;
 In vain—for heav'n, to prove her virtue sure 280
 And steadfast faith, resigns her to their pow'r.
 Soon in her snowy veil and holy weeds
 The monsters muffle their detested heads,
 Then fir'd with hope, and glorying in their might,
 Stretch swift to Paris their impetuous flight. 285
 Deep

* Policy, and Discord.

Deep in the Sorbonne, in august debate,
 The sage expounders of heav'n's dictates fate,
 Their faith unshaken, loyalty unfeign'd,
 The judges and th' examples of the land ;
 Sway'd by no error by no fear controul'd, 290
 Each bore an upright heart, was masculine and bold.
 Alas ! what human virtue never errs —
 Behold the tempter ! Policy appears ;
 Smooth was the melting flatt'ry of her tongue,
 And on her artful lips persuasion hung. 295
 The dazzling mitre and the sweeping train,
 With ease allure th' ambitious and the vain ;
 With secret bribes the miser's voice she buys,
 With decent praise, the learned and the wise ;
 From each his virtue by some art she stole, 300
 And shook with sounding threats the coward's soul.

Their counsels now with riot they disgrace,
 Truth heard the din alarm'd, and fled the place.
 When thus a sage the gen'ral voice express'd.
 " Kings are the creatures of the church confess'd ; 305
 " Chastized or pardon'd as her laws decree :
 " That church, and guardians of those laws, are we ;
 " Annull'd and cancell'd are the vows we swore ;
 " Such is our will, and Valois reigns no more."
 Scarce was the curs'd decree pronounc'd aloud, 310
 When ruthless Discord copy'd it in blood,
 And sign'd and sworn the fatal record stood.

Then swift from church to church, with eager speed
 The fiend divulges their advent'rous deed ;
 Where'er

Line 309. On the 17th of January 1589, the faculty of Theology in Paris awarded that famous decree, by which it was declared, that the subject was released from his oath of allegiance, and might lawfully make war upon the king. Le Fevre, the Dean and some of the wisest refused to sign it. Afterwards, when the Sorbonne were set at liberty, they revoked this decree, which the tyranny of the League had extorted from some of their society. All the religious orders who, like the Sorbonne, had declared themselves against the royal family, like them retracted. But would they have retracted, had the house of Lorraine succeeded?

Where'er she came her faintly garb bespoke 315
 Esteem, and sage and holy was her look.
 Forth from their gloomy cells she calls amain
 The meagre slaves of voluntary pain ;
 Behold in me religion's self she cries ;
 Assert my rights and let your zeal arise, 320
 'Tis I approach you, 'tis my voice you hear,
 For proof, mark well the flaming sword I bear,
 Of temper'd light'ning is that edge divine,
 And God's own hand intrusted it to mine.
 Emerge, my children, from this silent gloom, 325
 The time for action now and high exploit is come.
 Go forth, and teach the lukewarm wav'ring crowd,
 To slay their king, if they would serve their God.
 Think how the ministry by special grace
 Was giv'n of old to Levi's holy race ; 330
 Jehovah's self pronounced that glory due
 To their deserts, when Israel's sons they slew.
 Where are, alas ! those times of triumph fled,
 When by the brother's arm the victim bled ?
 Ye priests devout, your spirit was their guide, 335
 'Twas by your hands alone Coligny dy'd ;
 'Twas then the slaughter raged, go forth, explain
 My voice abroad, and let it rage again.

She spoke, and wav'd the signal ; ev'ry heart
 Throbb'd with the poison of the beldam's art. 340
 To Paris next their solemn march she led,
 High o'er the midst the banner'd cross was spread ;
 And hymns and holy songs they chaunt aloud,
 As heav'n itself their impious cause avow'd.
 Ev'n on their knees their frenzy they declare, 345
 And mix a pious curse in ev'ry pray'r :
 Bold

Line 342. When Henry III. and the king of Navarre appeared in arms before Paris, most of the monks put on armour and mounted guard with the citizens. This passage in the poem nevertheless alludes to the procession of the League, in which 1200 armed monks were reviewed in Paris, having William Rose, bishop of Senlis at their head. The fact is mentioned here, though it did not happen 'till after the death of Henry III.

Bold in the pulpit, tim'rous in the field,
 With uncouth arm the pond'rous sword they wield,
 Their penitential shirts the zealots hide
 Beneath their canker'd armour's clumsy pride ; 350
 And thus th' inglorious band in foul array
 Thro' tides of gazing rabble sped their way,
 While high in effigy pourtray'd they bore
 Their God, the God of peace, their crazy troop before.

Mayne with the pomp of public praise adorn'd 355
 Their wild attempt, which in his heart he scorn'd ;
 For well he knew fanatic rage would pass
 For sound religion with the common class :
 Nor wanted he the princely craft to court
 And sooth the follies of the meaner sort. 360
 The soldier laugh'd, the sage with frowns survey'd
 Their antic pageantry, and mad parade,
 " The many rend the skies with loud applause,"
 And hail the rev'rend bulwarks of their cause.
 Their daring rashness first to fear gave way, 365
 And frenzy now succeeds to their dismay.
 The spirit thus, that rules th' obedient main,
 Can lull the weaves to rest, or weak the storm again.

Now discord from the tribe of Valois' foes,
 Twice eight, the rankest of the faction, chose ; 370
 Slaves of the queen, who yet presum'd to guide
 The car of state, like monarchs at her side,
 While pride and perfidy, revenge and death,
 With streams of slaughter, mark'd the road beneath.
 Mayne blush'd to see the poultry minions stand 375
 So near himself, his equals in command :
 But fellowship in guilt all rank destroys,
 As great the wretch who serves, as who employs.

So

Line 370. It is not meant that there were but sixteen individuals listed in the faction, as the Abbé le Gendre has remark'd in his little history of France ; but they were called the Sixteen, from the sixteen quarters of Paris, which they governed by their spies and their emissaries.

Line 377. The Sixteen were long independent of the duke of Mayne. One of them named, Normand, said once in the duke's

THE HENRIADE.

67

So when the winds, fierce tyrants of the deep,
The Seine or Rhone with rapid fury sweep, 380
Black rises from below the stagnant mud,
And stains the silver surface of the flood.
So when the flames some destin'd town invade,
And on the plain the smoking tow'rs are spread,
The mingling metals in one mass are roll'd, 385
And worthless dross incrusts the purest gold.

Themis alone, uninfluenc'd by their crimes,
Escapes the foul contagion of the times ;
With her, nor hope of pow'r, nor fear prevail,
But still well-pois'd she trim'd the steady scale ; 390
No spots the lustre of her shrine impair,
But justice finds a sacred refuge there.

There, foes to vice, and equity their guide,
An awful senate o'er the laws preside,
With patriot candour watchful to secure 395
The people's privilege and monarch's pow'r,
True to the crown, yet anxious for the state,
Tyrants alike and rebels are their hate ;
Firm their allegiance still, tho', free and brave,
They scorn to sink the subject to the slave, 400
Rome and the Roman pow'r, full well they know,
Know to respect it, and to curb it too.

Chos'n from the League, a furious troop beset
The portal, and invade the still retreat ;
Bussy, than whom no chief might better claim 405
That bad pre-eminence, their leader came,
And

duke's chamber, they, who had made him, could easily unmake him.

Line 405. On the 16th of January 1589, Bussy le Clerc, one of the Sixteen, who from a fencing master was become governor of the Bastile, and chief of the faction, entered the grand chamber of the parliament, followed by fifty guards. He presented to them a request, or rather an order to compel them to renounce the royal family. On their refusal he himself imprisoned in the Bastile

And thus the ruffian, proud of the command
He bore, bespoke the venerable band.

Ye, who for pay the laws vile drug'ry bear, } 410
And doze, and dream, plebeians as you are,
Of kings committed to your guardian care,
Yet still when public feuds and broils prevail,
Set the mean trappings of your rank to sale,
Tim'rous in war, in peace a blust'ring train,
Hear what your lords, the commonwealth, ordain. 415
Societies were form'd e'er kings were made,
We claim the rights our ancestors betray'd,
The people, whom your arts enslaved before,
Discern the cheat, and will be slaves no more.
Truce with the pomp of titles then, away 420
With ev'ry sound of arbitrary sway,
Draw from the people's rights your pow'r alone,
Friends of the state, not bondsmen of the throne.

He spoke, and scorn appear'd in ev'ry eye,
Nor censure else vouchsafed they, or reply. 425
So when of old, within her ruin'd wall,
Rome in dismay receiv'd the conqu'ring Gaul,
Undaunted still her awful senate sate,
Calm as in peace, nor trembled at their fate.

Tyrants, he cried with fury, though not free 430
From secret dread, obey or follow me.
Then, fam'd for worth and fearless of his foes,
Their honour'd chief, illustrious Harlay rose,
And claim'd his fetters with so stern a tone,
As for their hands he fought them, not his own. 435
At once his hoary brethren of the laws,
Ambitious victims in the royal cause,
And proud to share their Harlay's glorious pains,
With outstretch'd arms receiv'd the traitor's chains.

The

Bastile all those who opposed his party. There he made them
fast upon bread and water, that they might be the readier to
ransom themselves out of his custody, for which reason he was
called the Grand Penitentiary of the Parliament.

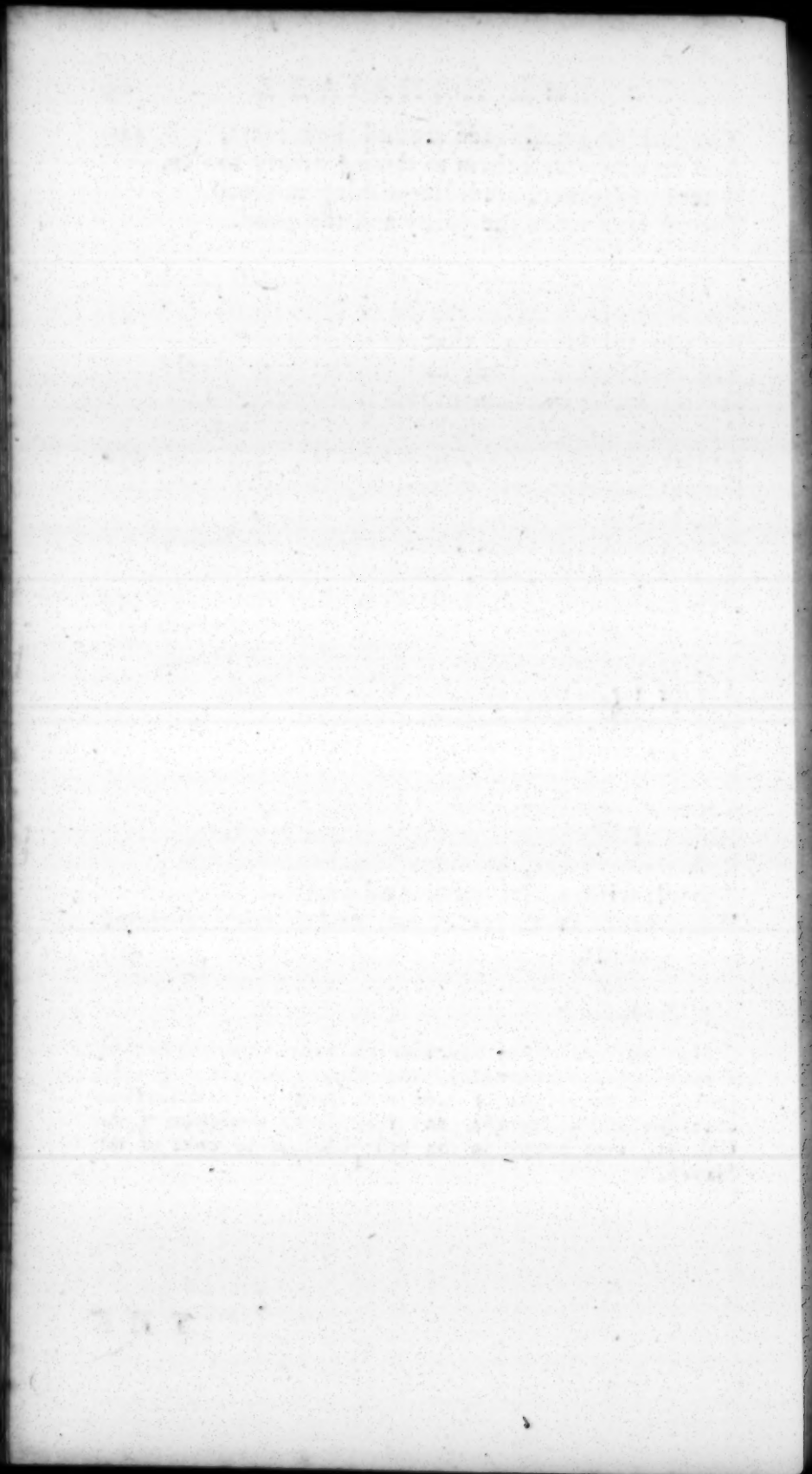
The gath'ring multitude around them roars, 440
 And crowds attend them to those † dreary tow'rs,
 Where vengeance, undistinguishing in blood,
 Too oft confounds the guilty and the good.

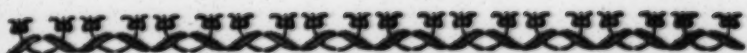
Thus sinks the state beneath their lawless pow'r,
 The Sorbonne's fall'n, the senate is no more. 445
 But why this throng? that universal yell?
 The fatal scaffold, and, and the tort'ring wheel?
 Say for whose punishment this pomp design'd?
 For theirs—the first, the noblest of mankind.
 So fare the just in Paris, such reward 450
 For patriots here, and heroes, is prepar'd.
 Yet, hapless suff'ers, no disgrace invades
 Your honest fame, nor blush your injur'd shades,
 Your fate was glorious, and whoe'er like you
 Dies for his king, shall die with glory too. 455

O'erjoy'd mean while, and revelling in blood,
 Amidst her bands triumphant Discord stood,
 Self-satisfied, with well-contented air,
 She saw the dire effects of civil war;
 Saw thousands leagu'd against their monarch's life, 460
 Yet ev'n themselves divided and at strife,
 Dupes of her pow'r, and servants of her hate,
 Push the mad war, and urge their country's fate;
 Tumult within, and danger all without,
 While havoc smote the realm, and march'd it round
 about. 465

† The Bastile.

Line 449. On Friday November 15, 1591. Barnaby Brisson, a person of great knowledge, who executed the office of chief president in the absence of Achilles de Harlay; Claude Larcher, counsellor of the Inquests, and Jean Tardif, counsellor of the Châtelet, were hanged in the little Châtelet by order of the Sixteen.

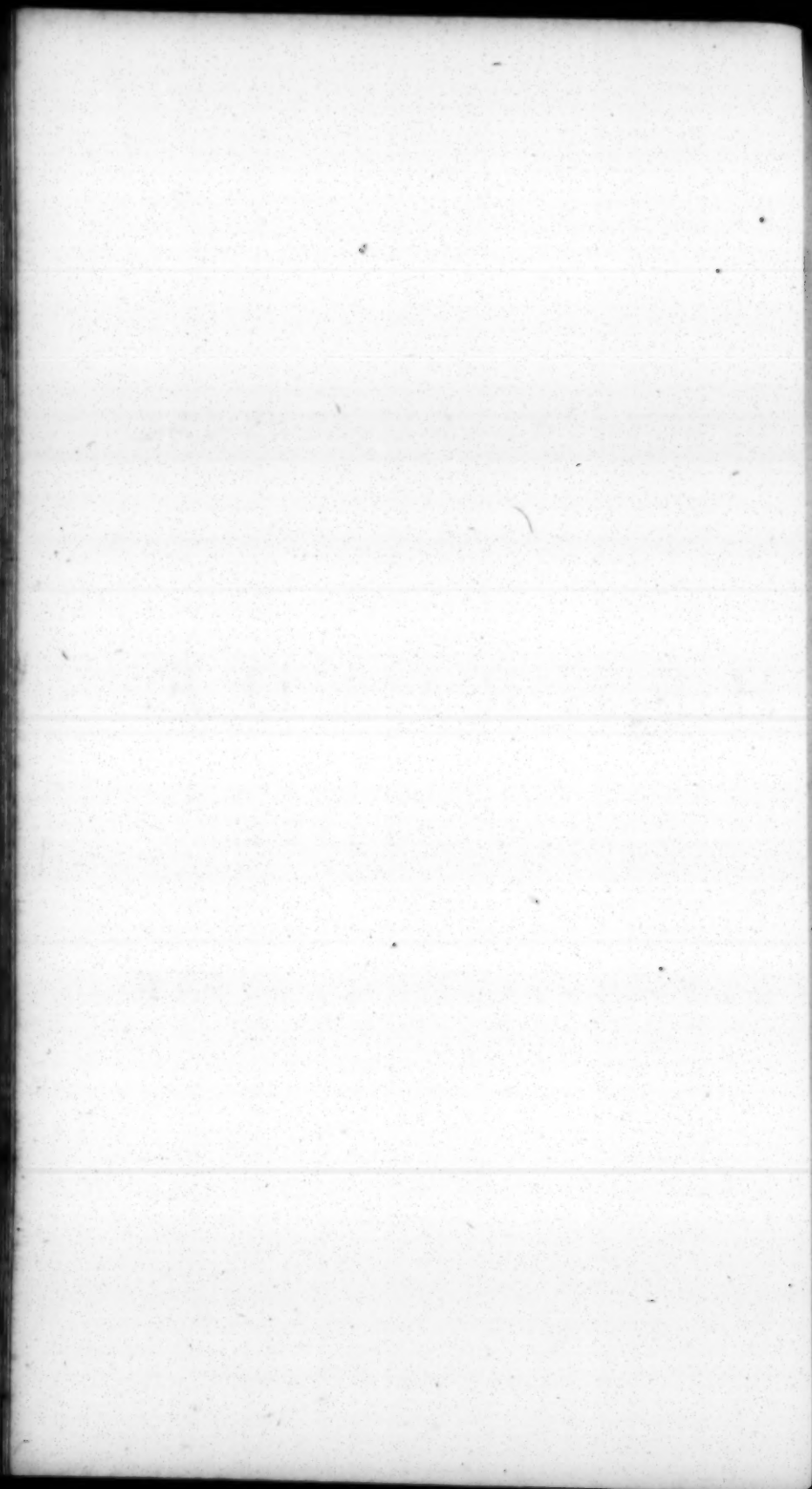




T H E
H E N R I A D E.

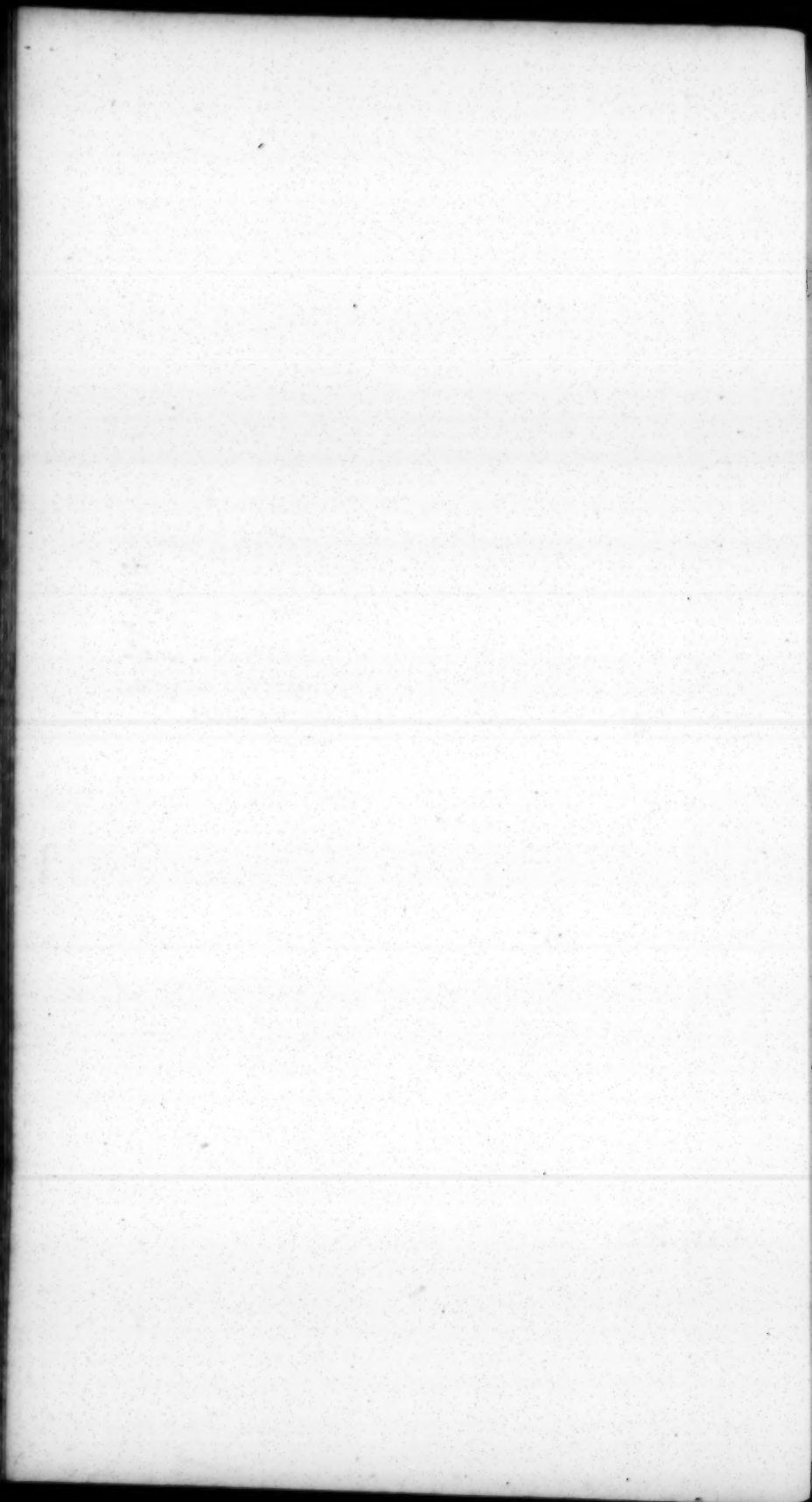
CANTO the FIFTH.





THE ARGUMENT.

The besieged are very sharply press'd. Discord persuades Clement to go to Paris, and assassinate the king. He is conducted by Fanaticism, whom Discord calls for that purpose from the infernal regions. Sacrifice of the Leaguers to the spirits of Darkness. Henry III. is assassinated. Sentiments of Henry IV. upon the occasion. He is acknowledged king of France by the army.





T H E
H E N R I A D E.

C A N T O the F I F T H.

NOW marching on, those dread machines ap-
 pear'd,
 Which death attended, and the rebels fear'd.
 A hundred mouths pour'd forth the rapid balls,
 And iron tempests rattl'd on the walls.
 Now was employ'd, and exercis'd in vain 5
 The zeal of party and the wiles of Mayne.
 The guards of Paris, and the noisy crowd,
 The prating doctors insolent and loud,
 'Try'd, but in vain, our hero to subdue,
 Beneath whose feet victorious laurels grew. 10
 By Rome, and Philip were the thunders hurl'd,
 But Rome diffus'd no terrors through the world.
 His native sloth the old Iberian shew'd,
 And all his succours were too late bestow'd.
 Through Gallia's realms the plund'ring troops en-
 joy'd 15
 The spoils of cities, which their arms destroy'd.
 An easy conquest o'er oppress'd allies
 Was first, and fairest in the traitor's eyes.
 The falling League but waited to receive
 Whate'er the pride of tyranny could give, 20
 When fate, that governs with supreme command,
 Appear'd suspended by a zealot's hand.

Forgive, ye citizens, whose peaceful days
 Are calm, and bright'ned by serener rays,
 Forgive the bard who paints the horrid crimes 25
 That stain'd the annals of preceding times.
 Yourselves unfullied may the lays approve,
 Whose hearts are warm with loyalty, and love.

In ev'ry age, some venerable seer
 For heav'n's pure joys has shed the pious tear ; 30
 Some rigid anchorets with vows divine
 Have heap'd their incense on religion's shrine :
 Lost to the world, to each idea lost
 That friendship loves, or charity can boast.
 Their gloomy shades, and cloisters ever rude 35
 The beams of fair humanity exclude.
 Others in flowing periods have display'd
 Religion's truths by learning's pow'rful aid.
 In these ambition has produc'd desires,
 Mean, and unworthy virtue's sacred fires. 40
 Oft' have their schemes extended far, and wide,
 And all their piety been sunk in pride.
 Thus by perverse, untoward abuses still
 The highest good becomes the greatest ill.
 Those, who the life of Dominic embrac'd, 45
 In Spain with wreaths of glory have been grac'd.
 From mean employments have with lustre shone,
 Like painted insects glitt'ring round the throne.
 In France they flourish'd in the days of yore,
 With equal zeal, but far unequal pow'r. 50
 The kindly patronage, from kings deriv'd,
 Might still attend them had not Clement liv'd.
 The soul of Clement, gloomy, and austere,
 Was form'd to virtues rigid, and severe.
 Soon as the torrent of rebellion flow'd, 55
 The tide he follow'd and pronounc'd it good.
 Fell discord rising had profusely shed
 Infernal poisons o'er his youthful head.
 The long-drawn isle, and venerable shrine
 Witness what pray'rs fatigued the pow'rs divine. 60
 This was their form, before the throne of grace,
 While dust, and ashes sanctify'd his face.

Almighty

Almighty being, whose avenging arm
 Protects religion, and her sons from harm,
 How long shall justice sleep, or tyrants live, 65
 The perjur'd flourish, and oppression thrive?
 Let us, O God, thy gracious mercies tell,
 Thy fiery scourges let the sinner feel.
 Dispel death's horrid gloom, assist the brave,
 And crush the tyrant, whom thy fury gave. 70
 Send thy destroying angel from above,
 Descend in flames, and let thy thunders move.
 Descend, and quell the sacrilegious host,
 Defeat their triumphs, and confound their boast.
 Let ruin seize, great sov'reign lord of all, 75
 Kings, chiefs, and armies in one common fall.
 As gath'ring storms the leaves of Autumn bear
 O'er hills, and vallies, through the fields of air.
 The League shall praise thy name with holy tongue,
 Whilst blood, and murder elevate the song. 80

Discord, attentive, heard his hideous cries,
 And swift to Pluto's dreary regions flies.
 From those dark realms the worst of tyrants came,
 Fanatic Dæmon is his horrid name.
 Religion's son, but rebel in her cause, 85
 He tears her bosom, and disdains her laws.
 'Twas he that guided Ammon's frantic race,
 Where silver Arnon winds his liquid maze.
 When weeping mothers, with mad zeal possess'd,
 Slew their fond infants clinging to the breast. 90
 Through him, rash Jephtha vow'd, the fiend imbru'd
 The father's dagger in the daughter's blood.
 By him the impious Chalchas was inspir'd,
 And tender Iphigenia's death requir'd.
 Thy forests, France, the cruel pow'r approv'd; 95
 There smoak'd the incense which Tentates lov'd.
 Thy shades have seen the human victims bleed,
 Whilst hoary druids autoriz'd the deed.
 From Rome's proud capitol he gave the word,
 When christians shudder'd at the pagan sword. 100
 When Rome submitted to the son of God,
 High o'er the church he wav'd his iron rod.

Christians once doom'd to feel the tort'ring flame,
 Were deaf to mercy, and unmoved by shame.
 On Thames's banks the seeds of faction grew, 105
 Whose bloody arm the feeble monarch slew.
 The same fierce genius fans the annual fire
 At Lisbon, or Madrid, when Jews expire :
 Unwilling to desert the cause of heav'n,
 Or quit the faith their ancestors have giv'n. 110

Like some high priest his part the dæmon play'd,
 In the pure vest of innocence array'd.
 Now, from the wardrobe of eternal night
 For other crimes equipp'd, he sprung to light.
 Deceit, for ever plausible, and fair 115
 Dress'd him like Guise in person, height and air.
 The haughty Guise, whose artifice alone
 Enchain'd the listless monarch on his throne,
 Whose pow'r still working, like some fatal star,
 Foreboded ruin, and inspir'd to war. 120
 The dreaded helmet glitter'd on his head ;
 The sword, prepar'd for ev'ry murd'rous deed,
 Flam'd in his hand ;—and many a wound could tell
 How once at Blois the factious hero fell.
 For vengeance calling loud, the crimson tide 125
 Fast flow'd in copious streams adown his side.
 Clad in this mournful garb, when night had shed
 Her peaceful slumbers over Clement's head,
 In that still hour, when horrid spectres meet,
 He fought the zealot in his calm retreat. 130
 Cabal, and superstition, nurse of sin,
 Unbarr'd the doors, and let the chieftain in.

Thy pray'rs he cried the pow'rs of heav'n receive,
 But more than tears, or pray'rs should Clement give.
 The Leaguer's God will other off'rings claim ; 135
 More fit more worthy of his holy name.
 Far other incense must adorn his shrine ;
 Off'rings more pure, and worship more divine.
 Had Judith only wept with plaintive sighs,
 A female's grief, and unavailing cries, 140
 Had

Had life been dearer than her country's call,
 Judith had seen Bethulia's levell'd wall.
 These exploits copy, these oblations bring,
 Derive thy currents from that sacred spring.
 I see thee blush ;—go, fly at my command, 145
 Let royal blood now consecrate thy hand.
 Set wretched Paris from her tyrant free,
 Revenging Rome, the universe, and me.
 Go, murder Valois, as he murder'd Guise,
 Nor deem it faulty in religion's eyes. 150
 Who guards the church, and vindicates her laws,
 Is bravely acting in fair virtue's cause.
 When heav'n commands, then ev'ry deed is good,
 Attend her accents, and prepare for blood.
 Thrice happy, could'st thou join the tyrant's death 155
 To Bourbon's fall, and gain a nobler wreath !
 Oh could thy citizens !—but fate denies
 Thy hand the honours of that happy prize.
 Yet, should thy fame with rays inferior shine,
 Scorn not the gift, but finish heaven's design. 160

Thus spoke the phantom, and unsheath'd the blade,
 By hatred once in Stygian waters laid.
 To Clement's hand he gave the fatal steel,
 Then swiftly fled, and downward sunk to hell.
 The young recluse, too easily deceiv'd, 165
 Himself th' almighty's delegate believ'd :
 Embrac'd the gift with reverential love,
 And begg'd assistance from the pow'rs above.
 The fiend no superstitious influence spar'd,
 But all his soul for parricide prepar'd. 170
 How apt is error to mislead mankind !
 And reason's piercing eye how often blind !
 The raging Clement, happy, and at ease,
 Happy as those whom truth and virtue please ;
 With down-cast looks, and virtue's clouded brow, 175
 To heav'n address'd the sacrilegious vow.
 On as he march'd, his penitential veil
 Conceal'd from view the parricidal steel.
 The fairest flow'rs each conscious friend bestow'd,
 And balmy odors to perfume the road. 180

These guides, in counsel, or in praises join'd
 To add new fervor to his zealous mind.
 The holy calendar receiv'd his name,
 Equal to saints in virtue, and in fame.
 Now hail'd as patron, now ador'd as God, 185
 And fed with incense by the kneeling crow'd.
 Transports less warm, less moving raptures fir'd
 The christian heroes, and their souls inspir'd,
 When pious brethren were consign'd to death,
 Firm, and intrepid to their latest breath. 190
 They kissed each footstep, thought each torture gain,
 And wish'd to feel the agonizing pain.
 Fanatics thus religion's ensigns bear,
 Like worthies triumph, and like saints appear.
 The same desire the good, and impious, draws, 195
 Unnumber'd martyrs fall in error's cause.

Mayne's piercing eyes beheld the future blow,
 And more was known, than what he seem'd to know.
 Intending wisely, when the blood was spilt,
 To reap the profits, but avoid the guilt. 200
 Sedition's sons were left to guide the whole,
 And steel with rage the impious zealot's soul.
 To Paris' gates they lead the traitor on;
 While the Sixteen with fond impatience run
 To arts infernal, and devoutly pray, 205
 That heav'n her secret counsels would display.
 This science once distinguish'd Cath'rine's reign,
 Tho' always criminal, and often vain.
 The servile people, that for ever love
 Each courtly vice, and what the great approve, 210
 Fond of whate'er is marvellous, or new,
 The same impieties with zeal pursue.

When night's still shades conceal'd the bands im-
 pure,
 Silence conducts them to a vault obscure.
 By the pale torch, which faintly pierc'd the gloom, 215
 They raise an altar on the mould'ring tomb.
 There

'There both the royal images appear,
 Alike the objects of their rage, and fear."
 'There to almighty pow'r their vows are paid,
 And hellish dæmons summon'd to their aid. 220
 High on the walls, a hundred lances stood,
 Mysterious, awful terrors! plung'd in blood.
 Their priest was one of that unhappy race
 Proscrib'd on earth, and sentenc'd to disgrace.
 Slaves long inur'd to superstition's lore, 225
 Whose crimes and sorrows spread from shore to shore.
 The Leaguers next the sacrifice begin
 With horrid cries, and bacchanalian din:
 Now bathe their arms within the crimson tide;
 Now on the altar strike at Valois' side. 330
 Now with more rage, the terror to complete,
 See Henry's image trod beneath their feet.
 Death, as they thought, would aid the impious blow,
 And send the heroes to the shades below.

The Hebrew tried by blasphemy to move 235
 The depths beneath, and all the pow'rs above.
 Invok'd the spirits that in æther dwell,
 Swift light'nings, thunders, and the flames of hell.
 Endor's fam'd priestess erst such off'rings made,
 And rais'd by dire enchantments Samuel's shade, 240
 Thus in Samaria once 'gainst Judah hung
 The lying accent on the prophet's tongue.
 And thus inflexibly Ateius rose
 The high designs of Crassus to oppose.

The League's mad ruler waited to receive 245
 To charms, and spells, what answer heav'n would give..
 Convinc'd that vows, thus offer'd, wing their way
 To the pure regions of eternal day.
 Heav'n heard the magic sounds, which only drew
 From thence the vengeance to their errors due. 250
 For them were stopt the laws which nature gave,
 And plaintive murmurs fill'd the silent cave.
 Successive light'nings in the depth of night
 Flash'd all around; and gleam'd with horrid light.
 Great Henry shone amidst the lambent flames, 255
 Encircled

Encircl'd round with glory's golden beams.
 High on the car of triumph as he rode,
 Grace on his brow the laurel wreath bestow'd,
 The royal sceptre glitter'd in his hand,
 Emblem of pow'r, and ensign of command. 260
 Loud rolling thunders gave the fatal sign,
 And op'ning earth receiv'd the flaming shrine.
 The priest, and Leaguers shudder'd at the sight,
 And veil'd their crimes beneath the shades of night.
 The rolling thunders, and the fiery blaze 265
 Declar'd that God had number'd Valois' days.
 Grim death rejoic'd; and such th' almighty's will,
 Crimes were allow'd his sentence to fulfil.

Now Clement to the royal tent drew near,
 And begg'd admission undismay'd by fear; 270
 For heav'n, he said, had sent him to bestow
 Reviving honours on the monarch's brow;
 And secrets to unfold, which might appear
 Worthy reception from his sovereign's ear.
 All mark his looks, and many a question ask; 275
 Left his attire some bad design should mask.
 He undisturb'd, with calm, and simple air,
 Returns them answers plausible, and fair;
 Each accent seems from innocence to spring,
 The guards attend, and lead him to their king. 280

Calm as before, he bent the suppliant knee;
 Unruff'd, and unaw'd by majesty:
 Mark'd where to strike, and thus, by falsehood's aid,
 With treach'rous lies his feign'd addresses paid. 284

Pardon, dread sovereign, him who trembling brings
 Submissive praises to the king of kings.
 Oh let me thank kind heav'n, whose gracious aid
 Has shower'd down blessings on thy sacred head.
 Potier the good, and Villerois the sage
 Have faithful prov'd in this rebellious age, 290
 Harlay the great, whose brave, intrepid zeal
 Was ever active in the public weal,

Immur'd

Immur'd in prison, still thy cause defends,
 Confounds the League and animates thy friends.

That mighty being, whose all-piercing eyes 295
 Defeat the counsels of the great and wise :
 Whose will no human knowledge can withstand,
 Whose works are finish'd by the weakest hand :
 To Harlay guided thy devoted slave,
 That loyal subject ever good, and brave. 300
 His sage advice, and sentiments refin'd
 Diffus'd a radiance o'er my clouded mind.
 To bring these lines with eagerness I flew,
 By Harlay counsell'd, and to Valois true.

The king receiv'd the letters with surprize, 305
 And tears of holy rapture fill'd his eyes.
 Oh when, he cried, shall Valois' hand supply
 Rewards proportion'd to thy loyalty ?
 Thus spoke the monarch with affection warm,
 Love undissembl'd, and extended arm. 310
 Each motion well the monstrous traitor ey'd,
 And fiercely plung'd the dagger in his side.
 Soon as they saw the crimson torrents flow,
 A thousand hands reveng'd the fatal blow.
 The zealot wish'd not for a happier time, 315
 But stood unmov'd, and triumph'd in his crime.
 Through op'ning skies he saw the heav'nly dome,
 And endless glories in the world to come.
 Claim'd the bright wreath of martyrdom from God,
 And falling, blest'd the hand that shed his blood. 320
 Oh dread illusion, terrible, and blind,
 Worthy the hate, and pity of mankind.
 Infectious preachers more deserv'd the blame,
 From whom the madness, and the poison came..

The hour arriv'd when Valois' darken'd sight 325
 Faintly beheld the parting, glimm'ring light.
 Surrounding slaves with many a falling tear
 Express'd their griefs dissembl'd, or sincere.
 For some there were, whose sorrows soon expir'd,
 With pleasing hopes of future greatness fir'd. 330
 Others,

Others, whose safety with the king was fled,
 Themselves lamented, not the royal dead.
 Amidst the various sounds of plaintive cries
 Tears unaffected flow'd from Henry's eyes.
 Thy foe, great Bourbon, fell ; but souls like thine 335
 In such dread moments ev'ry thought resign,
 Save those which friendship, and compassion claim :
 Self-love destroys not the celestial flame.
 The gen'rous chief forgot his own renown,
 Tho' to himself devolv'd the regal crown.
 To raise his eyes the dying monarch strove, 340
 And clasp'd his hand with tenderness, and love.

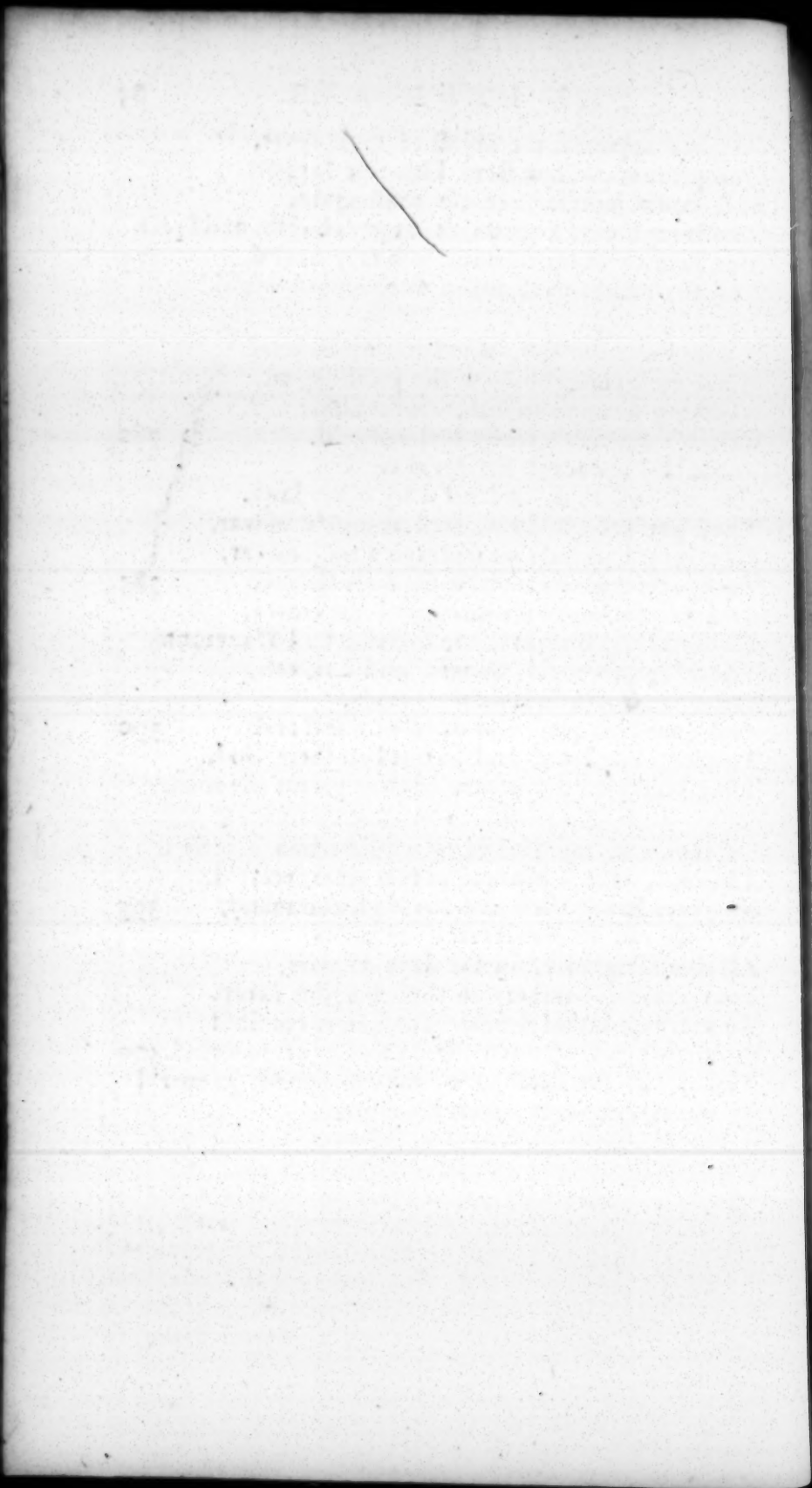
Bourbon, he cried, thy gen'rous tears refrain,
 Let others weep, whose conduct I disdain.
 Fly thou to vengeance, spread the dire alarm, 345
 Go reign, and triumph with victorious arm.
 I leave thee struggling on the stormy coast,
 Where shipwreck'd Valois was for ever lost.
 My throne awaits thee, take it as thy due,
 Its sole protection was deriv'd from you. 350
 Eternal thunders threaten Gallia's kings,
 Then fear the pow'r from whom the glory springs.
 By thee, from impious tenets undeceiv'd,
 Be all the honours of his shrine reviv'd.
 Farewel, brave prince, and reign by all ador'd, 355
 Guarded by heav'n from each assassin's sword.
 You know the League, with us begins the blow,
 Nor stays it's fury, but would end with you.
 In future days perchance some barbarous hand,
 Obedient slave to faction's dread command, 360
 Some arm—but oh! ye Guardian angels, spare
 Virtues so pure, so exquisite, and rare.
 Permit——no more he said ; departing breath
 Consign'd the monarch to the arms of death.

Now was all Paris fill'd with joyful cries, 365
 And odious songs of triumph rent the skies.
 The fanes are open'd wide at Valois' death,
 And ev'ry Leaguer wears the flow'ry wreath.
 All labour ends, whilst faction blith, and gay,
 To mirth, and feasting, consecrates the day. 370
 Bourbon

Bourbon appear'd the object of their sport,
And glorious valour seem'd his sole support.
Say, could he rise, and e'er resist again,
The strengthen'd League, the angry church, and Spain:
The Roman thunders with such fury hurl'd, 375
And the bright treasures of the western world!

Some warlike few, who little understood
What most contributes to the public good,
Affecting scruples foolish, and refin'd,
Calvin's defence already had resign'd. 380
Redoubl'd ardour in the royal cause
The rest inflam'd, and rul'd by other laws.
These gen'rous soldiers, well approv'd in war,
Who long had rode on triumph's radiant car,
To Bourbon give unsettl'd Gallia's throne, 385
And all proclaim him worthy of the crown.
Those valiant knights, the Givris, and Daumonts,
The Montmorencis, Sancis, and Crillons,
Swear to remain inviolable friends,
And guard his person to earth's utmost ends. 390
True to their laws, and faithful to their God,
They boldly march where honour points the road.

From you, my friends, cried Bourbon is deriv'd
That lot, which kindred heroes have receiv'd.
No peers have authorized our high command, 395
No holy oil, or consecrating hand.
All due allegiance, in the days of yore,
Your brave forefathers on their buckler swore.
To vict'ry's laurel'd field your hands confin'd
From thence send forth the monarchs of mankind. 400
Thus spoke the chief, and, marching first, prepar'd
By martial deeds to merit his reward.





T H E

HENRIADE.

CANTO the SIXTH.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

HERBERT A. D. E.

CHICAGO, ILL. SIXTH

1900

THE ARGUMENT.

After the death of Henry III. the Leaguers assemble in Paris, to elect a king. In the midst of their debates, Henry IV. storms the city. The assembly is dismissed. The members that composed it repair to the ramparts. Description of the ensuing battle.



T H E

HENRIADE.

CANTO the SIXTH.

IN France an ancient custom we retain,
When death's rude stroke has clos'd the monarch's
reign,

When destiny cuts short the smooth descent,
And all the royal pedigree is spent,
The people, to their former rights restor'd,
May change the laws, or chuse their future lord.
The states in council represent the whole,
Elect the king, and limit his controul ;
Thus our renown'd forefathers did ordain,
That Capet should succeed to Charlemagne.

The League with vain presumption arrogates
This right, and hastens to convene the states.
They thought the murder of the king bestow'd
That pow'r perhaps, on those who shed his blood,
Thought

Thought that the semblance of a throne would
 shroud 15
 Their dark designs, and captivate the croud,
 Would help their jarring counsels to unite,
 And give their foul pretence an air of right ;
 That from what source foe'er his claim may spring,
 Just or unjust, a king is still a king, 20
 And worthy or unworthy of the sway,
 A Frenchman must have something to obey.

Swift to the Louvre with imperious air,
 And fierce demeanour the proud chiefs repair ;
 Thither whom Spain ambassador had sent, 25
 And Rome, with many a priestly bigot went,
 To speed th' election with tumultuous haste,
 An insult on the kings of ages past,
 And in the splendour of their trains, expence
 Was seen, the child of public indigence. 30
 No princely potentate, or high-born peer,
 Sprung from our old nobility, was there,
 Their grandeur now a shadowy form alone,
 Though lawgivers by birth and kinsmen of the throne.
 No sage assertors of the public claim, 35
 Strenuous and hardy, from the commons came,
 No lilies, as of old, the court array'd,
 But foreign pomp, and pageant in their stead.
 There, sumptuous o'er the throne, for Mayne prepar'd
 A canopy of royal state was rear'd, 40
 And on the front, with rich embroid'ry grac'd,
 Oh dire indignity ! these lines were trac'd.
 " Kings of the earth, and judges of mankind,
 " Who, deaf to mercy, by no laws confin'd,
 " Lay nature waste beneath your fierce domain, 45
 " Let Valois' fate instruct you how to reign."

Forthwith contentious rage with jarring sound,
 And clam'rous strife discordant echo round.
 Slave to the smiles of Rome, obsequious here,
 A venal flatt'rer soothes the legate's ear ; 50
 'Tis time, he cries, the lily should bow down
 Her head, obedient to the triple crown,

Time that the church should lift her chaf't'ning hand,
 And from her high tribunal scourge the land.
 Cruel tribunal! scene of monkish pow'r, 55
 Which ev'n the realms that suffer it abhor;
 Whose fiery priests by bigotry prepar'd,
 Torture and death without remorse award, }
 Disgraceful to the sacred cause they guard. }
 As if mankind were, as of old, possess'd 60
 With pagan blindness, when the lying priest,
 T'appease the wrath of heav'n with vengeance fir'd,
 The sacrifice of human blood requir'd.

Some for Iberian gold betray the state,
 And sell it to the Spaniard whom they hate. 65
 But mightier than the rest, their pow'r was shewn,
 Who destin'd Mayne already to the throne.
 The splendor of a crown was wanting yet,
 To make the fullness of his fame complete;
 To that bright goal his daring wish he sends, 70
 Nor heeds the danger that on kings attends.

Then Potier rose; plain, nervous and untaught
 His eloquence, the language of his thought.
 No blemish of the times had touch'd the sage,
 Rever'd for virtue in a vicious age; 75
 Oft had he check'd, with courage uncontroul'd,
 The tide of faction headlong as it roll'd,
 Asserted hardily the laws he lov'd,
 Nor ever fear'd reproof, or was reprov'd.
 He rais'd his voice; struck silent at the sound, 80
 The croud was hush'd, and list'ning gather'd round.
 So when at sea the winds have ceas'd to roar,
 And the loud sailor's cries are heard no more,
 No sound survives, but of the dashing prow,
 That cleaves with prosp'rous course th' obedient wave
 below. 85
 Such Potier seem'd; no rude disturbance broke
 The attentive calm, while freely thus he spoke.
 " Mayne,

Line 54. The dukes of Guise wanted to establish the inquisition in France.

" Mayne, I perceive then, has the gen'ral voice,
 " And though I praise not, can excuse your choice ;
 " His virtues I esteem not less than you, 90
 " And, were I free to chuse, might chuse him too.
 " But if the laws ambitious he pervert,
 " His claim of Empire cancels his desert."

Thus far the sage ; when lo ! that instant Mayne
 Himself appear'd, with all a monarch's train. 95

" Prince ! he pursued, and spoke it boldly forth,
 " I dare oppose you, for I know your worth ;
 " Dare step between your merit and the throne,
 " Warm in the cause of France, and in our own.
 " Vain your election were, your right unsound, 100
 " While yet in France a Bourbon may be found ;
 " Heav'n in its wisdom placed you near the throne,
 " That you might guard, but not usurp the crown ;
 " His ashes sprinkled with a monarch's gore,
 " The shade of injured Guise can ask no more ; 105
 " Point not your vengeance then at Henry's head,
 " Nor charge him with the blood he never shed.
 " Heav'n's influence on you both too largely flows,
 " And 'tis your rival virtue makes you foes.
 " But hark ! the clamour of the common herd 110
 " Ascends the skies, and heretic's the word ;
 " And see the priesthood ranged in dark array,
 " To deeds of blood insatiate urge their way !
 " Barbarians, hold,—what custom yet unknown, }
 " What law, or rather frenzy of your own, } 115
 " Can cancel your allegiance to the throne.
 " Comes he, this Henry, savage and unjust,
 " T' o'erthrow your shrines, and mix them with the
 dust ?
 " He ? To those shrines in search of truth he flies,
 " And loves the sacred laws yourselves despise ; 120
 " Virtue alone, whatever form she wears,
 " Whatever sect she graces, he reveres ;
 " Nor like yourselves, weak, arrogant, and blind,
 " Dares do the work of God, and judge mankind :
 " More

" More righteous, and more christian far than you, 125
 " He comes to rule, but to forgive you too.
 " And shall you judge your master, and shall he,
 " The friend of freedom, not himself be free?
 " Not such, alas! nor sullied with your crimes,
 " Were the true christian race of elder times; 130
 " They, tho' all heathen errors they abhor'd,
 " Serv'd without murm'ring their heathen lord,
 " The doom of death without a groan obey'd,
 " And bless'd the cruel hand by which they bled:
 " Such are the christians, whom true faith assures, 135
 " They died to serve their kings, you murder yours,
 " And God, whom you describe for ever prone
 " To wrath, if he delights to show'r it down
 " On guilty heads, shall aim it at your own." }

He clos'd his bold harrangue, confusion scar'd 140
 Their conscious souls, none answer'd him, or dar'd;
 In vain they would have shaken from their hearts
 The dread, which truth to guiltiness imparts,
 With fear and rage their troubled thoughts were toss'd,
 When sudden a loud shout from all their host 145 }
 Was heard, to arms, to arms, or we are lost.

Dark clouds of dust in floating volumes rise
 Wide o'er the champain, and obscures the skies!
 The clarion and the drum with horrid sound,
 Dread harbingers of slaughter echo round. 150
 So from his gloomy chambers in the north,
 When the fierce spirit of the storm breaks forth,
 His dusky pinions shroud the noon-day light,
 And thunder and sharp winds attend his dreary flight.

'Twas Henry's host came shouting from afar, 155
 Disdaining ease, and eager for the war;
 O'er the wide plain they stretch'd their bright array,
 And to the ramparts urged their furious way.

These hours the chief vouchsaf'd not to consume
 In empty rites perform'd at Valois' tomb, 160
 Unprofitable

Unprofitable tribute ! fondly paid
 By the proud living to th' unconscious dead ;
 No lofty dome, or monumental pile,
 On the waste shore he rais'd with fruitless toil,
 Vain arts ! to rescue the departed great, 165
 From the rough tooth of time and rage of fate ;
 A nobler meed on Valois' shade below,
 And worthier gifts he hasten'd to bestow,
 T' avenge his murder, make rebellion cease,
 And rule the subjugated land in peace. 170

The din of battle gath'ring at their gates,
 Dissolv'd their council, and dispers'd the states.
 Swift from the walls to view th' advancing host
 The gen'ral flew, the soldier to his post,
 With shouts th' approaching hero they incense, 175
 And all is ripe for onset and defence.

Tho' pleasure now, and peace securely reign
 In all her courts, not such was Paris then,
 But girt with massy walls, and unexpos'd,
 An hundred forts the narrow'r town inclos'd ; 180
 The suburbs now defenceless and unbarr'd,
 The gentle hand of peace their only guard,
 Adorn'd with all the pomp that wealth supplies,
 Proud spires and palaces that pierce the skies,
 Were then a cluster of rude huts alone, 185
 A rampart all around of earth was thrown,
 With a deep fosse to part them from the town.
 From th' east the mighty chief his march began,
 And death with hasty strides came foremost in his van.
 Wing'd with red flames impetuous from on high, 190
 And from below, the show'ry bullets fly,
 The ratt'ling storm resistless thickens round,
 And tumbles tow'r and bastion to the ground ;
 Gor'd and defac'd the gay battalions bleed,
 And on the plain their shatter'd limbs are spread. 195

In earlier times, unaided and untaught,
 His fate by simpler means the soldier wrought ;
 Strength

Strength against strength oppos'd the contest try'd,
 And on their swords alone the combatants rely'd ;
 More cruel wars their children learn'd to wage, 200
 Nor less than light'ning satisfied their rage.
 Then first was heard the thunder-bearing bomb,
 Imprison'd mischief struggling in it's womb,
 Swift on the destin'd mark the pond'rous shell
 Came down, and spread destruction where it fell. 205

Next, dire improvement on the barb'rous trade,
 In hollow vaults the secret mine was laid ;
 In vain the warrior trusting in his might,
 Speeds his bold march, and seeks the promis'd fight,
 A sudden blast divides the yawning earth, 210
 And the black vapour kindles into birth,
 Smote by strange thunder sinks th' astonish'd host,
 Deep in the dark abyss for ever lost.
 These dangers Bourbon unappall'd defies,
 Impatient for the strife, a throne the prize. 215
 Where'er his hardy bands the hero leads,
 'Tis hell beneath, and tempest o'er their heads,
 His glorious steps undaunted they pursue,
 Fir'd by his deeds still bright'ning in their view.

Grave in the midst the valiant Mornay went, 220
 Though slow his march, intrepid his intent ;
 Rage he alike disdain'd and slavish dread,
 Nor heard the thunders bursting round his head ;
 War was heav'n's scourge on man, he wisely thought,
 Nor lov'd the task, but took it as his lot ; 225
 Ev'n for the wonders of his sword he griev'd,
 And loath'd it for the glories it atchiev'd.

Now pour'd their legions down the dreadful way,
 Where smear'd with blood the sloping Glacis lay ;
 More fierce as more in danger, with the slain 230
 They choke the fosse, and lift it to the plain,
 Then borne upon the supple numbers, reach
 The ramparts, and rush headlong to the breach.
 Waving his bloody fauchion, Henry led
 The way, and enter'd furious at their head 235
 Vol. XX. F Already

Already fix'd by his victorious hand
 High on the walls his glitt'ring banners stand :
 Awe-struck the Leaguers seem'd, as they implor'd
 The conqueror's mercy, and confess'd their lord ;
 But Mayne recalls them to their guilty part, 240
 And drives the dawning grace from ev'ry heart,
 'Till, crowded in close Phalanx, they beset
 Their king, whose eye their hardiest fear'd to meet.
 Fierce on the battlements, and bathed in blood
 Of thousands slain, the fury Discord stood ; 245
 There best her horrid mandates they obey,
 And join'd in closer fight more surely slay.

Sudden the deep mouth'd engines cease to roar,
 And the loud thunder of the war is o'er :
 At once an universal silence round, 250
 With awful pause, succeeds the deaf'ning sound ;
 Now thro' his foes the soldier cleaves his way,
 And on the sword alone depends the day ;
 Alternate the contending leaders boast
 The bloody ramparts won, and yield them lost : 255
 Still victory the doubtful balance sway'd,
 And join'd in air the mingling banners play'd,
 'Till oft triumphant, and as oft subdued,
 Fled the pale League and Henry swift pursued.
 'Tis thus the restless billows wash the shore, 260
 By turns o'erwhelm it, and by turns restore.

Then most in that tremendous hour was shewn,
 The might of Bourbon's rival, and his own ;
 'Twas then each hero's warlike soul was prov'd,
 That in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd, 265
 Amidst confusion, horror and despair,
 Ranged the dread scene and ruled the doubtful war.

Mean while renown'd for many a martial deed,
 A gallant English band brave Effex led ;
 In Galia's cause, with wonder, they advance, 270
 And scarcely can believe they fight for France.
 On the same ramparts where the conquer'd Seine,
 Saw in old time their great forefathers reign,

For

For England's sake they wage the mortal strife,
 Proud to enhance her fame, and prodigal of life. 275
 Impetuous Essex first the breach ascends,
 Where fierce D'Aumale the crowded pass defends,
 To fight, like fabled demi-gods, they came,
 Their age, their ardour, and their force the same;
 French, English, Lorronefe, in combat close, 280
 And in one stream the mingled slaughter flows.

Oh thou! the genius of that fatal day,
 Soul of the strife, destroying angel, say
 Whose was the triumph then, which hero's host
 Yourself assisted, and heav'n favour'd most. 285
 Longtime the chiefs, with rival glory crown'd,
 Dealt equal slaughter thro' the legions round;
 At length, by factious rage, in vain, assail'd,
 The righteous cause, and Henry's arms prevail'd;
 Worn with disastrous toil, and long fatigue, 290
 Exhausted, hopeless, fled the vanquish'd League.
 As on Pyrene's ever-clouded brow,
 When swelling torrents threat the vale below,
 A while with solid banks and lofty mounds,
 They stay the foaming deluge in it's bounds; 295
 But soon, the barrier broke, the rushing tide
 Roars, unresisted, down the mountain's side,
 Uproots the forest oaks, and bears away,
 Flocks, folds and herds, an undistinguish'd prey:
 So from the smoking walls, with matchless force, 300
 Victorious Bourbon urged his rapid course,
 Such havoc where the royal warrior pass'd,
 Deform'd the ranks, and laid the battle waste.
 At length the friendly gates, by Mayne's command,
 Flung wide, receiv'd the desolated band. 305
 The victor host around the suburbs fly
 Incens'd, and hurl the blazing torch on high,
 Their temp'rate valour kindles into rage,
 And spoil and plunder are the war they wage.
 Henry perceiv'd it not; with eager flight 310
 He chased the foe, dispers'd before his sight;
 Spurr'd by his courage, with success elate,
 And ardent joy, he reach'd the hostile gate,

Thence on his scatter'd pow'r aloud he calls,
 "Haste, fly, my friends, and scale the haughty
 walls." 315

When sudden, in a rolling cloud enshrin'd,
 A beauteous form came floating on the wind,
 With gracious mien, and awful to the view,
 Tow'rd's Henry the descending vision flew,
 His brow was with immortal splendor grac'd, 320
 And horror, mixt with love, his radiant eyes express'd.
 Hold, hapless conqu'ror of your native land!
 The phantom cried, and stay your vengeful hand;
 This fair dominion, you with war deface,
 Is yours of old, the birthright of your race; 325
 These lives you seek are vassals of your throne,
 This wealth you give to plunder, is your own;
 Spare your own heritage, nor seek to reign,
 A solitary monarch o'er the slain.
 Amaz'd the soldier heard the solemn sound, 330
 And dropp'd his spoils, and prostrate kiss'd the ground.
 Then Henry, rage still boiling in his breast,
 Like seas hoarse—murm'ring while they sink to rest,
 Say, bright inhabitant of heav'n, what means
 Your hallow'd form amidst these horrid scenes? 335
 Mild as the breeze, at summers ev'ning tide
 Serene, the visionary shape replied.
 Behold the fainted king, whom France adores,
 Protector of the Bourbon race, and yours,
 That Louis, who, like you, once urged the fight, 340
 Whose shrines you heed not, and whose faith you
 slight;
 Know, when the destin'd days their course have run,
 Heav'n shall itself conduct you to the throne;
 Thine is the vict'ry, but that great reward,
 Is for thy mercy, not thy might, prepar'd. 345

He spoke, the list'ning chief with rapture hears,
 And down his cheek fast flow the joyful tears;
 Peace sooth'd his tranquil heart, he dropp'd his sword,
 And on his knees devout the shade ador'd.

Then

Then thrice around his neck his arms he flung, 350
 And thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung;
 Light as an empty dream at break of day,
 Or as a blast of wind, he rush'd away.

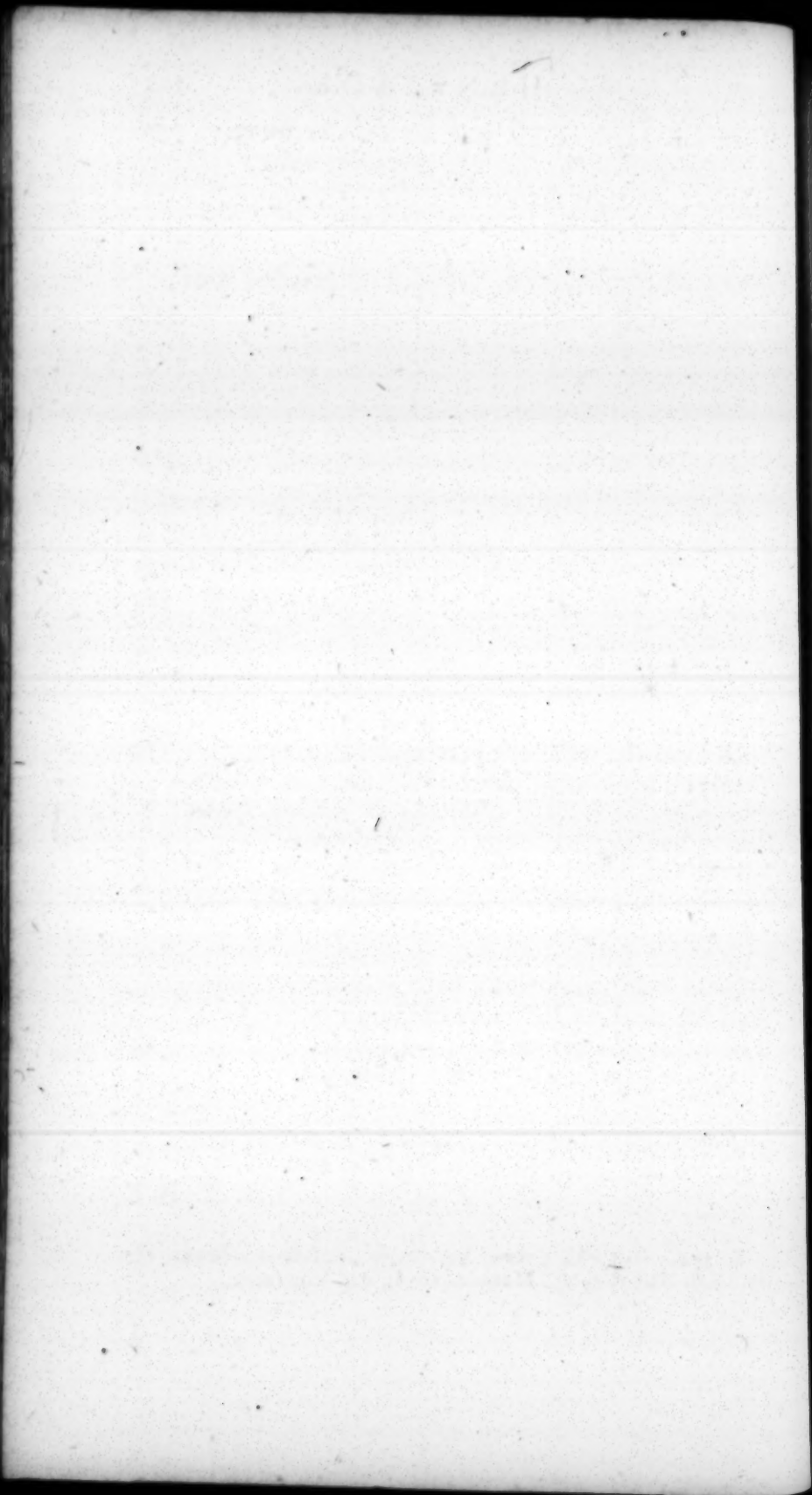
Mean while, in haste to guard th' invested town,
 The swarming multitude the ramparts crown, 355
 Thick from above a fiery flood they pour,
 And at the monarch aim the fatal show'r,
 But heav'n's bright influence, round his temples shed,
 Diverts the storm and guards his sacred head,
 'Twas then he saw, protected as he stood, 360
 What thanks to his paternal saint he ow'd;
 Tow'rd's Paris his sad eye in sorrow thrown,
 Ye French! he cried, and thou ill-fated town,
 Ye citizens, a blind deluded herd,
 How long will you withstand your lawful lord! 365
 Nor more; but as the star that brings the day,
 At eve declining in his western way,
 More mildly shoots his horizontal fires,
 And seems an ampler globe as he retires,
 Such from the walls the parting hero turn'd, 370
 While all his kindred saint within his bosom burn'd.
 Vincennes he fought, where Louis whilom spoke
 His righteous laws beneath an aged oak.
 Vincennes, alas! no more a calm retreat,
 How art thou chang'd, thou once delightful seat! 375
 Thy rural charms, thy peaceful smiles are fled,
 And blank despair possesses thee instead.
 'Tis there the great, their hapless labours done,
 And all the short-liv'd race of glory run,
 The fickle changes of their various lot 380
 Conclude, and die neglected and forgot.

Now night o'er heav'n pursued her dusty way,
 And hid in shades the horrors of the day.

F 3

THE

L. 374. It is well known how many illustrious prisoners the
 cardinals Richelieu and Mazarine confin'd at Vincennes.



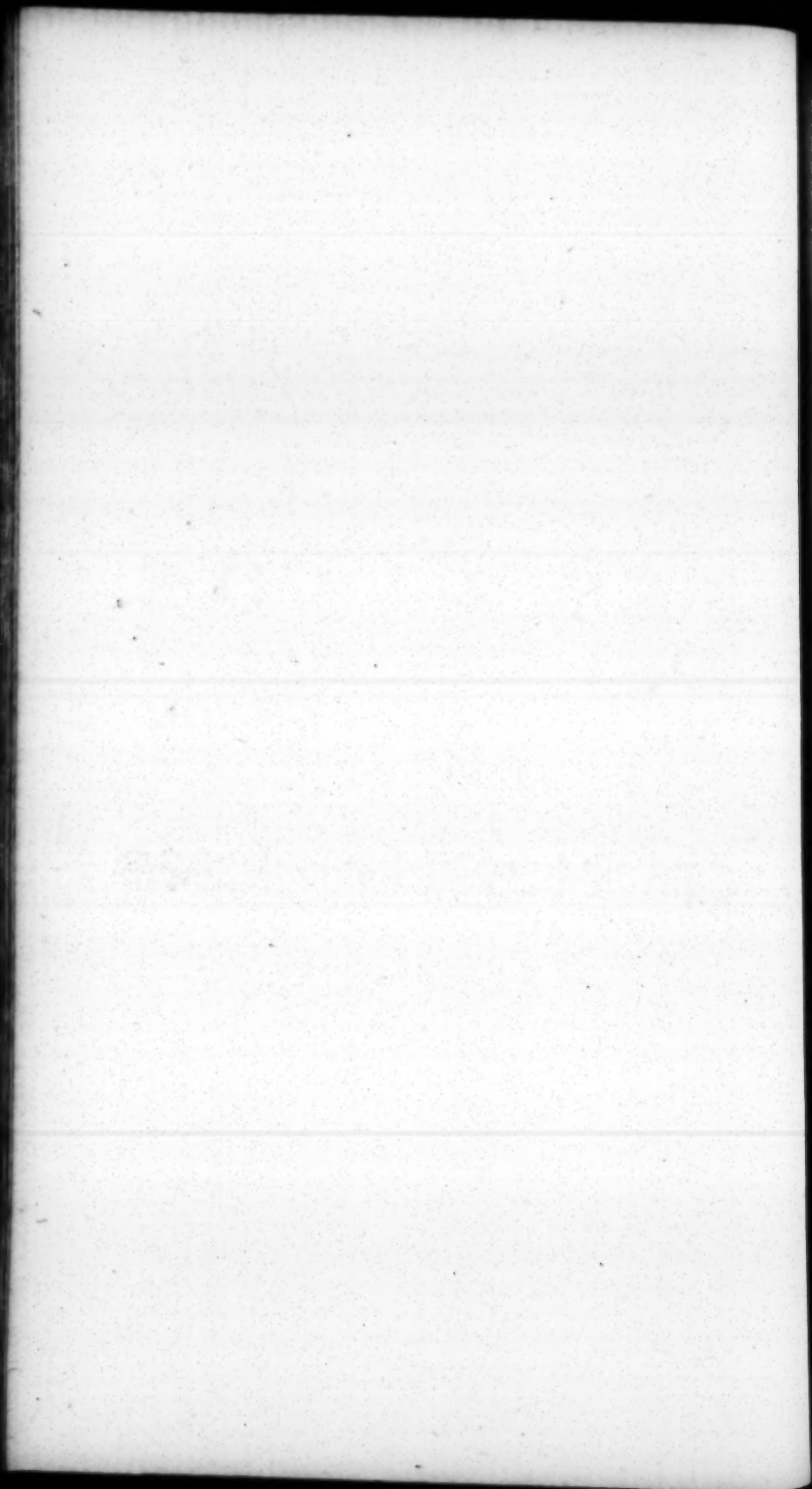


T H E

H E N R I A D E.

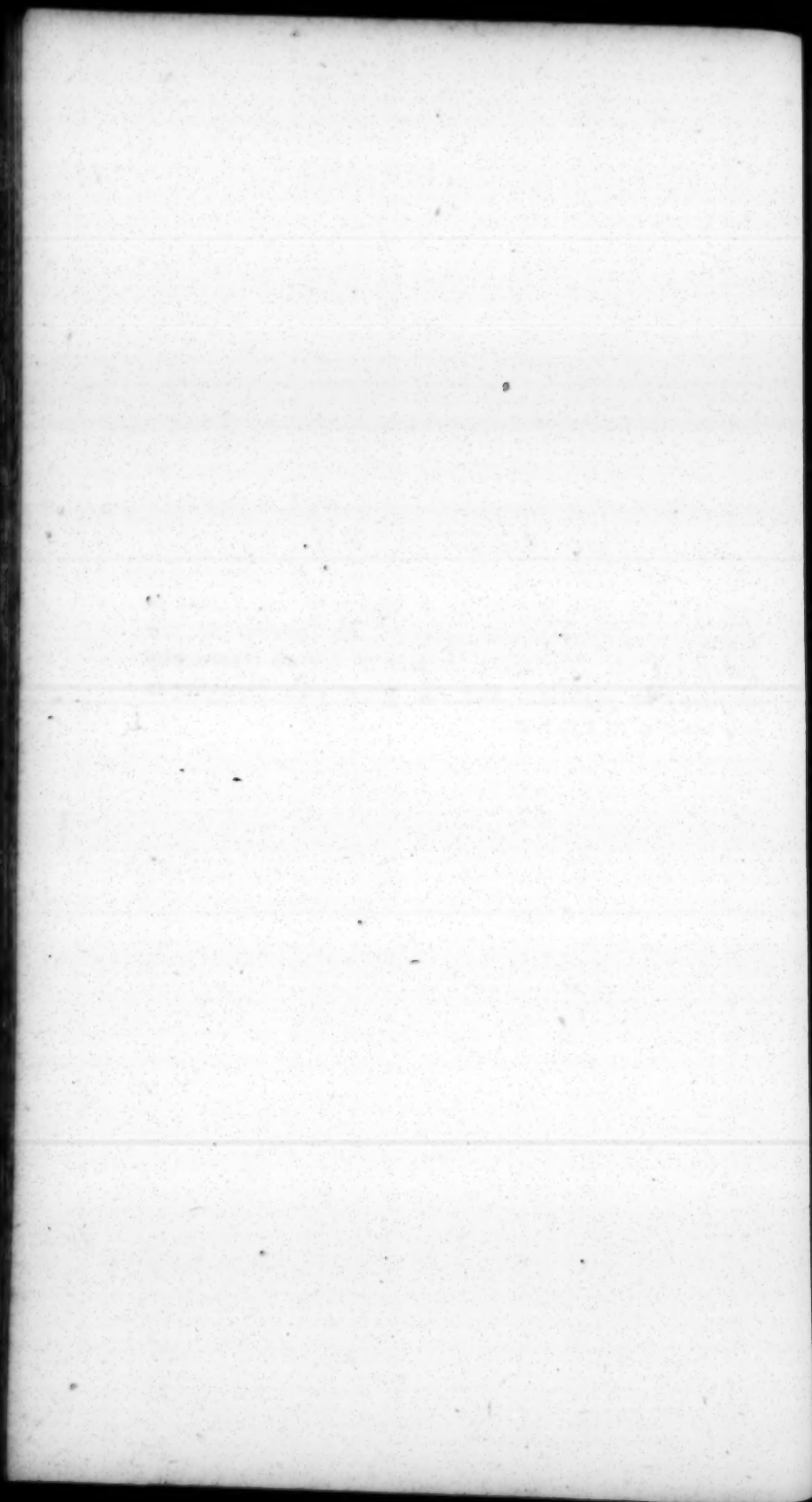
CANTO the SEVENTH.





THE ARGUMENT.

Henry IV. is transported in a vision by St. Louis to heaven, and the infernal regions. He arrives at the palace of the Destinies; where he has an opportunity of seeing his posterity, and the great men hereafter to be produc'd in France.





T H E
H E N R I A D E.

CANTO the SEVENTH.

THE great, the boundless clemency of God,
 To sooth the ills of life's perplexing road,
 Sweet sleep, and hope, too friendly beings gave,
 Which earth's dark, gloomy, confines never leave.
 When man, fatigued by labours of the day, 5
 Has toiled his spirits, and his strength away,
 That nature's friend, restores her pow'rs again,
 And brings the blest forgetfulness of pain:
 This, oft deceitful, but for ever kind,
 Diffuses warmth and transport through the mind. 10
 From her the few, whom heav'n approves, may learn
 The pleasing issue of each high concern.
 Pure as her author in the realms above,
 To them she brings the tidings of his love.

Immortal Louis bid the faithful pair 15
 Expand their downy wings, and soften Henry's care.
 Still

Still sleep repairs to Vincennes' shady ground ;
 The winds subside, and silence reigns around.
 Hope's blooming offspring, happy dreams, succeed,
 And give the pleasing, though ideal meed. 20
 The verdant olive, and the laurel bough,
 Entwin'd with poppies, grace the hero's brow.

On Bourbon's temples Louis plac'd the crown,
 Whose radiant honours once adorn'd his own.
 Go, reign, he cried, and triumph o'er thy foes ; 25
 No other hope the race of Louis knows.
 Yet think diviner presents to receive,
 Far more, my son, than royalty I give.
 What boots renown in arms, should heav'n withhold
 Her light more precious than the purest gold ? 30
 These worldly honours are a barren good ;
 Rewards uncertain on the brave bestow'd :
 A transient greatness, and a fading wreath,
 Blasted by troubles, and destroy'd by death.
 Empire more durable, for thee designed, 35
 I come to shew thee, and inform thy mind.
 Attend my steps through paths thou ne'er hast trod,
 And fly to meet the bosom of thy God.

Thus spoke the saint ; they mount the car of light,
 And swiftly traverse the ætherial height. 40
 Thus midnight lightnings flash, while thunders roll,
 And cleave the ambient air from pole to pole.
 Thus rose Elijah on the fiery cloud ;
 The radiant æther with effulgence glow'd :
 To purer worlds, array'd in glories bright, 45
 The prophet fled, and vanish'd from the sight.

Amidst those orbs, which move by certain laws,
 Known to each sage whom love of science draws,
 The sun revolving round his axle turns,
 Shines undiminish'd, and for ever burns. 50
 Thence spring those golden torrents, which bestow
 All vital warmth, and vigor as they flow.
 From thence the welcome day, and year proceeds ;
 Through various worlds his genial influence spreads.
 The

The rolling planets beam with borrow'd rays, 55
 And all around reflect the solar blaze ;
 Attract each other, and each other shun :
 And end their courses where they first begun.
 Far in the void unnumber'd worlds arise,
 And suns unnumber'd light the azure skies. 60
 Far beyond all, the God of heav'n resides,
 Marks ev'ry orbit, ev'ry motion guides.

Thither the hero and the faint repair ;
 Myriads of spirits are created there,
 Which amply people all the globe, and fill 65
 The human body ; such th' Almighty's will.
 There, with immortal spirits at his feet,
 The judge incorruptible holds his seat.
 The God eternal, in all climes ador'd
 By diff'rent names, Jehovah, Jove, or Lord, 70
 Before his throne our plaintive sorrows rise ;
 Our errors he beholds with pitying eyes :
 Those senseless portraits, figur'd by mankind,
 To paint his image, and omniscient mind.
 All who on earth's inferior confines breathe, 75
 Attend his summons through the gates of death.
 The eastern sage, with holy wisdom fraught,
 The sons of science, whom Confucius taught ;
 Those, who succeed in Zoroaster's cause,
 And blindly yield submission to his laws : 80
 The pale inhabitants of Zembla's coast,
 That dreary region of eternal frost ;
 Canadia's sons, with fatal error blind,
 Where truth illumines not the savage mind.
 The gazing Dervis looks in vain around, 85
 At God's right hand no prophet to be found.
 The Bonze, with gloomy, penitential brow,
 Derives no comfort from his rigid vow.

At once enlightened all the dead await,
 To hear their sentence and approaching fate. 90
 That mighty Being, whose extended view,
 And boundless knowledge, looks all nature through,
 The

The past, the present, and the future times,
 Rewards their love or punishes their crimes.
 The prince approach'd not, in those realms of light, 95
 The throne, invisible to human sight;
 Whence issues forth the terrible decree,
 Which man presumes too fondly to foresee.

Is God, said Henry to himself, unjust,
 On whom the world's created beings trust? 100
 Will the Almighty not vouchsafe to save
 For want of knowledge which he never gave?
 Expect religion where it never shone;
 And judge the universe by laws unknown?
 His hand created all, and all will find 105
 That heav'n's high king is merciful, and kind.
 His voice informs the whole, and ev'ry part;
 Fair nature's laws are stamp'd on ev'ry heart.
 Nature, the same through each inferior clime,
 Pure, and unspotted to the end of time, 110
 By this the pagan's sentence will proceed,
 And pagan virtue is religion's deed.

While thus, with reason narrow, and confin'd,
 On truths mysterious he employ'd his mind,
 A solemn, awful voice was heard around; 115
 All heav'n, all nature, shudder'd at the sound.
 Such were the thunders, which from Sinai's brow,
 Diffus'd a horror through the plains below.
 Each seraph glow'd with adoration's fire,
 And silence reign'd through all the cherub choir. 120
 The rolling spheres the sacred accents caught,
 And truths divine to other planets taught.
*Distrust thy mental pow'rs, nor blindly stray
 As pride, or feeble reason points the way;
 The high invisible who rules above, 125
 Escapes thy knowledge, but demands thy love.
 His pow'r, and justice punish, and controul
 Each wilful error of the stubborn soul.
 To pure devotion be thy heart consign'd,
 Truth's radiant orb illumine all thy mind.*

These were the sounds, when, through the fields of
light,

A rapid whirlwind from the ætherial height
Convey'd the prince to dark, and dreary climes,
Like those where Chaos reign'd in elder times.

No solar influence, like it's author mild, 135
Diffuses comfort through the savage wild,

Angels abhor the desolated waste,
Which life's fair, fruitful, blossom never grac'd.

Confusion, death, each terror of despair,
Fix'd on his throne, presides a tyrant there. 140

O heav'ns ! what shrieks of woe, what piteous cries,
What sulph'rous smoaks, what horrid flames arise !

What fiends, cried Bourbon, to these climes retreat ?
What gulphs, what torrents, burst beneath our feet ?

See here, the saint return'd, the gates of hell, 145
Which justice form'd, where impious spirits dwell.

Come, view the dismal regions of distress ;

These paths are always easy of access.

There squint-ey'd envy lay, whose pois'nous breath,
Consumes the verdure of each laurel wreath : 150

In night's impenetrable darkness bred,

She hates the living, but applauds the dead.

Her sparkling eyes, which shun the orb of day,

Perceiving Henry, Envy turn'd away.

Near her, self-loving, self-admiring, pride, 155

And down-cast weakness, ever pale, reside.

Weakness, which yields to each persuasive crime,

And crops the flow'r of virtue in it's prime.

Ambition there with head-strong fury raves,

With thrones surrounded, sepulchres, and slaves. 160

Submissive, meek, Hypocrisy was nigh,

Hell in her heart, all heav'n in her eye.

There Int'rest, father of all crimes, appear'd,

And blinded Zeal, by cruelty rever'd.

These wild, tyrannic rulers of mankind, 165

When Henry came, their savage air resign'd.

Their impious troop ne'er reach'd his purer soul,

Such virtue yields not to their mad controul.

Who comes, they cried, to break the peaceful rest

Of night eternal, and these shades molest ? 170

Our

Our hero view'd the subterraneous scene,
 And slowly travell'd through the ranks obscene.
 Louis led on.—Oh heav'n! is that the hand,
 Which murder'd Valois at the League's command?
 Is that the monster? Yes, I know him well, 175
 His arm still holds the parricidal steel.
 While barb'rous priests proclaim the wretch divine,
 And place his portrait on the hallow'd shrine,
 Though Rome, and faction celebrate his name
 To hymns, and praises, hell denies his claim. 180

Princes, and kings, the honour'd faint replied,
 Meet in these realms the punishment of pride.
 Behold those tyrants, once ador'd by all,
 Whose height but served to aggrandize their fall.
 God pours his vengeance on the sceptr'd crowd, 185
 For vice committed, and for crimes allow'd.
 Death, from on high, commission'd to destroy,
 Cut short the transport of each wayward joy.
 No pomp of greatness could the victim save;
 Their beams of glory set within the grave. 190
 Now is no civil, fly, deceiver near,
 To whisper error in the sovereign's ear.
 Once injur'd truth the sword of terror draws;
 Displays each crime, and indicates her cause.
 Behold yon heroes tremble at her nod, 195
 Esteem'd as tyrants in the eyes of God.
 Now on their heads descend those thunders dire,
 Form'd by themselves to set the world on fire.
 Close by their side, the weakest of mankind,
 Each listless, feeble, monarch is reclin'd; 200
 Whose indolence disgrac'd the subject land,
 Meer airy forms, meer nothings in command.
 Sinister counsellors on these await,
 Once their imperious ministers of state.
 Proud, avaritious, of immoral lives, 205
 Who sold what honours Mars, or Themis, gives:
 Sold what our fathers purchas'd by their blood,
 And all that's precious to the great and good.

Tell

THE HENRIADE.

113

Tell me, said Henry, O ye sons of ease,
Must tender spirits dwell in climes like these? 210
You, who, on flow'ry couches, pass away
The tranquil moments of life's useless day.
Shall virtue's friends in fiery torments roll?
Whose faults have risen from expanse of soul.
Shall one mistaken momentary joy, 215
Maturer Wisdom's plenteous fruits destroy?
This, cried the prince, the lot of human race?
Condemn'd, for endless ages, to distress!
If all mankind, one common hell devours,
Eternal tortures close our transient hours, 220
Who was not more in non-existence blest?
Who would not perish at his mother's breast?
Far happier man! had God's creative hand
Form'd him less free, in innocence to stand:
Had God, thus awfully severe, bestow'd 225
The sole capacity of doing good.

Think not, the saint replied, that sinners feel
Vengeance too heavy, or deserve not hell.
Think not the great creator of mankind, 230
To these his works, is cruel, or unkind.
Lord of all beings, he presides above,
With mercy infinite, and boundless love.
Though mortals see the tyrant in their God,
Parental tenderness directs his rod. 135
Let not these horrid scenes thy soul alarm;
Compassion checks the fury of his arm:
Nor endless punishments inflict on those
Whose faults from human imperfection rose:
Whose pleasures, follow'd by remorse, have been 240
The transient cause of momentary sin.
Such were his accents—to the realms of light
Both are convey'd with instantaneous flight.
Infernal darkness shuns those flow'ry plains,
Where spotless innocence for ever reigns. 245
There in the floods of purest æther play,
The beams refulgent of eternal day.
Each blooming scene seraphic joys bestow'd;
And Henry's soul with unknown raptures glow'd.
There

There tranquil pleasure spreads her ev'ry charm, 250
 Which thought can fancy, or which heav'n can form.
 No carés solicit, and no passions move ;
 But all is govern'd by angelic love.
 Far other love, than that of wild desires,
 Which grosser sense, and luxury inspires. 255
 The bright, the sacred flame, on earth unknown,
 Which burns in heav'n, and heav'nly minds alone.
 It's chaste endearments all their hours employ.
 And endless wishes meet with endless joy.
 There dwell true heroes ; there each pious sage, 260
 And monarchs, once the glory of their age.
 Thence Charlemagne, and Clovis turn their eyes
 On Gallia's empire from the azure skies :
 On golden thrones for ever plac'd sublime,
 And clad in honours unimpair'd by time. 265
 There, fiercest foes the happy union prove
 Of pure affection, and a brother's love.
 * Louis the wise, amidst the royal band,
 Tall as a cedar, issues his command.
 Louis, of France the glory, and the pride, 270
 Who rul'd our realms with justice by his side.
 Oft would he pardon, oft relief supply ;
 And wipe the falling tear from ev'ry eye.
 D'Amboise is still commission'd to attend ;
 His faithful minister and warmest friend. 275
 To him alone was Gallia's honour dear :
 To him alone her homage was sincere.
 His gentler hands were sullied not with blood ;
 His ev'ry wish was center'd in her good.

Oh, spotless manners ! bright and halcyon days ! 280
 Worthy eternal memory, and praise.
 Then wholesome laws adorn'd, and bless'd the state :
 Subjects were happy, and the monarch great.
 Return, ye halcyon days, with golden wing,
 And equal blessings, equal honours bring. 285
 Virtue descend, another Louis frame,
 As rich in merit, and as great in fame.

Farther

* Louis XII.

Farther remote, those worthy heroes stood,
 Careless of life, and prodigal of blood,
 Who died with transport for the public weal ; 290
 Led on by duty, not enraged by zeal.
 Brave Montmorency *, Tremouille †, de Foix ‡,
 Who fought their passage to those fields of joy.
 There Guesclin § drinks of pleasure's purer springs :
 Guesclin, th' avenger, and the dread of kings. 295
 There too appear'd the || Amazonian dame,
 The tott'ring throne's support, and England's shame.

These, cried the saint, who now possess the skies,
 Like thee with glory dazzled Europe's eyes.
 Virtue alone, their simpler minds could move : 300
 The church was nourish'd by their filial love.
 Like me they honour'd truth's diviner name :
 Our worship uniform, our church the same.
 Say, why does Bourbon follow other laws,
 Or why defend religion's weaker cause ? 305

Time, with incessant flight, prepar'd to roam,
 Quits, and revisits this terrific dome :

And

* *Montmorency*,] It would fill a volume, should we specify the services done to the state by this family.

† *Tremouille*,] Amongst many great men of this name, Guy de la Tremouille is particularly alluded to. He was surnamed *the Valiant* ; carried the royal standard : and refused the high constable's sword in the reign of Charles VI.

‡ *de Foix*,] Gaston de Foix, duke of Nemours, and nephew to Louis XII. He was slain at the famous battle of Ravenna ; having received fourteen wounds, and defeated the enemy.

§ *Guesclin*] France owed her preservation to this great man, in the reign of Charles V. He conquered Castile, placed Henry de Transmare upon the throne of Peter the cruel, and was constable of France, and Castile.

|| *Amazonian Dame*,] Joan d'Arc (known by the name of the Maid of Orleans.) She was servant-maid at an inn ; and born at the village of Domremy upon the Meuse : being superior to her sex in strength of body, and bravery of mind, she was employed by the count de Dunois to retrieve the affairs of Charles VII. taken prisoner in a sally at Compeigne in the year 1430, conducted to Rouen, tried as a sorceress in an ecclesiastical court, and burnt by the English.

And pours, with plenteous hand, on all mankind
 The good, and evil for each race design'd.
 An altar high, of massy iron, bears 310
 The fatal annals of succeeding years.

Where God's own hand has mark'd, nor mark'd in
 vain,

Each transient pleasure, each severer pain.
 There liberty, that haughty slave, is bound,
 With chains invisible encircled round. 315
 Beneath the yoke she bends her stubborn head,
 Still unconstrain'd, unconscious of the deed.
 This suppliant turn that hidden chain supplies,
 Wisely conceal'd for ever from her eyes.
 The fates appear, her sentence to fulfil: 320
 Each action seems the product of free-will.

From thence, cried Louis, on the human race
 Descends the influence of heav'nly grace.
 In future times its pow'r thy tongue shall tell:
 Its purer radiance all thy heart shall feel. 325
 Those precious moments God alone bestows;
 No mortal hastens, and no being knows.
 But Oh, how slowly comes that period on,
 When God shall love, and own thee for his son!
 Too long shall weakness hide thy brighter rays; 330
 And lead thy steps through error's slipp'ry ways.
 Teach him, kind heav'n, the happier, better road;
 Shorten the days which part him from his God.

But see what crowds in long succession press
 Through the vast region of unbounded space. 335
 These sacred mansions to thy view display
 The unborn offspring of some future day.
 All times, and places are for ever nigh,
 All beings present to Jehovah's eye.
 Here fate has mark'd their destin'd hour of birth, 340
 Their rise, their grandeur, and their fall on earth.
 The various changes of each life to come,
 Their vices, virtues, and their final doom.
 Draw near, for heav'n allows us to foresee
 What kings and heroes shall descend from thee. 345
 That

That graceful personage is Bourbon's son,
 Form'd to support the glory of the crown
 The warlike leader shall his triumphs boast
 O'er Belgia's plains, and proud Iberia's coast.
 To deeds more noble shall his son aspire ;
 And wreaths more splendid first adorn his fire. 350

On beds of lilies, near a tow'ring throne,
 Two radiant forms before our hero shone.
 Monarchs they seem'd, of high, imperious pride,
 And Roman purple flow'd adown their side. 355
 A subject nation couch'd beneath their feet,
 And guards unnumber'd form'd the train complete.
 These, said the saint, are doom'd to endless fame :
 In all things sov'reigns, save the royal name.
 Richelieu, and Mazarine, design'd by fate 360
 Immortal ministers of Gallia's state.
 To them shall policy consign her aid ;
 And fortune raise them from the altar's shade.
 Rul'd by despotic pow'r, shall France confess
 Great Richelieu's genius, Mazarine's address. 365
 * One flies with art before the rising storm :
 One braves all danger in it's fiercest form.
 Both to the princes of our royal blood
 With hate relentless enemies avow'd.
 With high ambition, and with pride inspir'd, 370
 By all dislike'd, and yet by all admir'd.
 Their artful schemes, and industry shall bring
 Plagues on their country, glory on their king.

O thou great † Colbert, whose enlighten'd mind
 Schemes less extensive for our good design'd ! 375
 No

* *One flies.*] Cardinal Mazarine was oblig'd to leave the kingdom in the year 1651 ; notwithstanding he had the entire government of the queen Regent. Cardinal Richelieu on the contrary always maintained his situation in spite of his enemies, and the king, who was disgusted at his behaviour.

† Colbert was detested by the people. That blind, and savage monster would have dug his body out of the ground ; but the approbation of men of sense, which at length prevailed, has rendered his name for ever dear, and respectable.

No lustre equals, none excels thy own,
 Save that which gilds, and decorates the crown.
 Nurs'd by thy genius, heav'n-born plenty reigns,
 And pours her treasures over Gallia's plains.
 Colbert by gen'rous deeds to glory rose : 380
 His only vengeance was to bless his foes.
 Thus were dispens'd the gifts of heav'nly grace,
 By God's own confident on Israel's race.
 That race, whose blasphemy could ne'er remove,
 Or quench the beams of mercy, and of love. 385

What troops of slaves before * that monarch stand
 What numbers tremble at his high command !
 No king did Gallia ever yet obey
 With such profound submission to his sway.
 Though less belov'd, more dreaded in her eyes, 390
 • Like thee he claims fair glory's richest prize.
 Firm in all dangers, in success too warm,
 When fortune smiles, and conquest meets his arm.
 Himself shall crush, superior to intrigue,
 Full twenty nations join'd in pow'ful league. 395
 Praise shall attend him to his latest breath,
 Great in his life, but greater in his death.
 Thrice happy age ! when nature's lavish hand
 With all her graces shall adorn the land.
 Thrice happy age ! when ev'ry art refin'd, 400
 Spreads her fair polish o'er the ruder mind.
 The muse for ever our retreats shall love
 More than the shades of Aganippe's grove.
 From sculptur'd stone the seeming accent flows ;
 With animated tints the canvass glows. 405
 What sons of science in that period rise,
 Measure the universe, and read the skies ;
 The purer ray of philosophic light
 Reveals all nature, and dispels the night.
 Presumptuous error from their view retreats ; 410
 Truth crowns their labours, and their joy completes.
 Thy accents too, sweet music, strike mine ear,
 Music, descended from the heav'nly sphere.

'Tis

* *That monarch.*] Louis XIV.

'Tis thine to soothe, to soften, and controul
 Each wayward passion of the ruffled soul. 415
 Unpolish'd Greece, and Italy have own'd
 The strong enchantments of thy magic sound.
 The subjects rul'd by Gallia's powerful king
 Shall bravely conquer, and as sweetly sing.
 Shall join the poet's to the warrior's praise, 420
 And twine Bellona's with Apollo's bays.
 E'en now I see this second age of gold
 Produce a people of heroic mould.
 Here num'rous armies skim before my sight;
 There fly the Bourbons eager for the fight. 425
 At once his master's terror, and support,
 Great * Condé makes the flames of war his sport.
 Turenne more calmly meets the hostile pow'r,
 In arms his equal, and in wisdom more.
 Assemblage rare! in § Catinat are seen 430
 The hero's talents, and the sage's mien.
 Known by his compass † Vauban from the tow'r,
 Smiles at the tumult, and the cannon's roar.

England

* *Condé.*] Louis de Bourbon, generally called the great Condé; and Henry viscount de Turenne, have been look'd upon as the greatest generals of their time. They have both gain'd very important victories, and acquir'd glory even in their defeats. The prince of Condé's genius seem'd, as it was said, more proper for a day of battle, and that of Mr. de Turenne for a whole campaign. It is certain at least, that Mr. de Turenne gained considerable advantages over the great Condé at Gien, Etampes, Paris, Arras, and the battle of Dunes. We shall not however attempt to determine which was the greatest man.

§ *Catinat.*] The marshal de Catinat, born in 1637; he gained the battle of Staffarde, and Marseilles: and obeyed without reluctance, or murmuring, the marshal de Villerois, who sent him orders without consulting him. He resigned his command with the utmost composure; never complain'd of any person's treatment, ask'd nothing of the king, and died like a true philosopher at his country-seat at St. Gratien. He never augmented or diminished his estate, and never for a moment acted unworthy his character as a man of temperance, and moderation.

† *Vauban.*] The marshal de Vauban, born 1633, the greatest engineer that ever lived. He repaired upon a new plan of his own

England shall tell of † Luxembourg's renown,
In war invincible, at court unknown.

435

Onward I see the martial * Villars move
To wrest the thunder from the bird of Jove.
Conquest attends to bid the battle cease,
And leaves him sov'reign arbiter of peace.
Denain shall own brave Villars to have been
The worthy rival of the great Eugene.

440

What † princely youth draws near, whose manly
face
United majesty, and sweetness grace?

See

no less than 300 old fortifications, and built 33. He conducted 53 sieges, and was present at 140 actions. He left behind him at his death 12 manuscript volumes full of designs for the good of the state: none of which has ever yet been executed. He was a member of the academy of sciences, and did more honour to it than any other person, by rendering mathematics subservient to the advantage of his country.

‡ *Luxembourg.*] Francis Henry de Montmorency, who took the name of Luxembourg; marshal of France, and both duke, and peer of the realm. He gained the battle of Cassel, under the direction of Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV. and won the celebrated victories of Mons, Fleurus, Steinkirk, and Nerwinde, where he acted as commanding officer. He was confined to the Bastile, and exceedingly ill treated by the ministry.

* *Villars.*] It was the author's original design to mention no living character through the whole poem: and the rule proposed has only been deviated from in favour of the marshal duke de Villars. He gained the battle of Fredelingue, and that of the first Hochstet. It is remarkable that in this engagement he posted himself on the same spot of ground which the duke of Marlborough afterwards occupied, when he won that very signal victory of the second Hochstet, so fatal to France. Upon resuming the command of the army, the marshal was afterwards engaged in the famous battle of Blangis, or Malplaquet, in which twenty thousand of the enemy were slain; and the loss of which was owing to the marshal's being wounded. In the year 1712, when the enemy threatened to proceed to Paris, and it was deliberated whether Louis XIV. should not quit Versailles, the marshal de Villars defeated prince Eugene at Denain, dislodged the enemy from their post at Marchienne, raised the siege of Landrecy, took Douay, Quesnoy, and Bouchain, at discretion, and afterwards agreed upon a peace at Radstat in the king's name, with the same prince Eugene, the emperor's plenipotentiary.

† *Princely youth.*] This poem was composed in the infancy of Louis XV.

See how unmov'd—Oh heav'ns! what sudden shade,
 Conceals the beauties which his form display'd! 445
 Death flutters round; health, beauty, all is gone:
 He falls just ready to ascend the throne.
 Heav'n form'd him all that's truly just, and good:
 Descended, Bourbon, from thy royal blood,
 Oh gracious God! shall fate but shew mankind 450
 A flow'r so sweet, and virtues so refin'd;
 What could a soul so gen'rous not obtain!
 What joys would France experience from his reign!
 Produc'd and nurtur'd by his soft'ring hand,
 Fair peace, and plenty, had enrich'd the land. 455
 Each day, some new beneficence had brought:
 Oh how shall Gallia weep! alarming thought!
 When one dark, silent sepulchre contains
 The son's, the mother's, and the fire's remains.

Fall'n is the tree, and from it's ruins springs 460
 An infant successor to Gallia's kings.
 A tender shoot, from whose increasing shade,
 France may derive some salutary aid.
 Conduct him, Fleury, to the throne of truth;
 Wait on his years, and cultivate his youth. 465
 Teach him self-knowledge, and, if Fleury can,
 Teach him that Louis is no more than man.
 Inspire each virtue, which can life adorn;
 Kings for their subjects, not themselves, are born.
 And thou, O France, once more arise to day; 470
 Resume thy majesty beneath his sway.
 Let ev'ry science, which retir'd before,
 Crown thy fair temples, and adorn thy shore.
 The azure waters with thy navies sweep:
 So wills the monarch of the hoary deep. 475
 See, from the Nile, the Euxine, and the Ind,
 Each port by nature, or by art design'd,
 Commerce aloud demands thee for her seat;
 And spreads her richest treasures at thy feet.
 Adieu to terror, and adieu to war, 480
 The peaceful olive be thy future care.

Pursu'd by envy, and distraction's crew,
 * A chief renown'd advances to the view ;
 Easy, not weak, when glory spurs him on,
 Engag'd by novelties, by trifles won. 485
 Though luxury displays a thousand charms,
 And smiling pleasure courts her to his arms,
 Yet shall he keep all Europe in suspense
 By artful politics, and manly sense.
 The world shall move as Orleans shall guide ; 490
 And ev'ry science flourish at his side,
 Empire, my son, himself shall never reach ;
 'Tis his the art of government to teach.

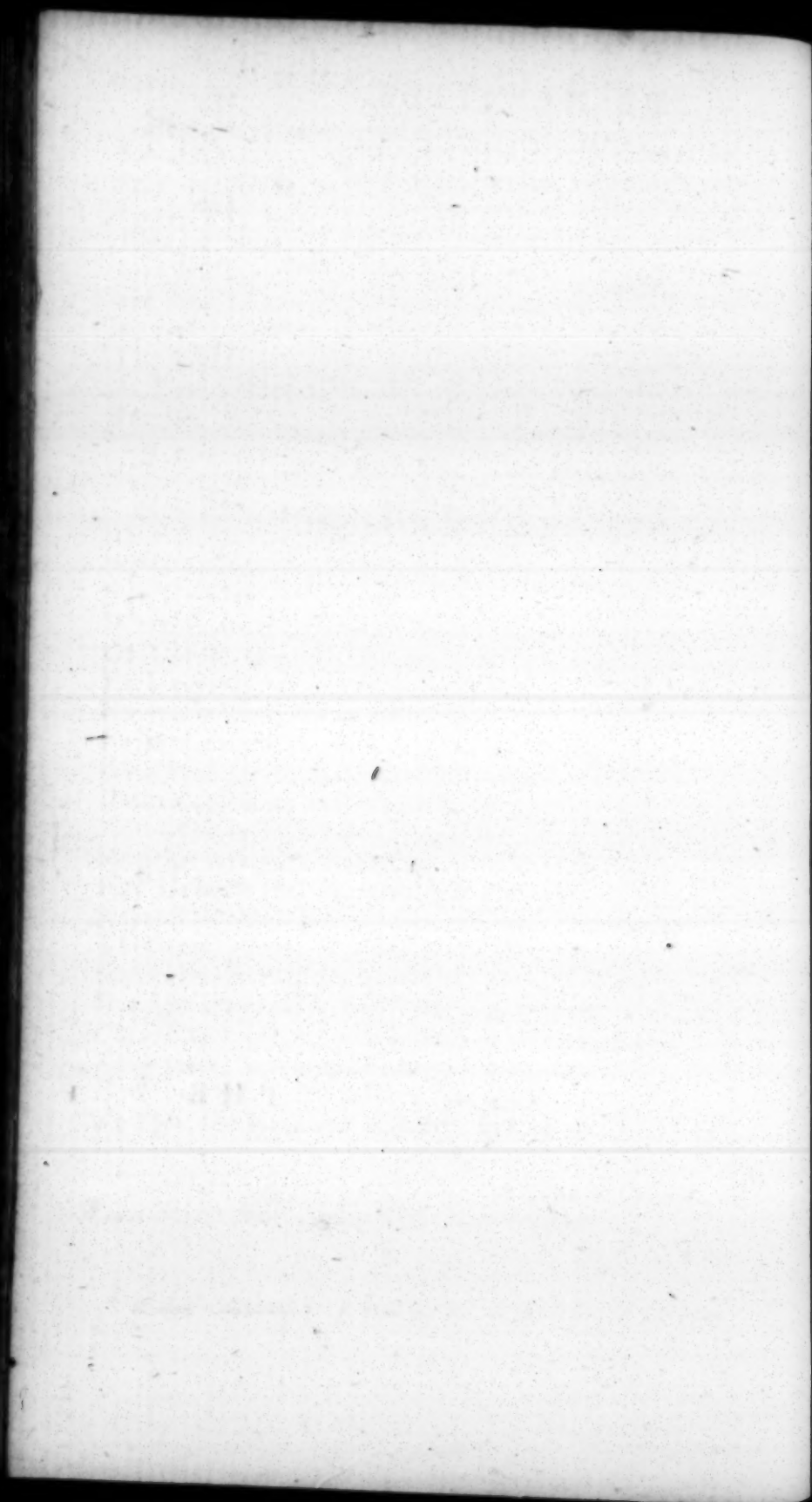
Now burst the light'ning from the op'ning skies,
 And Gallia's standard wav'd before their eyes. 495
 Iberia's troops, array'd in arms complete,
 The German eagle crush'd beneath their feet.
 When thus the faint—no more remains the trace
 Of Charles the fifth, his glory, or his race.
 Each earthly being has its final hour ; 500
 Eternal wisdom let us all adore.
 From thence all human revolutions spring :
 E'en Spain from Bourbon shall request a king.
 Illustrious Philip shall receive the crown ;
 And sit as monarch on Iberia's throne. 505
 Surprise was soon succeeded by delight,
 And Henry's soul enraptur'd at the sight.
 Repress thy transports, cried the faint, and dread
 This great event, this present to Madrid.
 Say, who can fathom heav'n's conceal'd intent, 510
 Dangers may come, and Paris may repent.
 Oh Philip ! Oh my sons ! shall France and Spain
 Thus meet, and never be disjoin'd again !
 How long shall fatal politics forbear
 To light the flames of discord, and of war ! 515

Thus Louis spoke—when lo ! the scene withdrew,
 Each object vanish'd from our hero's view.

The

* *A chief renowned.*] A true portrait of the duke of Orleans.

The sacred portals clos'd before his eyes,
And sudden darkness overspread the skies.
Far in the east Aurora moving on 520
Unlock'd the golden chambers of the sun.
Night's sable robe o'er other climes was spread,
Each dream retir'd, and ev'ry flitting shade.
The prince arose, with heav'nly ardour fir'd,
Unusual vigour all his soul inspir'd. 525
Fear, and respect, great Bourbon, now were thine:
Full on thy brow sat majesty divine.
Thus when before the tribes great Moses stood,
Return'd at length from Sinai, and from God,
His eyeballs flash'd intolerable light; 530
Each prostrate Hebrew shudder'd at the sight.





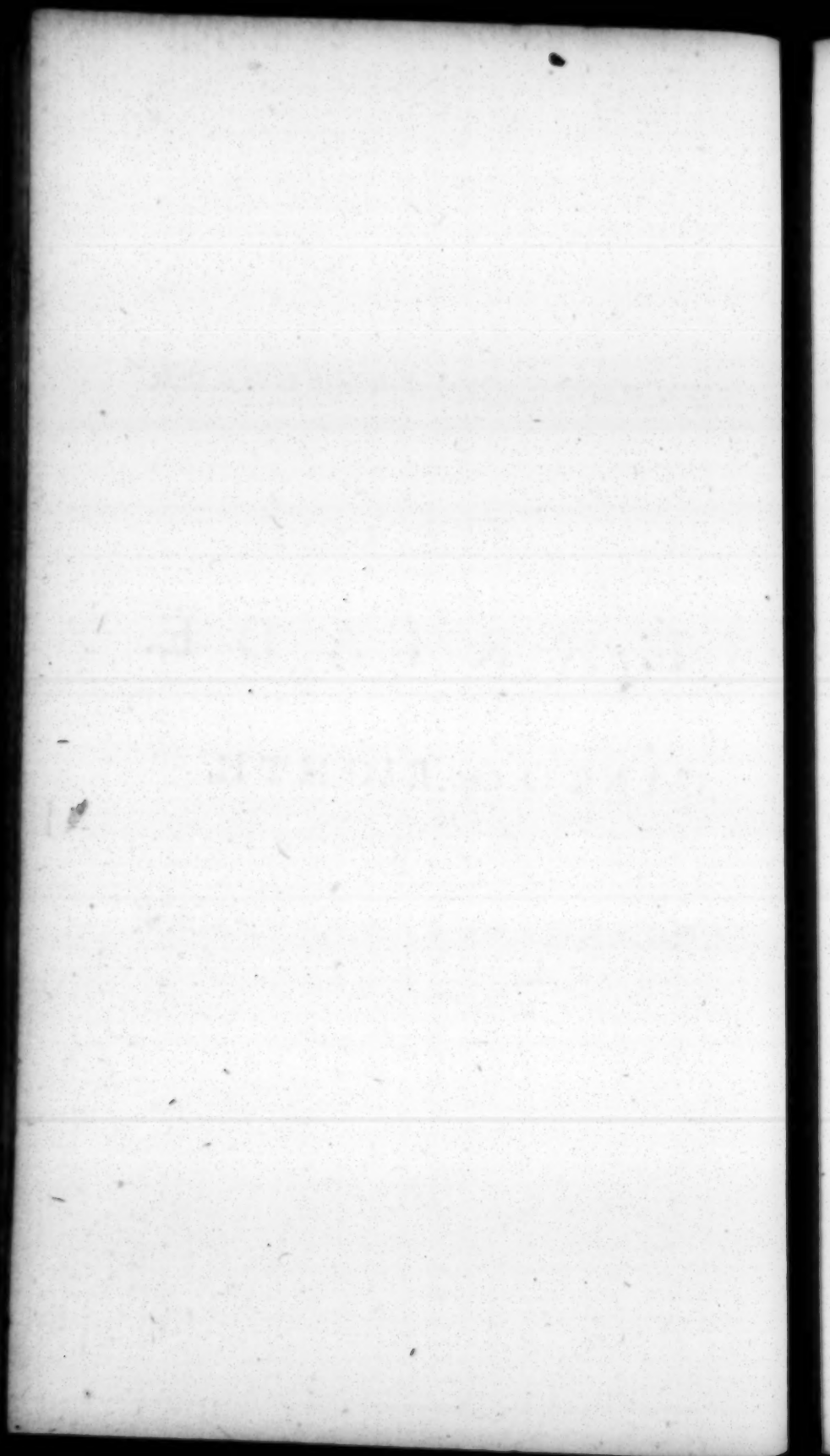
T H E

H E N R I A D E.

C A N T O the E I G H T H.

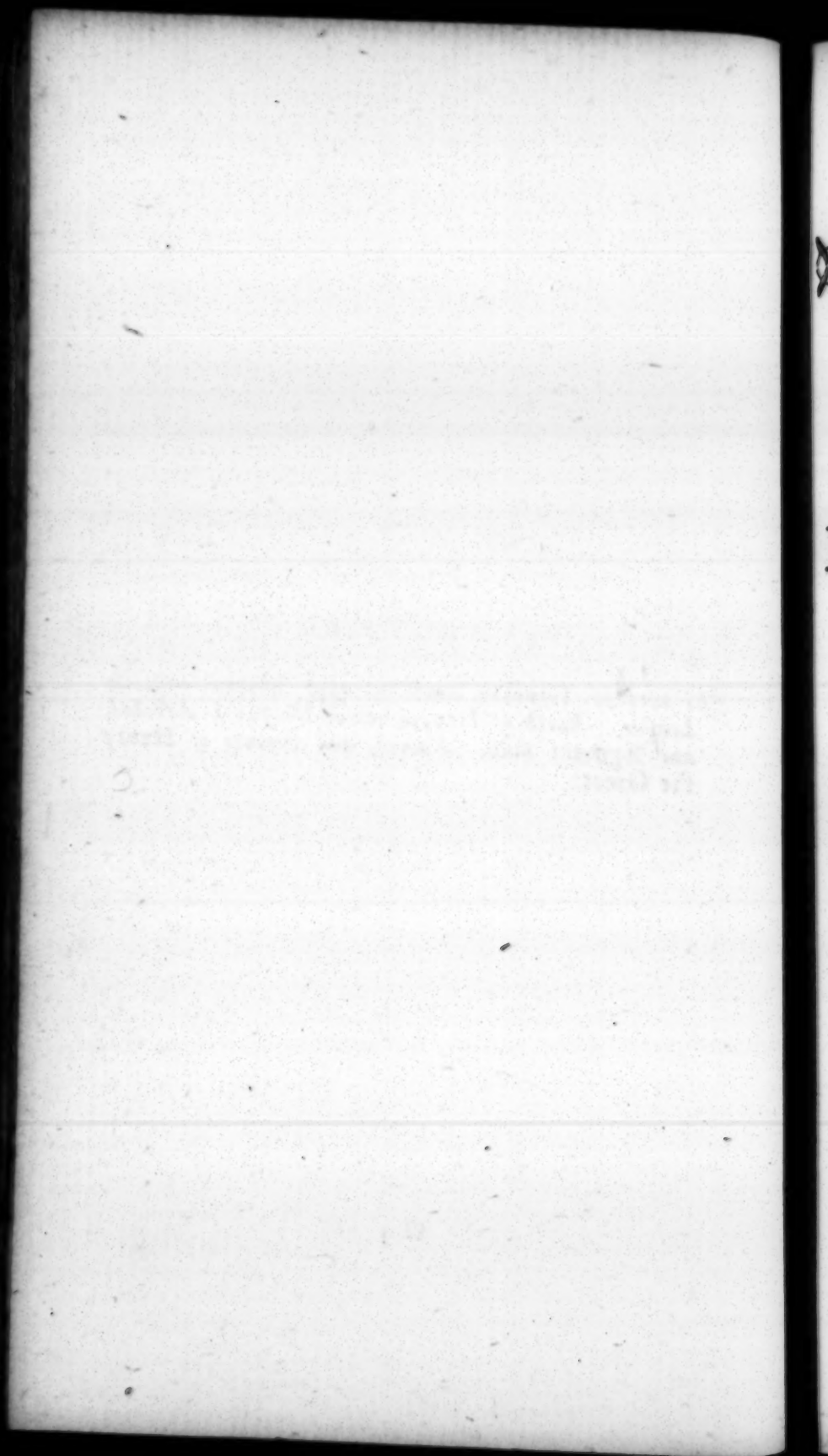


G 3



THE ARGUMENT.

The earl of Egmont comes to assist Mayne and the League. Battle of Ivry, in which Mayne is defeated, and Egmont slain. Valour, and clemency of Henry the Great.





T H E
H E N R I A D E.

C A N T O the E I G H T H.

DEJECTED by their loss, the states appear
 Less haughty, and assume an humbler air,
 Henry such terror in their hearts had wrought,
 Their king-creating schemes were all forgot;
 Wav'ring and weak in counsel, and afraid 5
 To crown their idol Mayne, or to degrade,
 By vain decrees they labour to complete,
 And ratify a pow'r, not giv'n him yet.

* This self-commission'd chief, this king uncrown'd,
 In chains of iron rule his faction bound; 10
 His willing slaves obedient to his laws,
 Resolve to fight and perish in his cause;
 Thus flush'd with hope, to council he convenes,
 The haughty lords, on whom his fortune leans.
 They came: despair, and unextinguish'd hate, 15
 And malice on their faded features sate;

G 5

Some

* He was declared by the parliament, which continued attached to him, lieutenant-general of the state, and kingdom of France.

Some tremble in their peace and feebly tread,
 Faint with the loss of blood in battle shed,
 But keen resentment prompts them to repair
 Their losses, and revenge the wounds they bear. 20
 Before the chief their sullen ranks they range,
 And grasp their shining arms, and vow revenge.
 So the fierce sons of earth, as fable feigns,
 Where Pelion overlooks Thessalia's plains,
 With mountains pil'd on mountains, vainly strove, 25
 To scale the everlasting throne of Jove.
 When sudden, on a car of radiant light
 Exalted, Discord flash'd upon their sight;
 Courage, she said, 'tis now the times demand
 Your fixt resolves, lo! succour is at hand. 30
 First ran d'Aumale, and joyful from afar,
 Beheld the Spanish launces gleam in air;
 Then cried aloud, 'tis come; th' expected aid,
 So oft demanded, and so long delay'd.

Near to that hallow'd spot, where rest rever'd 35
 The reliques of our kings, their march appear'd;
 The groves of polish'd spears, the targets bound
 With circling gold, the shining helms around,
 Against the sun with full reflection play,
 Rival his light and shed a second day. 40
 To meet their march the roaring rabble went,
 And hail'd the mighty chief Madrid had sent;
 That chief was * Egmont; fam'd for martial fire,
 Ambitious son of an unhappy sire;
 At Brussels first he drew the vital air; 45
 His country's weal was all his father's care.
 For that, the rage of tyrants he defy'd,
 And in the cause of Freedom, bravely dy'd.
 The servile son, as base as he was proud,
 Fawn'd on that hand which shed his father's blood, 50
 For sordid int'rest join'd his country's foes,
 And fought for France, regardless of her woes.

Philip

* The earl of Egmont, son of Admiral Egmont, who was beheaded at Brussels together with the prince de Horn.

Philip on Mayne the warlike youth bestow'd,
 And arm'd him forth to be his guardian God ;
 Nor doubted Mayne, but slaughter and dismay 55
 Should spread to Bourbon's tent, when Egmont led
 the way.

With heedless arrogance their march they drew,
 And Henry's heart exulted at the view,
 Gods ! how his eager hopes anticipate
 And meet the moment that decides his fate. 60

Their streams where Iton and fair Eura lead,
 By nature blest, a fertile plain is spread,
 No wars had yet approach'd the peaceful scene,
 Nor warrior's footstep press'd the flow'ry green, 65
 The shepherds there, while civil rage destroy'd
 The regions round, their happy hours enjoy'd,
 Screen'd by their poverty, they seem'd secure
 From lawless rapine and the soldier's pow'r,
 Nor heard beneath their humble roofs the jar
 Of arms, or clamour of the sounding war. 70

Thither each hostile leader his array
 Directs, and desolation marks their way,
 A sudden horror strikes the trembling floods,
 The frightened shepherds seek the shelt'ring woods,
 The partners of their grief attend their flight, 75
 And bear their weeping infants from the fight.

Ye hapless natives of this sweet recess !
 Charge not at least your king with your distress,
 For peace he courts the combat, and his hand
 Shall shed the bounteous blessing o'er the land ; 80
 He shares your sorrows, and shall end your woes.
 Nor seeks you, but to save you from your foes.

Along the ranks he darts his glancing eyes,
 Swift as the winds his foaming courser flies,
 Proud of his load, he catches with delight 85
 The trumpet's sound, and hopes the promis'd fight.
 Crown'd.

Crown'd with his laurels, at their master's side,
 A well distinguish'd groupe of warriors ride,
 * D'Aumont, beneath five kings a chief renown'd,
 † Biron, whose name bore terror in the sound, 90
 ‡ His son, whom toil nor danger could restrain,
 Who soon alas!—but he was faithful then;
 Grillon and Sully, by the guilty fear'd,
 Chiefs whom the League detested, yet rever'd,
 || Turenne, whose virtues and unrival'd fame, 95
 Won the fair honours of the Bouillon name,
 Ill-fated pow'r alas! and ill maintain'd,
 Crush'd in the birth, and lost as soon as gain'd.
 His crest amid the band brave Essex rears,
 And like a palm beneath our skies appears, 100
 Among our elms the lofty stranger shoves
 His growth, as if he scorn'd the native groves.
 From his bright casque, with orient gems array'd
 And burnish'd gold, a starry lustre play'd;
 Dear, valued gifts! with which his mistress strove 105
 Less to reward his courage, than his love,
 Ambitious chief! the mighty bulwark grown
 Of Gallia's prince, and darling of his own.
 Such was the monarch's train, with stedfast air
 And firm, they wait the signal of the war, 110
 Glad omens from their Henry's eyes they took,
 And read their conquest sure in his inspiring look.
 'Twas

* John D'Aumont, marshal of France, who did wonders at the battle of Ivry, was the son of Peter d'Aumont and Frances de Sully, an heiress of the ancient family of Sully. He served under Henry II. Francis II. Charles II. Henry III. and Henry IV.

† Henry de Contand de Biron marshal of France, and grand master of the artillery. He was a great warrior, commanded the corps de reserve at Ivry, and was very instrumental in gaining the victory.

‡ Charles Contand de Biron, son of the former. He conspired afterwards against Henry IV. and was beheaded in the court of the Bastille in 1602.

|| Henry de la Tour d'Orliques, viscount of Turenne, marshal of France. Henry the great married him to Charlotte de la Mark, princess of Sedan, in 1591. The marshal went on the wedding night to take Stenay by assault.

THE HENRIADE.

133

'Twas then, afflicted with inglorious dread,
 Unhappy Mayne perceiv'd his courage fled,
 Whether at length his boding heart divines 115
 The wrath of heav'n on his unjust designs,
 Whether the soul, prophetic of our doom,
 Forsees the dreary train of ills to come,
 What'er the cause, he feels a chilling fear,
 But veils it with a shew of seeming cheer, 120
 Inspires his troops with ardor of renown,
 And fills their hearts with hopes that dwell not in his
 own.

But Egmont at his side, with glory fir'd,
 And the rash confidence his youth inspir'd,
 Flush'd for the fight, and eager to display 125
 His prowess, chides his infamous delay.
 As when the Thracian courser from afar
 Hears the shrill trumpet and the sound of war,
 A martial fire informs his vivid eye,
 He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high, 130
 Impatient of restraint he scorns the rein,
 Springs o'er the fence, and scours along the plain;
 Such Egmont seem'd, with beating heart he stood,
 And in his eye the rage of battle glow'd.
 Ev'n now he ponders his approaching fame, 135
 And looks on conquest as his rightful claim;
 Alas! he dreams not, that his pride shall gain
 Nought but a grave, in Ivry's fatal plain.

Bourbon at length drew near, and thus inspir'd
 His ardent warriors, whom his presence fir'd? 140
 Ye sons of France! your king is at your head,
 You see your foes, then follow where I lead,
 Mark well this waving plume amid the fight,
 Nor let the tempest shade it from your sight,
 To that alone direct your constant aim, 145
 Still sure to find it in the road to fame.
 Thus spoke the chief; his bands exulting hear,
 And with new fury court the glorious war;
 Then march'd, and as he went, his pious breast
 With silent pray'rs the God of hosts address'd. 150
 At

At once the legions rush with headlong peace
 Behind their chiefs, and snatch the middle space.
 So where the seas with narrow Frith divide
 Cantabria's coast from Afric's desert side,
 If eastern storms along the channel pour, 155
 Sudden the fierce conflicting oceans roar,
 Earth trembles at the shock, the sheeted brine
 Invades the skies, the sun forgets to shine,
 The trembling moor believes all nature hurl'd
 In ruin, and expects the falling world. 160

Now lengthen'd with the spear the musket spread
 The carnage wide, and slew with double speed,
 That fatal engine in Bayonne design'd,
 And fram'd by Discord to lay waste mankind,
 Strikes a twin death, and can at once afford 165
 The worst effect of fire, and havock of the sword.
 Trembled the steadfast earth beneath their feet
 As sword to sword, and lance to lance they meet,
 From rank to rank despair and horror strode,
 The shame of flight and impious thirst of blood. 170
 Here from his stronger son the father flies,
 There by the brother's arm the brother dies,
 Nature was shock'd, and Eura's conscious bank
 Shrunk with abhorrence from the blood it drank.
 Bourbon his path right on to glory clears 175
 Through bristly forests of protended spears,
 O'er many a crested helm his course he sped,
 Close to his rear, serene and undismay'd
 Went Mornay, thoughtful and intent alone
 On Henry's life, regardless of his own. 180
 So, veil'd in human shape, the poets feign
 The gods engaged in arms on Phrygia's plain;
 "So when an angel by divine command,
 "With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 "Well pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform, 185
 "He rides the whirlwind, and directs the storm."
 The royal chief his dread commands express'd,
 The prudent dictates of a hero's breast,
 Mornay the mighty charge attentive caught,
 And bore it where the distant leaders fought, 190

The

The distant leaders to their troops convey
 The word, their troops receive it and obey.
 They part, they join, in various forms are seen,
 One soul informs and guides the vast machine.
 Swift thro' the field return'd in haste he seeks 195
 The prince, accosts, and guards him while he speaks.
 But still the stoic warrior kept unstain'd,
 With human blood, his inoffensive hand,
 The king alone employ'd his gen'rous thought,
 For his defence th' imbattled field he fought, 200
 Detested war, and singularly brave
 Knew boldly to face death, but never gave.

Turenne already, with resistless pow'r,
 Repuls'd the shatter'd forces of Nemours ;
 Scarce d'Ailly fill'd the plain, with dire alarms, 205
 Proud of his thirty years consum'd in arms ;
 Still spite of age the vet'ran chief displays
 The well-strung vigour of his youthful days ;
 Of all his foes, one only would presume
 To match his might, a hero in the bloom ; 210
 Now first indignant to the field he came,
 And panted eager for the goal of fame.
 New to the taste of Hymen, yet he fled,
 The chaste endearments of his bridal bed,
 Disdain'd the trivial praise by beauty won, 215
 And panted for a soldier's fame alone.
 That cruel morn, accusing heav'n in vain,
 And the curs'd League that call'd him to the plain,
 His beauteous bride with trembling fingers lac'd
 His heavy Corset on her hero's breast, 220
 And cover'd with his helm of polish'd gold
 Those eyes, which still she languish'd to behold.

Tow'rs d'Ailly the fierce youth, despising fear,
 Spurr'd his proud steed, and couch'd his quiv'ring spear,
 Their headlong couriers trampled, as they fled, 225
 The wounded heaps, the dying and the dead ;
 Poachy with blood the turf and matted grass,
 Sink fetlock deep beneath them as they pass.

Swift

Swift to the shock they come ; their shields sustain
 The blow, their spears well pointed, but in vain, 230 }
 In scatter'd splinters shine upon the plain.
 So when two clouds, with thunder fraught, draw near,
 And join their dark encounter in mid air,
 Struck from their sides the light'ning quivers round,
 Heav'n roars, and mortals tremble at the sound. 235
 Now from their steeds with unabated rage
 Alighting swift, a closer war they wage ;
 Ran Discord to the scene, and near her stood,
 Death's horrid spectre, pale and smear'd with blood.
 Already shine their fauchions in their hands, 240 }
 No kind preventing pow'r their rage withstands,
 The doom is past, their destiny commands.
 Full at each other's heart they aim alike,
 Nor knows their fury at whose heart they strike ;
 Their bucklers clash, thick strokes descend from
 high, 245
 And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly,
 Blood stains their hands, but still the temper'd plate
 Retards a while and disappoints their fate.
 Each wond'ring at the long unfinish'd fight,
 Esteems his rival, and admires his might ; 250
 'Till d'Ailly with a vig'rous effort found
 The fatal pass, and stretch'd him on the ground.
 His faded eyes for ever closed remain,
 And his loose helmet rolls along the plain ;
 Then saw the wretched chief, too surely known, 255
 The kindred features, and embraced his son.
 But soon with horror and remorse oppress'd,
 Revers'd the guilty steel against his breast.
 That just revenge his hast'ning friends oppose ;
 When furious from the dreadful scene he rose ; 260
 Forth to the woods his cheerless journey sped,
 From arms for ever and from glory fled,
 And in the covert of a shaggy den,
 Dwells a sad exile from the ways of men.
 There when the dawning day salutes the skies, 265
 And when at eve the chilling vapours rise,
 His unexhausted grief still flows the same,
 Still echo sighs around his son's lamented name.

Tender

Tender alarms, and boding terrors brought
 The bride enquiring to the fatal spot, 270
 Uncertain of her doom, with anxious haste
 And fault'ring knees between the dead she pass'd,
 'Till stretch'd upon the plain her lord she spy'd,
 Then shriek'd, and sunk expiring at his side.
 The damps of death upon her temples hung, 275
 And feeble sounds scarce parted from her tongue,
 Once more her eyes a last farewell assay'd,
 Once more her lips upon his lips she lay'd,
 Within her arms the lifeless body press'd,
 Then look'd, and sigh'd, and died upon his breast. 280

Deplor'd examples of rebellious strife,
 Ill-fated victims, father, son, and wife,
 Oh, may the sad remembrance of your woe,
 Teach tears from ages, yet unborn, to flow,
 With wholesome sorrow touch all future times, 285
 And save the children from their father's crimes.

But say what chief disperses thus abroad
 The flying League, what hero, or what god ?
 'Tis Biron, 'tis his youthful arm o'erthrows
 And drives along the plain his scatter'd foes. 290
 D'Aumale beheld, and madd'ning at the sight,
 Stand fast, he cried, and stay your coward flight ;
 Friends of the Guise and Mayne, their vengeance due
 Rome and the church and France expect from you ;
 Return then, and your pristine force recal, 295
 Conquest is theirs who fight beneath d'Aumale.
 Fosseuse assisting and Beauvean sustain
 Their part, and rally the disorder'd train,
 Before the van d'Aumale his station took,
 And the clos'd lines caught courage from his look. 300
 The chance of war now flows a backward course,
 Biron in vain withstands the driving force,
 Nessel and Augenne within his sight are slain,
 And Parabere and Clermont press the plain,
 Himself scarce liv'd, so fast the purple tide 305
 Flow'd from his wounds, and happier had he died.
 A death

A death so glorious with unfading fame
For ever had adorn'd the hero's name.

Soon learn'd the royal chief to what distress
The youth was fall'n, courageous in excess ;
He lov'd him, not as monarchs condescend
To love, but well, and plainly as a friend,
Nor thought a subject's blood so mean a thing,
A smile alone o'erpaid it from a king,
Hail, heav'n-born friendship ! the delight alone
Of noble minds, and banish'd from the throne.
Eager he flies, the gen'rous fires that feed
His heart augment his vigour and his speed.
He came, and Biron, kindling at the view,
His gather'd strength to one last effort drew,
Cheer'd by the well-known voice again he plies
The sword, all force before the monarch flies,
The king redeems thee from th' unequal strife,
Rash youth, be faithful and deserve thy life.

Hark a loud peal comes thund'ring from afar,
'Tis Discord blows afresh the flames of war,
To thwart the monarch's virtue, with new fires
His fainting foes the beldam fiend inspires ;
She winds her fatal trump, the woods around
And mountains tremble at th' infernal sound.
Swift to d'Aumale the baleful notes impart
Their pow'r, he feels the summons at his heart ;
Bourbon alone he seeks : the boist'rous throng
Close at his heels tumultuous pour along.
So the well-scented pack, long train'd to blood,
Deep in the covert of a spacious wood,
Bay the fierce boar to battle, and elate
With heedless wrath rush headlong on their fate,
The shrillness of the cheering horn provokes
Their rage, and echoes from the distant rocks.
Thus stood the monarch by the croud inclos'd,
An host against his single arm oppos'd,
No friend at hand, no welcome aid he found,
Abandon'd, and by death incompass'd round.

'Twas

'Twas then his faint'd fire his strength renew'd 345
 With tenfold force and vigour unsubdu'd,
 Firm as a rock, pois'd on it's base, he stood,
 That braves the blast, and scorns the dashing flood.
 Who shall relate, alas ! what heroes died
 In that dread hour on Eura's purple side. 350
 Shade of the first of kings, do thou diffuse
 Thy spirit o'er my song, be thou my muse.
 Now from afar his gath'ring nobles came,
 They died for Bourbon, and he fought for them,
 When Egmont rush'd with yet unrival'd force, 355
 To check the storm and thwart the monarch's course.

Long had the chief, misled by martial pride,
 Sought Henry thro' the combat far and wide,
 Nor car'd he, so his vent'rous arm might meet
 That strife, for ought of danger or defeat. 360
 Bourbon, he cried, advance ; behold a foe
 Prepar'd to plant fresh laurels on your brow ;
 Now let your arm it's utmost might display,
 Ours be the strife, let us decide the day.
 He spoke, and lo ! portentous from on high 365
 A stream of light'ning shot along the sky,
 Slow peals of mutt'ring thunder growl'd around,
 Beneath the trembling soldier shook the ground.
 Egmont, alas ! a flatt'ring omen draws,
 And dreams that heav'n shall combat in his cause, 370
 That partial nature in his glory shar'd,
 And by the thunder's voice his victory declar'd.
 At the first onset with full force applied
 His driving fauchion reach'd the monarch's side,
 Fast flow'd a stream of trickling blood, tho' slight 375
 The wound, and Egmont triumph'd at the sight.
 But Bourbon, unconcern'd receiv'd the blow,
 And with redoubled ardour press'd his foe ;
 Pleas'd when the field of glory could afford
 A conquest hardly earn'd, and worthy of his sword. 380
 The stinging smart serv'd only to provoke
 His rage, and add new vigour to his stroke.
 He springs upon the blow ; the champion reels,
 And the keen edge within his bosom feels,
 O'erthrown

O'erthrown beneath the trampling hoof he lies, 385
 And death's dim shadow skims before his eyes,
 He sees the dreary regions of the dead,
 And shrinks and shudders at his father's shade.

Then first, their leader slain, th' Iberian host
 Declin'd the fight, their vaunted spirit lost, 390
 Like a contagion their unwarlike fear
 Seiz'd all the ranks, and caught from van to rear.
 Gen'ral and soldier felt the same dismay,
 Nor longer these command, nor those obey.
 Down fall the banners, routed and o'erthrown 395
 And yelling with unmanly shrieks they run ;
 Some bend the suppliant knee, submissive join
 Their hands, and to the chain their wrists resign,
 Some from the fierce pursuer wildly fled,
 And to the river stretch'd their utmost speed, 400
 There plung'd downright, amid the foaming tide
 They sink, and meet the death they would avoid.
 The waves incumber'd intermit their course,
 And the choak'd stream recoils upon it's source.

Mayne in the tumult of this troubled scene 405
 Lord of himself, afflicted yet serene,
 Survey'd his loss still tranquil and sedate,
 And ev'n in ruin hop'd a better fate.
 D'Aumale, his eye with burning rage suffus'd,
 His cruel stars and dastard bands accus'd. 410
 All's lost, he cried, see where the cowards fly,
 Illustrious Mayne ! our task then is to die.
 Die ! said the chief, live rather to replace
 Our fortune, and sustain the cause you grace,
 Live to regain the laurels we have lost, 415
 Nor now desert us, when we need you most.
 Fly then, and where they straggle o'er the plain,
 Glean up the wreck and remnant of our train.
 He hears, reluctant sobs his passion speak,
 And tears of anguish trickle down his cheek, 420
 A slow compliance sullenly he pays,
 And, frowning stern at the command, obeys.

Thus

Thus the proud lion, whom the Moor has tam'd,
 And from the fierceness of his race reclaim'd,
 Bows down beneath his swarthy master's hand, 425
 And bends his furly front at his command,
 With low'ring aspect stalks behind his lord,
 And grumbles while he crouches at his word.

Meanwhile in flight unhappy Mayne confides,
 And close within the walls his shame he hides ; 430
 Prone at the monarch's feet the vanquish'd wait
 From his award, the sentence of their fate ;
 When from the firmament's unfolded space
 Appear'd the manes of the Bourbon race ;
 Louis in that important hour came down, 435
 To gaze intent upon his godlike son,
 To prove if the triumphant chief could tame
 His soul to mercy, and deserve his fame.
 Th' assembl'd captives by their looks besought
 The monarch's grace, but trembled at their lot, 440
 When thus with gentle, but determin'd look,
 The suppliant crowd the mighty chief bespoke.
 " Be free, and use your freedom as you may,
 " Free to take arms against me, or obey ;
 " On Mayne or me let your election rest, 445
 " His be the sceptre who deserves it best,
 " Chuse your own portion, your own fate decree,
 " Chains from the League, or victory with me."

Astonish'd that a king with glory crown'd,
 And lord of the subjected plains around, 450
 Ev'n in the lap of triumph should forego
 His right of arms, and 'vantage o'er the foe,
 His grateful captives hail him at his feet
 Victorious, and rejoice in their defeat.
 No longer hatred rankles in their minds, 455
 His might subdued them, and his bounty binds,
 Proudly they mingle with the monarch's train,
 And turn their juster vengeance upon Mayne.

Now Bourbon, merciful and mild, had stay'd
 The carnage, and the soldier's wrath allay'd ; 460
 No

No longer thro' the ranks he cleaves his way,
 Fierce as the lion bearing on his prey,
 But seems a bounteous deity, inclin'd
 To quell the tempest, and to cheer mankind.
 Peace o'er his brows had shed a milder grace, 465
 And smooth'd the warlike terrors of his face;
 Snatch'd from the jaws of the devouring strife,
 His captives feel themselves restor'd to life,
 Their dangers he repels, their wants supplies,
 And views and guards them with a parent's eyes. 470

Fame, the swift messenger of false and true,
 Still as she flies encreasing to the view,
 O'er mountains and o'er seas, from clime to clime,
 Expatiates, rapid as the flight of time.
 Millions of piercing eyes to fame belong, 475
 As many mouths still ply the restless tongue,
 And round with list'ning ears her miscreant form
 is hung.

Where'er she roams, credulity is there,
 And curiosity with craving ear,
 And doubt, and hope, and ever-boding fear. 480
 With the same speed she bears, upon her wings
 From far, the glory and the shame of kings,
 And now unfolds them, eager to proclaim
 Great Henry's deeds, and fill the nations with his name.
 From Tagus swift to Po the tidings ran, 485
 And echo'd thro' the lofty vatican.

Joy to the north the spreading sounds convey,
 To Spain, confusion, terror and dismay.
 Ill-fated Paris, and thou faithless League,
 Ye priests, full-fraught with malice and intrigue, 490
 How trembled then your temples, and what dread,
 Disast'rous, hung o'er ev'ry guilty head!
 But see your guardian deity appears,
 See Mayne returning to dispel your fears!
 Tho' foil'd, not lost, not hopeless tho' o'erthrown, 495
 For still rebellious Paris is his own.
 With specious gloss he covers his defeat,
 Calls ruin, victory, and flight, retreat,

Confirm

confirms the doubtful, and with prudent aim
 seeks by concealing, to repair his shame.
 transient, alas ! the joy that art supplies,
 or cruel truth soon scatter'd the disguise,
 the veil of falsehood from their fate withdrew,
 and open'd all it's horrors to their view.

500

Not thus the fury cried, with raging mind,
 shall Discord's pow'r be conquer'd, and confin'd:
 'Tis not for this these wretched walls have seen
 torrents of blood, and mountains of the slain :
 'Tis not for this the raging fires have shone,
 that hated Bourbon might enjoy the throne.
 Henceforth by weakness be his mind assail'd,
 Weakness may triumph where the sword has fail'd.
 Force is but vain ; all other hopes are gone :
 for Henry yields but to himself alone.
 This day shall beauty's charms his bosom warm ;
 subdue his valour, and unnerve his arm.

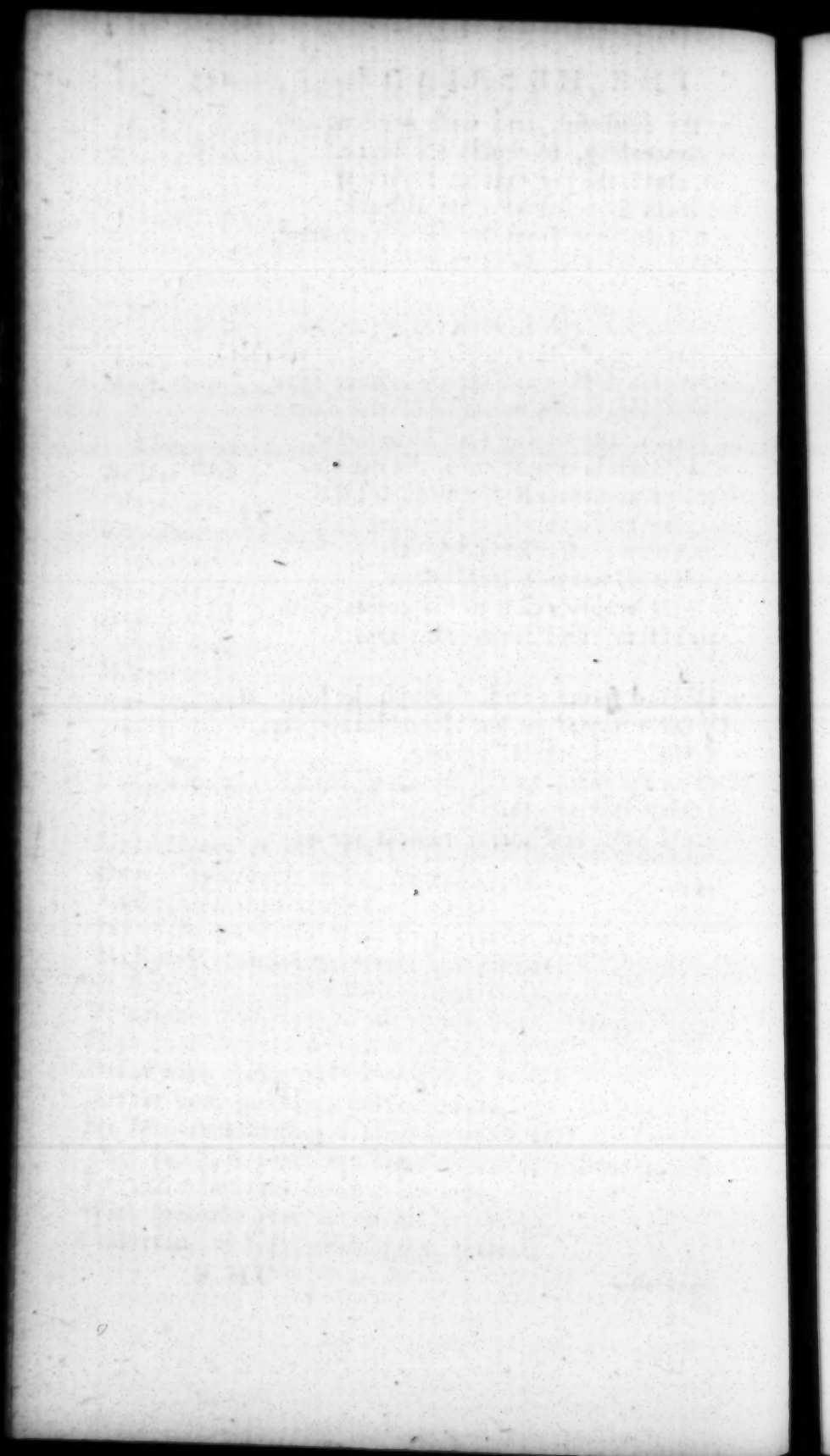
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515

Thus Discord spokè ; and, through the fields of air,
 drawn by fierce hatred on her blood-stained car,
 swiftly repair'd to Cytherea's grove,
 assured of vengeance, and in search of love.
 Clouds of thick darkness then obscur'd the day,
 Nature turn'd pale, and horror mark'd her way.

520





T H E
HENRIADE.

CANTO the NINTH.



VOL. XX.

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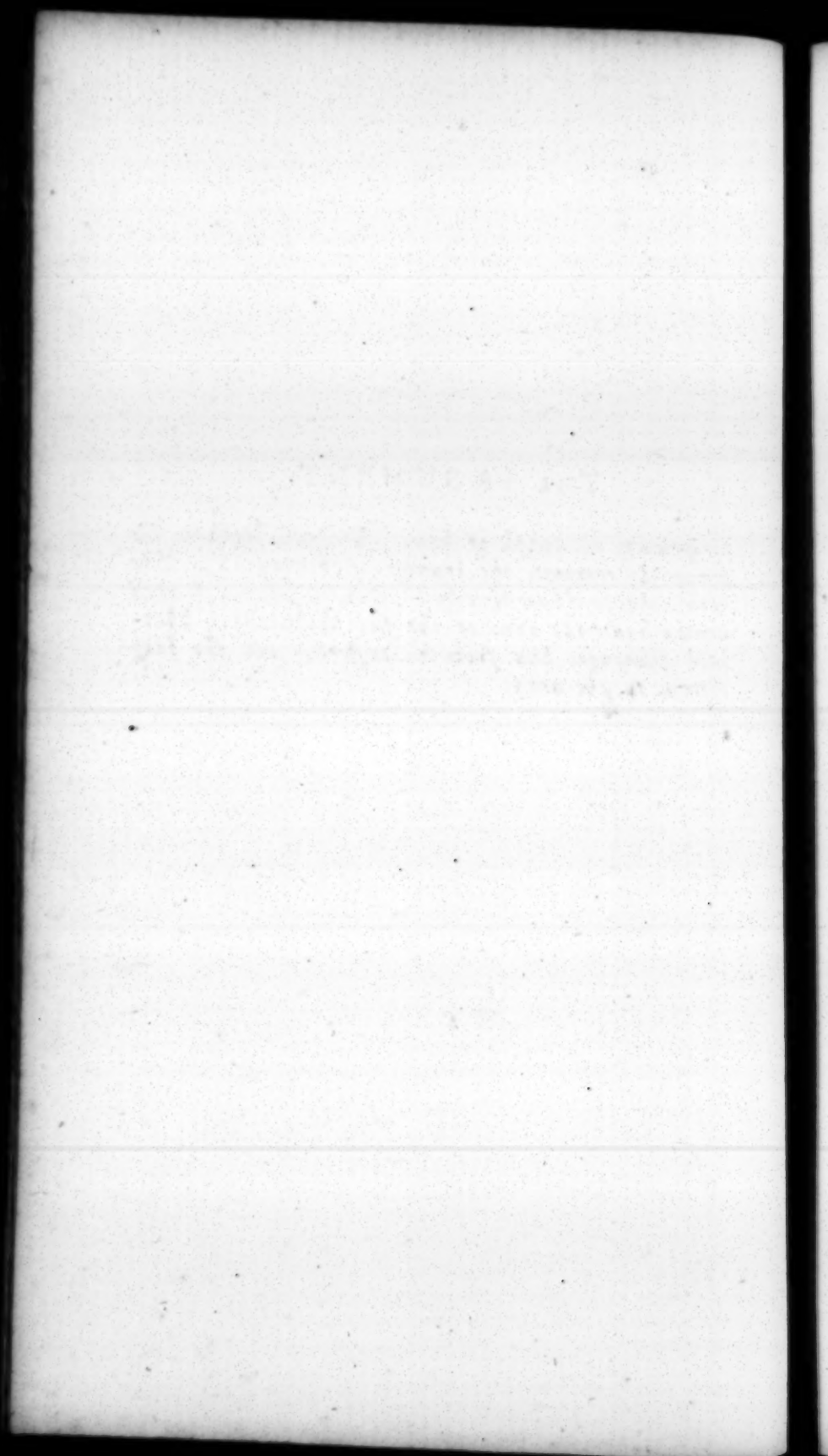
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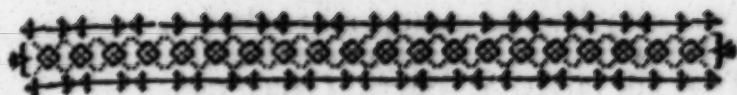
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THE ARGUMENT.

Description of the temple of love. Discord implores his power to enervate the courage of Henry IV. The hero is detained some time by Madame d'Estrée, so well known under the name of the fair Gabrielle. Mor-nay disengages him from his mistress, and the king returns to the army.





T H E

H E N R I A D E.

C A N T O t h e N I N T H.

FIX'D on the borders of Idalia's coast,
 Where * sister realms their kindred limits boast,
 An antient dome superior awe commands,
 Whose strong foundations rose from nature's hands :
 But labour since has polish'd every part, 5
 And nature yielded to the toils of art.
 Each circling plain the verdant myrtles crown,
 Unknown to winter's desolating frown.
 Pomona here her fruits profusely pours ;
 Here Flora sheds her variegated flow'rs. 10
 Here, whilst spontaneous harvests fill the plains,
 No season changes, and no wretch complains.
 Here peace unfading sooths the sons of earth,
 Such peace as reign'd at nature's earlier birth.

H 3

With

N. B. The author of this translation is obliged to Edward Burnaby Green, Esq; for the following canto; into which the beauties of the original are so happily transfused, that it needs no other recommendation than it's own elegance.

* Europe and Asia.

With hand of soft indulgence she displays 15
 Celestial quiet, and serenest days,
 Here ev'ry lawn in plenty's robe is dress'd,
 With ev'ry sweet, but innocence blest'd.
 From side to side the streams of music roll,
 Whose soothing softness fascinates the soul. 20
 In plaintive sonnets burns the lover's flame,
 Who boasts his weakness, and exults in shame.
 Each day, encircled with the fragrant store,
 The little godhead's smiles their pray'rs implore ;
 Eager they press to learn the pois'nous art 25
 At once to pleasure, and entrance the heart.
 Delusive hope, whose charms serenely shine,
 Conducts the train to love's enchanting shrine,
 The beauteous graces half-unveil'd advance,
 Indulge the song, and join the decent dance. 30
 Voluptuous pleasure on the velvet plain
 In calm tranquillity attends the strain.
 Lo! by her side the heart-enchanting sighs,
 Fix'd silence strongly speaking to the eyes ;
 The am'rous transports, and the soft desires, 35
 Which fan the bosom to the fiercest fires.

Thus smiles th'alluring entrance of the dome :
 When far within the daring footsteps roam,
 What scenes of horror round the altar roll,
 And shake the libertine's presuming soul ! 40
 No sounds harmonious feast the ravish'd ears,
 No more the lovely train of joys appears.
 Conscious imprudence, murmurs, fears, and hate
 With darkness blast the splendors of the state.
 Stern jealousy, whose salt'ring step obeys 45
 Each fell suspicion that her bliss betrays ;
 Ungovern'd rage, with sharpest venom stor'd,
 Rears in the van his unrelenting sword.
 These malice joins, who with perfidious face
 Smiles at the triumphs of the savage race. 50
 Pensive repentance, shudd'ring in the rear,
 Heaves the deep groan, and show'rs the plenteous tear.
 Full

Full in the centre of this horrid court,
 Where pleasure's fell companions all resort,
 Love waves for ever his fantastic rod, 55
 At once a cruel, and a tender god.
 His infant pow'r the fates of mortals bears,
 With wanton smiles dispensing peace, and wars.
 Smooth flows deceit's insinuating art,
 Which lifts the captive, animated heart. 60
 He counts his triumphs from the splendid throne,
 While prostrate sons of pride the conqu'ror own.
 Careless of good, he plies his savage skill,
 And dwells applauding on each deed of ill.

Now Discord opens through the ranks of joy, 65
 Her vengeful passage to the kindred boy.
 Fierce in her hand the brandish'd torches glow,
 Her eye-balls flash, and blood distains her brow.
 Where then, she cries, thy formidable darts!
 Recline they pointed for more stubborn hearts? 70
 If e'er my venom, mingl'd with thy fire,
 Has fann'd the flame, and rais'd the passion higher,
 If oft' for thee I trouble nature's laws,
 Rise, fly to vengeance of my injur'd cause.
 Crush'd by a victor king my snakes are lay'd, 75
 Who joins the olive to the laurel's shade.
 Amidst the tumults of a civil war
 Meek-stepping Clemency attends his car;
 Fix'd to the standards, waving in the wind,
 She sooths in discord's spite the rebel mind. 80
 One vict'ry gain'd, my throne, my empire falls;
 Lo! Henry show'rs his rage on Paris' walls.
 He flies to fight, to conquer, and forgive;
 Fast bound in brazen chains must Discord live.
 'Tis thine to check the torrent of his course, 85
 And drop soft poison on his valour's source.
 Yes, bend the victim to thy conqu'ring dart,
 And quell each virtue of his stubborn heart.
 Of old (and well thou know'st) thy sov'reign care,
 Bow'd great Alcides to th' imperial fair. 90
 By thee proud Anthony's enervate mind
 For Cleopatra's form each thought resign'd;

In flight inglorious o'er the ocean hurl'd.
 For her he quits the empire of the world.
 Henry alone resists thy dread command, 95
 Go, blast the laurels in his daring hand.
 His brows entwine with myrtle's am'rous charms,
 And sink the slumb'ring warrior in thy arms.
 Fly to support; he shakes my tott'ring throne:
 Go, shield an empire, and a cause, thine own. 100
 The monster spoke: the trembling roof around,
 Returns the horrors of the dreadful sound.
 Stretch'd on his flow'ry couch, the list'ning god
 With artful smiles consented at her nod,
 Arm'd with his golden deaths resolv'd he flies 105
 Along the bright dominion of the skies.
 With pleasures, sports, and graces in his train,
 The zephyrs bear him to the Gallic plain.

Straight he discovers with malicious joy
 The feeble Simois, and the fields of Troy; 110
 And laughs, reflecting in those seats renown'd
 O'er many a palace mould'ring on the ground.
 Venice from far, fair city! strikes his sight,
 'The prodigy of earth, and art's delight;
 Which tours supreme, as ocean's godhead gave 115
 Her pow'rful empire o'er th' encircling wave.
 Sicilia's plain his rapid flight retards,
 Where his own genius nurs'd the past'ral bards.
 Where fame reports, through secret paths he led,
 The wand'ring waves from am'rous Alpheus' bed. 120
 Now quitting Arethusa's lovely shore,
 Swift to Vanclusia's seats his course he bore;
 Asylum soft: in life's serener days,
 Where lovesick Petrarch sigh'd his pensive lays.
 From thence his eyes survey the fav'rite strand 125
 Where * Anet's walls uprose at his command:
 Where art's rich toils superior rev'rence claim,
 And still beams forth Diana's cypher'd name.

There

* Anet was built by Henry II. for Diana de Poitiers, whose cyphers are intermixed with all the ornaments of that castle. It is situated not far from the plains of Ivry.

There on her tomb the joys, and graces show'r
In grateful mem'ry each fragrant flow'r. 130

Now to the wand'rer Ivry's plain appears :
The monarch, ready for severer cares,
There first with softer pleasures sooths his breast,
And lulls his thunders to a transient rest.
Around his side the warrior youth display'd 135
Pursue the labours of the sylvan shade.
The godhead triumphs in his future pain,
Sharpens his arrows, and prepares his chain,
The winds, which erst he smooth'd, his nod alarms,
He speaks, and sets the elements in arms. 140
From ev'ry side he calls the furious storms ;
A weight of clouds the face of heaven deforms.
Th'impetuous torrent rushes from the sky ;
The thunder rolls, the livid lightnings fly :
Each boist'rous brother at his mandate springs 145
And earth lies shadow'd with their murky wings.
Bright Phœbus sinks with night's incumbent load,
And conscious nature shudders at the god.

O'er the dark plains through miry, dubious ways
Alone, and comfortless the monarch strays : 150
When watchful love displays the torch's light,
Whose twinkling radiance strikes upon his sight,
The hostile star, with fatal joy betray'd,
He swiftly follows through the dreary shade.
Such fatal joy deluded wand'ers shew, 155
Led by the vapour's transitory glow ;
The guide malignant through the midnight gloom
Quits not the wretch, but leads him to his doom.
Once in the horrors of this lone retreat,
Roam'd a fair virgin's solitary feet. 160
Silent, the centre of the fort within,
She waits her father from the battle's din ;
Loyal in council, vet'ran in the plain,
Who shone the foremost of his sov'reign's train :
* D'Estrée her name, and nature's guardian care 165
Had show'r'd her treasures to adorn the fair.

H 5

Beauty

* *D'Estrée.*] Gabrielle D'Estrée, of an ancient family in Picardy, daughter and grand-daughter of the grand master of the ordinance ;

Beauty less fair the Grecian maid possess'd,
 Whose guilt betray'd her Menelaus' rest.
 With charms inferior Cleopatra glow'd,
 Whose eyes the lord of Italy subdued, 170
 Whilst to the shore th' enamour'd Cydnians move,
 And incense shed as to the queen of love.

The nymph was now at that unsteady age,
 When headstrong passions all the mind engage.
 No lovers yet their fighting vows impart, 175
 Though form'd for love, yet gen'rous was her heart.
 Thus the fair beauties of the blushing rose,
 Coy in the spring to wanton zephyr close;
 But the full lustre of their stores display,
 To the kind influence of a summer's day. 180

Cupid, preparing to ensnare the dame,
 Slyly approaches with a borrow'd name.
 No dart, no torch, his little hands employ,
 In voice, and figure, an unmeaning boy.
 "From yonder stream to this enchanting dome 185
 "The hapless Mayne's tremendous conqueror's come."
 Full through her soul the soft infection ran;
 She pants to captivate the godlike man.
 A livelier bloom her graceful features prove,
 Which crowns the triumphs of applauding love. 190
 What could he doubt? with charms celestial spread
 Th' attractive virgin to the king he led.
 With double glow each ornament of art,
 In nature's guise enslaves th' enamour'd heart.
 Her golden tresses floating in the air, 195
 Now kiss the rising bosom of the fair;
 Now start to view the heav'nly sweets display'd
 By native innocence more lovely made.

No

nance; espoused to the lord Liancourt, and since duchess of Beaufort. Henry IV. became violently in love with her during the civil wars; he went sometimes in a private dress to see her. One day he even disguised himself as a peasant, passed through the midst of the enemies' guards, and arrived at her house, not without some danger of being taken.

No stern, no gloomy low'r, which puts to flight
 Each thought of love, of beauty, and delight ; 200
 But the mild softness of a decent shame,
 The cheek just tipping with the purest flame :
 Commanding rev'rence, which excites desires,
 And sheds when conquer'd love's increasing fires.

Now the arch god with each enchanting grace 205
 Diffus'd resistless beauties o'er the place.
 The plenteous myrtle with spontaneous birth
 Springs from the bosom of the lib'ral earth.
 It's am'rous foliage decorates the glade,
 And woos the thoughtless to it's fatal shade. 210
 Till bands unseen th'entangled step betray ;
 Fear bids depart, but pleasure wins their stay.

Soft through the shade a soothing Lethe rolls,
 Where happy lovers with inebriate souls
 Quaff long oblivion to departed fame ; 215
 So unresisted love's all conqu'ring flame !
 How chang'd the scene ! here ev'ry bosom glows ;
 Pour'd from each sweet th'entrancing venom flows.
 Love sounds throughout: around, the feather'd choir
 Indulge the song, and burn with mutual fire. 220
 The hind arising ere the dawn of day
 To Ceres' golden treasures bends his way ;
 Now stops aghast: now heaves the plaintive sighs,
 And feels the new born passion with surprize.
 No more his soul the toils of harvest move ; 225
 He dwells delighted on the scenes of love :
 Whilst heedless of her flock the maiden stands,
 And drops the spindle from her fault'ring hands.
 Could fair D'Estrée resist the magic charm ?
 What pow'r can guard 'gainst love's prevailing arm. 230
 Superior foes her virgin-bosom load ;
 At once her youth, an hero, and a god.
 Meanwhile the king with dauntless soul prepares
 In thought to mingle with the battle's cares.
 Some subtle dæmon plies his secret art, 235
 And free-born virtue sighing quits the heart.

To softer scenes his am'rous soul betray'd
 Sees, hears, and loves alone the heav'nly maid.
 But now the chieftains of th'embattled band
 With ardent vows their absent king demand; 240
 They shudder'd for his life, but little knew
 Their fears were only to his glory due:
 Immers'd in grief the soldier's conqu'ring pride
 Sinks to despair, no Henry for their guide.
 Thy guardian pow'r, O France, no longer stays 245
 To grant continuance of the soft delays:
 At Louis' nod descending from the skies,
 Swift to the succour of his son he flies.
 Alighting now o'er earth's extended round,
 He seeks a mind for wisdom's stores renown'd, 250
 Not where pale, hungry, speechless, students claim,
 Fix'd in a midnight gloom her sacred name,
 But in fair Ivry, 'midst the din of arms,
 Where the flush'd warriors glow with conquest's charms.
 At length the genius stays his ardent flight, 255
 Where Calvin's floating banners spread to fight.
 There Mornay he address'd; when reason leads,
 Her solid influence consecrates our deeds.
 As o'er the heathen world she pour'd her ray,
 Whose virtues christians blushing might survey, 260
 Reason Aurelius' sentiments refin'd,
 And shower'd ideas over Plato's mind.

Severe, but friendly Mornay knew the art,
 At once to mend, and captivate the heart.
 His deeds more rev'rence than his doctrines move, 265
 Each virtue met his fond, parental love.
 Full steel'd to pleasure, covetous of toils,
 He look'd on dangers with undaunted smiles.
 No pois'nous frauds of palaces controul,
 His nobly-stubborn purity of soul. 270
 Thus Arethusa's genial waters flow
 Soft to the bosom of the deep below,
 A chrystal pure, unconscious of a stain,
 Spite of the billows of the foaming main.

The

THE HENRIADE.

157

The gen'rous Mornay by the goddess led 275
 Hastes to the seat, where rapt'rous pleasure shed
 Her soothing opiate on the victor's breast,
 And lull'd awhile the fates of France to rest.
 Triumphant love each lavish charm employs
 To blast his glory with redoubled joys. 280
 A waste of transports fills the round of day,
 Transports which fly too swiftly to decay.
 To vengeance fir'd the little god descry'd
 Mornay with heav'n-born wisdom for his guide.
 Full at the warrior-chief he points his dart, 285
 To lull his senses, and enthrall his heart.
 Thick fall the blunted shafts, Mornay awaits
 The king's return, and eyes th'accurs'd retreats.

Fast by the stream, 'midst nature's rich perfume,
 Sacred to silent ease where myrtles bloom, 290
 D'Estrée on Henry lavish'd all her charms,
 Melting he glow'd, and languish'd in her arms.
 No cooling change their blissful moments know,
 Soft from their eyes the tears of rapture flow ;
 Tears, which redouble ev'ry fond delight, 295
 And heav'nly feelings of the soul excite ;
 Flush'd with the full blown rage of keen desires,
 Which love alone can paint, for love alone inspires.

The wanton youths unfold the hero's vest,
 Whilst smiling pleasures fan his soul to rest. 300
 One holds the cuirass reeking from the plain,
 One grasps the sword, yet never worn in vain;
 And laughs, whilst posing in his hand he shews
 The bulwark of the throne, and terror of its foes.

From Discord's voice the strains of insult roll, 305
 Each cruel transport brooding in her soul,
 With active fury at the fav'ring hour
 To rouse the serpent of confed'rate pow'r.
 Whilst Henry riots in the soft repose,
 She wakes to vengeance his relentless foes. 310
 Now

Now in the fragrant gardens of delight.
 Mornay appears: he blushes at the sight,
 Their startled bosoms mutual fears engage,
 And a dead silence chains th' approaching sage.
 But looks in silence bow'd to earth impart, 315
 A pow'rful language to the sov'reign's heart;
 And sadness low'ring in the clouded face
 Proclaims at once his weakness, and disgrace.
 Ill had another taken Mornay's care,
 Love from the guilty few accusers share. 320
 Fear not, he cries, our anger; rest at ease;
 Who points my error cannot fail to please:
 Worthy of thee our bosom shall remain;
 'Tis well: and Henry is himself again.
 Love now resigns that virtue he betray'd: 325
 Fly, let us quit this soft, inglorious shade.
 Yes, quit the scenes, where my rebellious flame
 Would fondling still the silken fetters frame.
 Self conquest surely boasts the noblest charms,
 We'll brave the pow'r of love in glory's arms; 330
 Scatter destruction o'er th' extended shore,
 And sheath our error in the Spaniard's gore.
 These gen'rous words the sage's soul inspire:
 Yes, now my sov'reign beams with native fire.
 Each rebel passion feels thy conqu'ring reins, 335
 O great protector of thy country's plains.
 Love adds fresh lustre to the blaze of fame,
 For triumphs there superior greatness claim.
 He said; the monarch hastens to depart,
 But, oh! what sorrows load his am'rous heart! 340
 Still, as he flies, he cannot but adore,
 His tears he censures, yet he weeps the more.
 Forc'd by the sage, attracted by the fair,
 He flies, returns, and quits her in despair.
 D'Estree unable to sustain the strife 345
 Falls prostrate 'rest of colour, as of life.
 A sudden night invades her beauteous eyes;
 Love, who perceiv'd it, sent forth dreadful cries.
 Pierc'd to the soul, lest death's eternal shade
 Should rob his empire of the lovely maid;

Should.

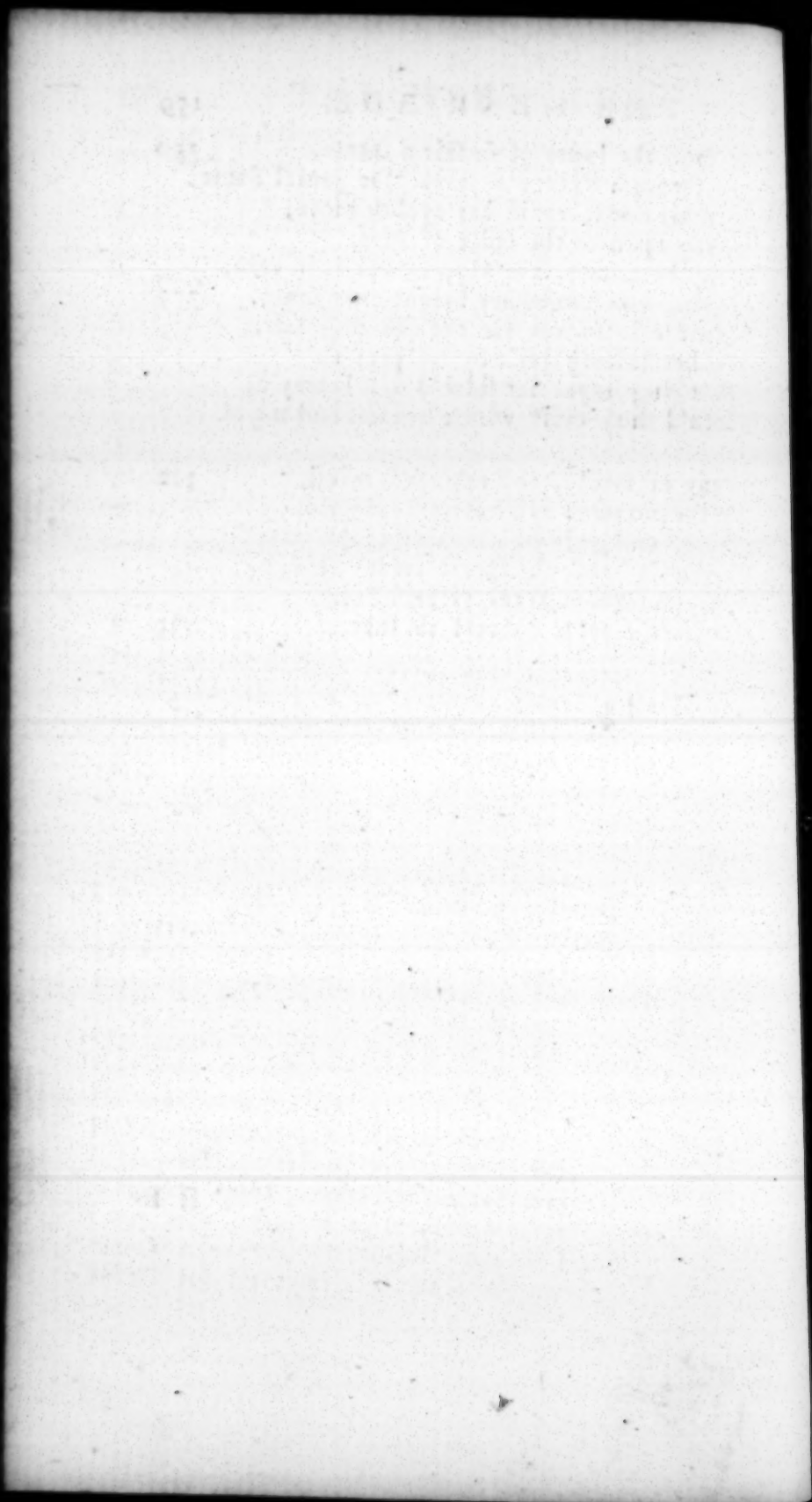
THE HENRIADE.

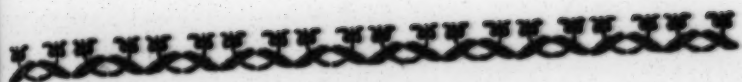
159

Should spoil the lustre of so fair a frame, 350
 Destin'd through France to spread the genial flame.
 Wrapt in his arms, again her eyelids move,
 And gently open to the voice of love.
 The king she names, the king demands in vain,
 Now looks, now closes her bright eyes again. 355
 Love, bath'd in sorrow for the suff'ring fair,
 Recall'd her sinking spirit by his pray'r;
 With flatt'ring hopes her solac'd soul betray'd,
 And sooth'd those evils, which himself had made.

Mornay of steady, and relentless mind, 360
 Led on the monarch still but half resign'd.
 Firm force, and godlike virtue point the way,
 Whilst glory's hands the laurel wreath display;
 And love, indignant at the victor's fame,
 Flies far from Anet to conceal his shame. 365

THE





T H E
H E N R I A D E.

CANTO the TENTH.



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THE

H. M. R. I. A. D. E.

CANTO OF THE

OF THE

THE ARGUMENT.

The king returns to the army. Renews the siege. The duel betwixt Turenne and d'Aumale. A famine in the city. The king relieves the inhabitants. Heaven at length recompenses his virtues. Truth descends to enlighten him. Paris opens her gates and the war is finished.

64

H

7

H
H



T H E

H E N R I A D E.

C A N T O the T E N T H.

THOSE fatal moments lost in soft repose
 Had wak'd the courage of the vanquish'd foes.
 Rebellion breath'd again, and faction's schemes
 Flush'd the deluded throng with golden dreams.
 Yet vain their hopes, for smit with generous fame 5
 And active zeal the martial Bourbon came,
 Eager to reap the harvest he had sown,
 And make the field of conquest all his own.
 Again his banners wav'd aloft in air,
 And Paris saw them with renew'd despair. 10
 Again the chief before her walls appears,
 Scarce yet recover'd from a siege's fears ;
 Those very walls, where yet sulphureous smoke
 With desolation marks the cannon's stroke,
 Which now with ruins had bestrew'd the land, 15
 Had not compassion check'd the hero's hand ;
 When

When the bright angel, who obedient still,
 Guardian of France, performs th' Almighty's will,
 Bad his soft breast with tender mercies glow,
 Withheld his arm, and stopp'd the falling blow. 20
 Through the king's camp no voice was heard around
 But songs of mirth, and joy's tumultuous sound.
 While each brave warrior, anxious for the fray,
 With eyes impatient marks the destin'd prey.
 Meantime the haughty legions all dismay'd, 25
 Press'd round their prudent chief, and sued for aid;
 When thus Aumale, of brave impetuous soul,
 Abhorring counsel, and above controul;
 " We have not yet so learn'd our warfare here
 " To sneak to hiding holes, and crouch for fear, 30
 " Curs'd be the man whose counsel thither tends;
 " The foe comes forward—let us meet them, friends.
 " Not tamely wait till other 'vantage calls,
 " And rust in sloth beneath these coward walls;
 " On then, and conquer—fortune oft will spare 35
 " A smile to crown the efforts of despair.
 " Frenchmen attack'd, already are o'erthrown—
 " Seek then your safety from yourselves alone.
 " Ye chiefs, who hear me, haste where glory calls,
 " Know, soldiers, know, your leaders are your walls. 40

He spoke—amaz'd the Leaguers heard each sound,
 And turn'd their eyes in silence to the ground.
 He blush'd with shame, and in each leader's face
 Read their refusal, and his own disgrace.
 " Ye will not follow then, ye heroes tame, 45
 " Nor wish I basely to survive the shame;
 " Well—shrink at dangers still—so shall not I—
 " Alone I go—to conquer or to die."

He said; and from the city gate in martial pride
 Boldly advanc'd with firm impetuous stride. 50
 Before his steps the shrill-tongu'd herald went,
 To hurl defiance at each warrior's tent.
 E'en to the king's abode the marshal came,
 And challeng'd combat in the hero's name.

" Ye

“ Ye daring sons of glory, loud he cried,
 “ Now be your valour with your fortune tried,
 “ Aumale in single combat waits you here,
 “ By me he calls to arms;—stand forth, appear.”

The valiant chiefs the desperate challenge heard,
 Their zeal rekindling at each haughty word, 60
 Each warrior stern impatient for the fray,
 Hop’d the king’s voice, and hail’d the glorious day.
 Courage in all had form’d an equal right.
 Turenne alone found favour in his fight.

“ Go, said the prince, chastise the daring foe, 65
 “ France to thy hands shall all her glory owe;
 “ Remember, soldier, ’tis a glorious cause,
 “ Thy own, thy king’s, thy country and thy laws:
 “ I’ll arm thee for the fight—the monarch said,”
 And from his girdle loos’d the shining blade. 70
 When thus Turenne—“ By this good sword I swear,
 “ By thee, my king, each subject’s darling care,
 “ Thus nobly honour’d in my prince’s voice,
 “ My ready zeal shall never shame thy choice.”

He spoke; while manly valour flush’d his face, 75
 And his heart sprung to meet the king’s embrace;
 Then to the field, impetuous as a flood,
 Rush’d where Aumale the daring champion stood.

To Paris’ walls ran all the Leaguer-bands,
 While round their king his faithful army stands. 80
 With stedfast eye, which anxious care reveal’d,
 Each side beheld their champion take the field.
 While voice and gesture on each part unite
 To warm each hero for the dreadful fight.

Meantime, a cloud the vaulted sky deforms, 85
 Pregnant it seem’d with more than common storms,
 While from it’s womb of darkness, strange to tell!
 Burst forth in flames the monstrous brood of hell.

There

There was hot zeal, which frantic leaps all bounds,
 And Discord smiling on her thousand wounds,
 There artful policy designing fly,
 With heart of falsehood and with scowling eye;
 There the mad dæmon too of battles stood,
 All Leaguer-gods and drunk with human blood.
 Hither they haste, and land on Paris' walls,
 Aumale, their League, the cause, their interest calls.

When lo! an angel from the azure sky,
 The faithful servant of the God on high,
 Descended—round his head in splendor play
 Beams, that eclipse the lustre of the day.
 On wings of fire he shaped his cheerful flight,
 And mark'd his passage with a train of light.
 A fruitful olive-branch one hand sustain'd,
 Presage of happy days and peace regain'd.
 His other hand upheld a flaming sword,
 And shook the terrors of th' eternal Lord;
 That sword with which th' avenging angel arm'd,
 Smote the first-born—confounded and disarm'd
 Aghast at once shrunk all the friends of hell,
 While to the ground their pointless weapons fell.
 And resolution sicken'd all o'erthrown
 By some resistless force from hands unknown.
 So Dagon worshipp'd on Philistia's shore.
 Whose purple altars ran with human gore;
 Before the ark with tott'ring ruin nods,
 And the fall'n idol owns the God of Gods.

Paris, the king, the army, heav'n and hell
 Witness the combat;—at the trumpet's swell
 On to the field the ready warriors came,
 Conscious of valour, and a thirst for fame.
 Their hands, unus'd the cumbrous weight to wield,
 Disdain'd to fight beneath the glitt'ring shield,
 The specious armour of inglorious knight,
 Proof 'gainst all blows, and dazzling to the fight;
 They scorn'd th' equipment of such coward dress,
 Which, length'ning 'combat, made all danger less.

In courage firm advanc'd each haughty lord,
 Man against man, and sword oppos'd to sword.
 " O God of kings, the royal champion cried,
 " Judge thou my cause, and combat on my side ; 130
 " Courage I vaunt not of, an idle name,
 " When heav'nly justice bars the warrior's claim ;
 " Not from myself I dare the glorious fight,
 " My God shall arm me, who approves my right."

To whom Aumale, " in deeds of valour known 135
 " Be my reliance on this arm alone.
 " Our fate depends on us, the mind afraid
 " Prays to its God in vain for needful aid.
 " Calm in the heav'ns he views our equal fight,
 " And smiling conquest proves the hero's right. 140
 " The God of wars is valour"—stern he cry'd,
 And with a look of fell contemptuous pride
 Gaz'd on his rival, whose firm modest mind
 Spoke in his face, courageous and resign'd.

Now sounds the trumpet, to the dubious fray 145
 Rush the brave chiefs impatient of delay.
 Whate'er of skill, whate'er of strength is known,
 By turns each daring champion proves his own.
 While all around the troops with anxious fight,
 Half pleas'd, half frightened, view the desp'rate fight. 150
 The rushing swords cast forth promiscuous rays,
 Blinding the eye-fight with their trembling blaze,
 As when the sun athwart the silver streams
 Darts his strong light, and breaks in quiv'ring beams.
 The thronging crouds around with eyes intent 155
 Look on amaz'd, and wait the dread event.
 With nervous strength and fury uncontroll'd,
 Full of himself, and as a lion bold,
 Seems stern Aumale ; the whiles his rival brave,
 Nor proud of strength, nor passion's headlong slave, 160
 Collected in himself awaits his foe,
 Smiles at his rage, and wards each furious blow.
 In vain Aumale his utmost efforts tries,
 His arm no more its wonted strength supplies,

While cool Turenne the combat's rage renews, 165
 Attacks with vigour, and with skill pursues,
 Till proud Aumale sinks baffled to the ground,
 And his hot blood flows reeking from the wound ;
 The champion falls ; hell echoes with despair,
 And dreadful sounds affright the troubled air. 170
 " League, thou art all o'erthrown, the prize is won,
 " Bourbon, thou hast it now—our reign is done."
 The wretched people, with lamenting cries,
 Attest their grief, and rend the vaulted skies ;
 Aumale all weak, and stretch'd upon the sand, 175
 His glitt'ring sword fall'n useless from his hand,
 Fainting, yet strives fresh vigour to regain,
 And seems to threaten still, tho' all in vain.
 Fain would he speak, while deep-fetcht lab'ring breath
 Denies him utterance in the pangs of death. 180
 Shame's quick'ning sense augments his furious air,
 And his red eyeballs flash extreme despair.
 He heaves, he sinks, he struggles, all in vain,
 His loosen'd limbs fall lifeless on the plain ;
 To Paris' walls he lifts his closing eye, 185
 Then dies indignant with a desp'rate sigh.
 Mayenne, thou saw'st him die, and at each look,
 Thy trembling nerves with shudd'ring horrors shook,
 Then to thy mind thy own approaching fall
 Came full, and thou wast conquer'd with Aumale. 190

The soldiers now to Paris' gates repair,
 And with slow steps their breathless hero bear.
 Entranc'd with woe, all silent, and amaz'd,
 Upon the bleeding corpse the people gaz'd ,
 That deep-gash'd wound, that front with gore be-
 spread, 165
 That mouth now fallen, and that unpropp'd head.
 Those eyes which e'en in death tremendous stare,
 While the fixt sight cast forth a livid glare,
 They saw—compassion, shame, disgrace, and fear,
 Choak'd up each cry, and dry'd the falling tear. 200
 'Twas solemn stillness all. When lo, a sound,
 Which seem'd with horror, pierc'd the welkin round.

For

For now th' assailants with tumultuous cries
 Demand th' attack, and hope the promis'd prize.
 Mean-time the king, whom milder thoughts en-
 gage, 205
 Calm'd their high transports, and repress'd their rage.
 Stubborn howe'er, and adverse to his will,
 Howe'er ungrateful, 'twas his country still ;
 Hated by subjects whom he wish'd to save,
 The mercies they deny'd his virtue gave ; 210
 Pleas'd if his bounty could their crimes efface,
 And force the wretched to accept of grace.
 All desp'rate means he shudder'd to employ,
 He fought to conquer Paris, not destroy,
 Famine perhaps, and lengthen'd scenes of woe, 215
 Might bend to law a proud mistaken foe ;
 Brought up in plenty, with abundance fed,
 To ease and all the train of pleasures bred ;
 His people, prest by want's impulsive sting,
 Might seek for mercy from their patriot king. 220

Rebellion's sons, whom vengeance fain would spare,
 Mistook for weakness Henry's pious care.
 His valour all forgot, in stubborn pride
 They brav'd their master, and the king defy'd.

But when no more along the silver Seine 225
 The freighted vessels bear the golden grain,
 When desp'rate famine with her meagre train
 With death her consort spreads her baneful reign,
 In vain the wretch sends forth his piteous cries,
 Looks up in vain for food and gasping dies. 230
 The rich no more preserve their wasting health,
 But pine with hunger in the midst of wealth.
 No sound of joy th' afflicted city knows,
 No sound, but such as witness'd direful woes.
 No more, their heads with festive chaplets crown'd, 235
 In songs of joy they send the goblet round.
 No wines provoke excess, no sav'ry meats
 Quicken the jaded appetite. Thro' the lone streets,
 Emaciate, pale, with dead, dull, ghastly glare
 They wander victims of the fiend Despair. 240

The weak old man worn out with hunger's rage
 Sees his child perish in his cradled age ;
 Here drops a family entire, and there
 Groveling in dust, and worn with meagre care,
 The haggard wretches in life's latest stage 245
 Fight for an offal with relentless rage.
 Fain would the living prey upon the dead,
 While the dry bones are kneaded into bread.
 What will not mis'ry do ? This curst repast
 Promotes the work of death, and proves their last. 250

Mean time the priests, those rev'rend sons of pray'r,
 Who preach up fasting which they never share,
 Batten'd in plenty, deaf to hunger's cries,
 Which from their bounty met no wish'd supplies :
 Yet went they forth with true fanatic zeal 255
 To preach those virtues, which they could not feel.
 To the poor wretch, death hanging on his eyes,
 Their lib'ral hand would ope the friendly skies ;
 To some they talk'd of vengeance sent from God,
 And Henry punish'd with th' Almighty's rod ; 260
 Of Paris sav'd by heav'n's immediate love,
 And manna dropping from the clouds above ;
 O'eraw'd by pow'r, by artful priests deceiv'd,
 The croud obsequious what they taught believ'd ;
 Submissive, half-content, resign'd their breath, 165
 Nay, happy too, they triumph'd in their death.

With foreign troops, to swell affliction's tide
 The famish'd city swarm'd on every side ;
 Their breasts, where pity never learn'd to glow,
 Lusted for rapine, and rejoic'd in woe. 270
 These came from haughty Belgia's plains, and those
 Helvetia's monsters, hireling friends or foes.
 To mercy deaf, on mis'ry's sons they press
 And snatch the little from extreme distress.
 Not for the soldier's plunder, hidden store, 275
 And heap'd up riches, useful now no more ;
 Not urg'd by lust, and lured by beauty's charms,
 To force the virgin from her mother's arms ;

Their

Their murd'rous torments rag'd for food conceal'd,
 Supports laid up, and pittance unreveal'd. 288

A woman — God ! must faithful memory tell
 A deed, which bears the horrid stamp of hell !
 Their flinty hearts, which never felt remorse,
 Robb'd of her little all with brutal force. 285
 One tender infant left, her late fond care,
 The frantic mother ey'd with fell despair ;
 Then furious, all at once, with murd'rous blade
 Rush'd where the dear devoted offspring lay'd ;
 The smiling babe stretch'd forth its little arms ;
 It's helpless age, sweet looks, and guileless charms, 290
 Spoke daggers to her, whilst her bosom burns
 With madd'ning rage, remorse, and love by turns.
 Fain would she backward turn, and strives to shun
 The wretched deed, which famine wishes done.
 Thrice did she rear the sword, and all dismay'd 295
 Thrice did she trembling drop the bloodless blade.
 Till furious grown in hollow voice she cries
 " Curs'd be the fruitful bed, and nuptial ties,
 " And thou unhappy offspring of my womb,
 " Brought into being to receive thy doom, 300
 " Didst thou accept this idol boon of life.
 " To die by famine, or these tyrants strife ?
 " Should'st thou escape their unrelenting rage
 " Will pinching hunger spare thy softer age ?
 " Then wherefore should'st thou live ? to weep in
 vain 305
 " A wretched wand'rer o'er thy parent slain.
 " No, die with me, e'er keen reflection knows
 " With bitter anguish to augment thy woes.
 " Give me — thou shalt — nor wait the formal grave,
 " Give back the blood thy helpless mother gave. 310
 " I will entomb thee, and the world shall see
 " A desperate crime unheard of yet in me."
 She said, and frantic with extreme despair
 Plung'd the keen poniard in her darling heir.

Hither by hunger drawn the ruffians sped, 315
 Whilst yet the mother on her infant fed.
 Their eyes with eager joy the place survey
 Like savage tigers gloating on their prey.
 With furious wish they scan the mansion o'er,
 Then rush in rage, and burst the jarring door. 320

When, dreadful sight ! a form with horror wild,
 That seem'd a woman o'er a murder'd child,
 Set all aghast, and in his reeking blood
 Bath'd her fell hands, and sought a present food.
 " Yes, cried the wretch, the bloody deed is done, 325
 Look there, inhuman monsters — 'tis my son.
 These hands had never worn this purple hue,
 Nor this dear offspring perish'd but for you.
 Now, ruffians, now with happy transport strike,
 Feed on the mother and the babe alike. 330
 Why heaves your breast with such unusual awe ?
 Have I alone offended nature's law ?
 Why stare you all on me ? such horrid food
 Befits ye best, ye lustful sons of blood."

Furious she spoke, and staring, desp'rate wild, 335
 Plung'd home the sword, and died upon her child.
 The dreadful sight all pow'r of speech controuls,
 And harrows up even these barbarian souls.
 In dire amaze they cast their eyes around,
 And fear an angry God in ev'ry sound ; 340
 While the whole city, at the scene dismay'd,
 Call'd loud for death, the wretches last kind aid.
 E'en to the king the dreadful rumour ran,
 His bowels yearn'd—he felt himself a man.
 At each recital tender passions rose, 345
 And tearful mercy wept a nation's woes.

O God, he cried, to whom my thoughts are bare,
 Who knowest all I can, and all I dare,
 To thee I lift these hands unstain'd with blood,
 Thou know'st I war not 'gainst my country's good. 350
 To

To me impute not nor their crimes nor woes,
 Let Mayenne say, from whence the ruin flows.
 For all these ills, let him advance the plea,
 Which tyrants only use, necessity;
 To be thy country's foe, Mayenne, be thine, 355
 To be its father, be that duty mine.
 I am their father, and would wish to spare
 Rebellious children with a father's care.
 Should my compassion then but madly arm.
 A desperate rebel to extend his harm? 360
 Or must I lose my regal crown to shew
 Indulgent mercy on a subject foe?
 Yes—let him live, and if such mercy cost
 So dear a price as all my kingdoms lost,
 Let this memorial dignify my grave, 365
 To rule o'er foes I sought not, but to save.

He said, and bad the storms of vengeance cease,
 And hush'd the tumults with returning peace.
 Paris again her cheerful accents heard,
 And willing troops obey'd their Henry's word. 370
 Now on the walls the throng impetuous swarms,
 And all around, pale, trembling, wasted forms,
 Stalk like the ghosts, which from the shades of night,
 Compell'd by magic force, revisit light,
 When potent magi with enchantments fell 375
 Invoke the pow'rs below, and startle hell.
 What admiration swell'd each happy breast
 To find a guardian in their foe profess!
 By their own chiefs deserted and betray'd,
 An adverse army lent a willing aid. 380
 These pikes, which late dealt slaughter all around,
 With desperate force no longer rear'd to wound,
 Now kindly rais'd to second Henry's care,
 On their stain'd points the cheering nurture bear.
 "Are these, said they, the monsters of mankind? 385
 "Are these the workings of a tyrant mind?
 "This the proud king, sad outcast of his God,
 "His passions easy slave, and people's rod?



" No, 'tis the image of that pow'r above,
 " Who acts with justice, and delights in love; 390
 " He triumphs, yet forgives, nor seeks to shew
 " Revenge's malice on a conquer'd foe.
 " Nay more, he comforts, and with royal grace
 " Extends assistance to a rebel race.
 " Be Discord banished from this glorious hour, 395
 " And our blood flow but to cement his pow'r;
 " And steady zeal, no longer faction's slave,
 " For him employ that life, he wish'd to save."

Such was the language Paris' sons express,
 While soft emotions fill'd each grateful breast. 400
 But who, alas! can strong assurance ground
 On sickly friendship, which exhales in sound?
 What hopes from such a race so light and vain,
 Who only idly rise to fall again?
 For now the priests, whose curst designing arts 405
 Had rais'd the flames of discord in their hearts,
 Flock'd round the people—O ye sons of shame,
 " Cowards in war, and christians but in name,
 " Is't thus your weakness from your God would fly,
 " Think on the martyrs and resolve to die; 510
 " Think on the paths their holy army trod,
 " Nor, for preserving life, offend your God,
 " Think of the crown religion's sure to bring,
 " Nor wait for pardon from a tyrant king.
 " Fain would he lead your steady faith astray, 415
 " And warp your conscience to his dang'rous way.
 " With zeal defend religion's holy laws,
 " Death has no terrors in a christian cause."

So spake they vengeful, and with purpose dire
 Blacken'd the king, 'till fell rebellion's fire 420
 Flam'd out afresh, and full of desperate strife
 They scorn to own the debt of forfeit life.
 'Midst all these clamours Henry's virtue known
 Pierc'd thro' the skies to God's eternal throne.
 Louis, from whom the Bourbon race begun, 425
 Saw now the roll of time completely done,
 When

When his son's error should be purg'd away,
 And pure religion beam her certain ray.
 Then from his breast fled all the train of fears,
 And faith establish'd dried up all his tears.
 Then soothing hope, and fond paternal love, 430
 Prov'd his sure guides to heav'nly paths above.

Before all time, in pure effulgence bright,
 The God of Gods had plac'd his throne of light;
 Heav'n is beneath his feet; pow'r, wisdom, love, 435
 Compose his essence; while the saints above,
 Triumphant hosts, partake unfading joys,
 Which neither grief disturbs, nor time destroys.
 He speaks, the earth is chang'd, and frail mankind,
 The sport of error, and in councils blind, 440
 Events perceiv'd, but causes undescried,
 Accuse God's wisdom in their selfish pride.
 Such were the Goths of old, and barb'rous Huns
 The num'rous Turk, and Afric's tawny sons.
 All nations have their mighty tyrant, all 445
 Rise in their turns, and hasten to their fall.
 Yet not for ever tyrants sway their lands
 Oft falls the sceptre in more favour'd hands,
 And heav'n's vice-regents, in their actions known,
 Dispense God's favour's from a royal throne. 450

Now Louis, fire of Bourbon's glorious race,
 In plaintive words address'd the throne of grace.
 Lord of the world, if from the azure skies
 Thou look'st on mortals with confid'ring eyes,
 See how rebellion's hateful treason stains 455
 The gen'rous sons on fam'd Lutetia's plains.
 If all unmindful of a subject's awe,
 They spurn their king, nor heed the royal law,
 'Tis for thy faith their ardent bosoms feel,
 And disobedience springs from holy zeal. 460
 Behold the king, of try'd illustrious worth,
 The terror, love, example of the earth,
 With so much virtues could'st thou form his mind,
 To leave him pathless, and in errors blind?

Must thy most perfect work forego all bliss, 465
 And only Henry thank his God amiss?
 Let him henceforth mistaken notions shun,
 Give France a master and the church a son.
 The ready subjects to their monarch bring,
 And to his subjects true restore the king. 470
 So in thy praise may all our hearts unite,
 And a whole city worship God a-right.

His humble pray'rs th' eternal maker heard,
 And spoke assent; earth trembled at his word:
 The Leaguers stood amaz'd, and Henry's breast 475
 Glow'd with that faith, which God himself imprest.
 When from her mansion, near th' eternal throne,
 Truth, dear to mortals, tho' sometimes unknown,
 Descends, a veil of clouds, with ample shade
 Conceal'd from mortal ken the lovely maid, 480
 Till by degrees, as at th' approach of day
 The shadowy mist melts all dissolv'd away:
 Full to the sight now all the goddesses shone,
 Clear as heav'n's light, and cheerful as the sun.

Henry, whose bosom from his early youth 485
 Had felt the longing of eternal truth,
 With faith avow'd, and pure religion glows,
 Which baffles man, and reason darkly knows;
 With will convinc'd reveres the holy see,
 Which always one, howe'er dispers'd and free; 490
 Beneath one chief adores in every place,
 In all her happy saints, God's wond'rous grace.
 Christ, for our sins who shed his purest blood,
 Now, for his chosen flock, the living food,
 To the king's self who bows with secret dread, 495
 Shews his true godhead in the hallow'd bread;
 The monarch, deep imprest with holy awe,
 Adores the wonders of the sacred law.

Now fainted Louis, at the Lord's command,
 The peaceful olive waving in his hand, 500
 Came down from heav'n; a ready guide to bring
 To Paris' op'ning walls their convert king.

In

In God's own name, by whom all monarchs reign,
He enter'd Paris; while the Leaguer train
Bow submissive, e'en the meddling priests 505
Are dumb, and all around with jocund feasts
And cries of joy the vaulted heav'ns ring,
And hail at once a conqu'rer, father, king.
Henceforth all nations own'd his regal state,
Too soon determined, as began too late. 510
The Austrian trembled; and by Rome approv'd,
In Henry's virtues was his Rome belov'd.
Discord was exil'd from Lutetia's shore,
And Mayenne brave, a rebel now no more,
Himself, his province, in subjection brings, 215
The best of subjects to the best of kings.

8

B

BATTLE of FONTENOY:

A

P O E M



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D

I

In de the p fi F v Y t



DEDICATION

TO THE

K I N G.

May it please your Majesty,

I HAD not the presumption to dedicate the first essay of the following work to you, apprehensive that I might thereby offend the delicacy of the most modest of conquerors; but your Majesty should consider, that this is not a panegyric; it is in part a faithful picture of the most glorious battle that ever was fought since that of *Bouvines*. It contains the sentiments of France, though but weakly expressed; it is a poem without exaggeration, and consists of important truths, without any mixture either of fiction or flattery. Your Majesty's name will transmit this weak sketch to posterity as an authentic monument of so many glorious actions performed in your presence, and in imitation of your great example.

Vouchsafe then, royal Sir, to add to the favour of permitting this address, that of accepting the profound respects of the least of your subjects, but the warmest of your admirers,

VOLTAIRE.

RECEIVED
JAN 10 1904
U.S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE
WASHINGTON

REPORT

ON

THE
CULTURE
OF THE
SILK
WORM
IN
THE
UNITED
STATES
OF
AMERICA
BY
J. B. HEDGECOCK
AND
J. D. HEDGECOCK
WASHINGTON
1904

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1904

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

'T IS well known to the public, that this work, composed at first with all the rapidity of zeal, was considerably increased in every subsequent edition. All the different circumstances of the victory at *Fon-tenoy*, which were from day to day heard of at *Paris*, deserved to be particularly celebrated; and what was at first only a poem, consisting of about a hundred lines, is now swelled into a work, which contains above three hundred and forty; but care has been taken to preserve it in the same order, which consists in the prelude, the action, and the conclusion. This order has been even put in a still clearer light, by giving in this edition a description of the several nations of which the enemy's army was composed, and specifying their three different attacks.

The nations, over which *Lewis* the fourteenth triumphed, are here painted in their true colours; but nothing injurious is said of them: for example; where it is said of the *Dutch*, that they formerly shook off the yoke of *cruel Austria*, the obvious meaning of the words is, *the yoke of Austria then cruel to them*; for *Austria* is now by no means cruel to the *States General*; and the queen of *Hungary*, who adds so much to the glory of the house of *Austria*, is not ignorant of the profound respect that the *French* bear to her person and virtues, at the same time that they are obliged to fight against her.

Where it is said in speaking of the *English*, *ferocity gives way to valour*, care has been taken to apprise the reader.

reader in notes to all the different editions, that this reproach of ferocity falls upon the soldiers alone.

Certain it is, that when the *English* troops filed off from *Fontenoy*, many soldiers of that nation cried out, *no quarter*. 'Tis likewise known, that when M. de *Sechelles* seconded the king's intentions with extraordinary foresight, and caused as much care to be taken of the wounded prisoners of the enemy as of our own men, some of the *English* foot were guilty of outrages against our soldiers when in the waggons, which carried off the wounded both of the vanquished and victorious party. Officers, who have pretty nearly the same education all over *Europe*, have the same generosity of disposition; but there are countries, where the common people, free from restraint, are more fierce and brutal than elsewhere. The author has not, for that reason, been more sparing in his praises of the valour and conduct of that nation; and he has taken particular care never to mention the duke of *Cumberland*, without bestowing upon him those eulogiums, which his qualities exact from all the world.

Some foreigners have endeavoured to persuade the public, that the celebrated *Addison*, in his poem upon the campaign of *Hockstet*, has spoken more honourably of the king's household troops, than the author of the poem upon the battle of *Fontenoy*. The author, induced by this reproach, consulted Mr. *Addison*'s poem at the king's library, and was very much surprised to find a great deal more abuse than praise in it. The passage begins about the three hundredth line. There is no occasion either for citing or answering it; the king's household troops have sufficiently refuted it by conquering. The author does not mean to deny so great a poet, and so discerning a philosopher as Mr. *Addison*, his due praise; but he would have behaved in a manner more worthy of the name of poet and philosopher, if he had spoken with more caution of crowned heads, which even an enemy should respect; and if he had reflected, that the praises bestowed by
victors

victors upon the vanquished add a new laurel to the former, there is some reason to think, that when Mr. Addison was made secretary of state, the minister regretted the indecencies which had dropped from the author.

If the *English* poem overflows with gall, this on the other hand breathes nothing but humanity. The author's intention was to inspire benevolent sentiments, whilst he celebrated a battle. Perish the wretch, who can take delight in nothing but in pictures of destruction and representations of human misery.

The people of *Europe* have principles of humanity, which are not to be found in the other quarters of the world; they are better united with each other; they have certain laws, which are common to them all; all their royal families are related; the inhabitants of each kingdom travel amongst their neighbours, and by that means keep up a reciprocal connexion with them. The *European* christians are in this respect in the same state with the antient *Greeks*; they are engaged in frequent wars with each other; but, in the midst of these dissensions, they generally observe so much decorum and politeness, that it often happens, that a *Frenchman*, an *Englishman*, and a *German* meeting, seem to be natives of the same city. True it is, that the *Lacedæmonians* and *Thebans* were less polished than the people of *Athens*; but the several different nations of *Greece* looked upon each other as allies, who never waged war but with a view to the re-establishment of peace; and they seldom insulted enemies, who were to become their friends in a few years. It is upon this principle the author has endeavoured to make this work a monument of the *French* monarch's glory, not of the shame of the nations over which he triumphed. He would be concerned, could he be justly charged with having wrote against them with as much bitterness, as is to be met with in some of the invectives, which *Frenchmen* have written against a poem composed

posed by one of their countrymen; but the jealousy between author and author is much stronger than that between nation and nation.

It is said of the *Swiss*, that they are our *antient friends and fellow citizens*, because they have been so these two hundred and fifty years past. It is said of the foreigners that serve in our armies, that they followed the example set them by the king's household troops and by our other forces; because 'tis in effect the part of the nation that fights for its prince to set the example, and a more noble example was never set before. That the *French* excel all other nations in valour and politeness can never be denied. A certain author has had the impudence to assert, that the following verse,

Je vois cet etranger qu'on croit né parmi nous,

was meant as a compliment to a general born in *Saxony* for having the air of a *Frenchman*. Air and deportment are here entirely out of the question: any man of common discernment will plainly perceive, that the meaning of the verse is, that this general's attachment to the king was as great, as if he had been born his subject.

This criticism is much of a piece with that of a certain person, who advanced, that it was not proper to say of the same general, that he was dangerously ill, when in effect his courage made him forget the sad situation to which he was reduced, and enabled him to triumph at once over the weakness of his body and the enemies of his king.

Decency admits of no other answer to those, who have so notoriously violated its laws.

The author's sole view was to recite faithfully whatever came to his knowledge, and his only regret was the

the not having it in his power to celebrate all the glorious actions he has since heard of, confined as he was by want of time and the little extent of his work ; it was not in his power to say every thing, but all that he has said is true : adulation would have disgraced a work, whose basis is the glory of the nation. He was so entirely engrossed by the pleasure of telling the truth, that he did not think of sending his work to the great personages celebrated in it, till it had gone through six editions.

All who are named therein had not equal opportunities of signalizing themselves. The colonel, who at the head of his regiment waited the order to advance, could not do as important services as the lieutenant-general, who might have given the advice to attack the English forces with vigour, and who in consequence thereof headed the king's household troops against them. But if the great action of one deserves to be related, the ardent courage of the other should by no means be passed over in silence. One receives general praises for his valour, another is celebrated for some particular service ; the wounds of some are commemorated, the tribute of grief is paid to the death of others.

In this manner the celebrated *Monf. Despreaux* did justice to the memory of those, who had been concerned in passing the *Rhine*. He cites about twenty names ; there are in this poem above sixty, and the reader would find four times the number, did the nature of the work admit of it.

It would be something extraordinary, if, whilst *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Tasso* have described the wounds of a thousand imaginary warriors, a modern poet should not be allowed the privilege of celebrating those of real heroes, who lavished their blood for their king and country, amongst whom there were several whom he had the honour of knowing, and whose loss he sincerely regrets.

The

The scrupulous attention given to this edition should vouch for the several facts related in the poem. There is not one but what should be dear to the nation, and to the several families interested in them. Indeed, who can avoid been sensibly affected in reading the name of a son, a brother, a dear relation, or a friend, killed, wounded, or risking his life in a battle which will be for ever famous; who, I say, can avoid being affected at reading such a name in a poem, which, weak as it is, has been more than once honoured by the perusal of our monarch, and which his majesty permitted to be dedicated to him, only because he overlooked his own eulogium, in consideration of that of the officers, who fought and conquered under his command.

The author's work should rather be looked upon as the production of a good citizen than of a poet. He did not think it necessary to adorn this poem with fiction, especially during the first eagerness of the public, when the whole attention of *Europe* was engaged by interesting narratives of that victory purchased with so much blood.

Fiction may embellish a subject in itself less great, less interesting, or placed at such a distance as to cause less agitation in the mind. 'Twas three months after the action that *Despreaux* amused himself by describing the passage over the *Rhine*; and that action, brilliant as it was, is not to be compared either for importance or danger to a pitched battle gained over an enemy skilled in the art of war, intrepid and superior in number, by a king, who, with his son, stood exposed during four hours to the fire of the artillery.

The author did not take the liberty of inserting in his poem some of those fictions, too great a number of which would only weaken the subject, and render it less striking and animated, till after he had indulged all the first emotions of zeal, and exerted himself to the utmost

utmost to praise those, who had faithfully served their country upon this important occasion ; and in this preface he has said nothing in prose, but what Mr. *Addison* himself has said in verse in his celebrated poem upon the campaign of *Hockstet*. It is by no means difficult to represent *Venus*, two thousand years after the war of *Troy*, bestowing upon her son *Aeneas* arms forged by *Vulcan*, which were to render that hero invulnerable. It is equally easy to paint a deity presenting him with the sword, which he was to plunge into the breast of his enemy. The counsel of the gods may be assembled, and all hell let loose ; *Alecto* may pour her poison into the hearts of men, and intoxicate their minds with frenzy ; but neither the taste of the age, the subject of the poem which is a recent event, or the narrow limits to which it is confined, admit of those picturesque allegories, which are now worn thread-bare by the poets. The world should excuse a citizen, deeply affected with his subject, for giving more scope to the emotions of his heart than the sallies of his imagination ; and the author acknowledges, that he felt more in writing these lines,

Tu meurs, jeune Craon ; que le ciel moins severe
Veille sur les destins de ton genereux frere !

than if he had called up the Furies to deprive some youthful warrior of life.

Divine agents are necessary in an epic poem, especially when the heroes of fabulous ages are introduced. But here it is the true *Jupiter*, the true *Mars*, a king intrepid in the midst of danger, and who ventures his life for subjects of whom he is the father. 'Tis he, 'tis his son, 'tis those who conquered under his auspices, that the poet intended, and that it was his duty, to represent. Add to this, that the few, who have a competent knowledge of our poetry, are well aware, that it is much easier to make heaven, earth and hell engage in a battle, than to distinguish, by just and sensible images, carbineers who carry
screw'd

ſcrew'd fuzils ; grenadiers ; dragoons, who fight both on foot and horſeback ; to mention retrenchments raiſed in a hurry ; an enemy that advances in a battalion ; and in a word to ſpeak in verſe of things, which have hitherto never been ſpoken of except in proſe.

This was the opinion of Mr. *Addiſon*, at once an ingenious poet and a judicious critic. In the poem by which he has immortalized the campaign of *Hockſtet*, he has uſed much leſs fiction than has been admitted by the author of that upon the battle of *Fontenoy*. He was not ignorant, that the duke of *Marlborough* and prince *Eugene* would have been but little pleaſed to ſee gods, where only the great actions of men ſhould be diſplayed. He was likewiſe aware, that the exploits of antiquity may be heightened by invention ; but that thoſe of the moderns run great riſk of being weakened by inſipid allegories ; he took a much wiſer courſe, he intereſted all *Europe* in his action.

Theſe ſhort poems of three or four hundred lines upon the affairs of the preſent age, reſemble a tragedy in one reſpect ; the ground-work of them ſhould be of itſelf intereſting, and foreign ornaments are almoſt always ſuperfluous.

It was judged proper to ſpecify the different corps that engaged, their arms, their poſts, and the place where they attacked the enemy ; relate that the *Engliſh* battalion penetrated to our ranks, and ſhew how it was routed and broken by the king's houſhold troops, the carbineers, the gens d'arms, the *Norman* regiment, the *Iriſh* brigade, &c. Had not the author entered into a circumſtantial detail of theſe particulars, in which ſo much heroism was diſplayed, the battle of *Fontenoy* would be in nothing diſtinguiſhed from that of *Telbiac*. *Monſ. Despreaux*, in his poem upon the paſſage of the *Rhine*, has the following lines :

Revel

Revel les suit de pres ; sous ce chief redouté.
Marche de cuirassiers l'escadron indompté.

Next *Revel* follows, under whose command
Marches of cuirassiers a hardy band.

The author of the following poem has given a picturesque description of the carbineers, instead of calling them by their name, which is more unharmonious than that of cuirassiers. It was thought more advisable to characterise the several provinces of the general officers, than to give in verse the names of such of that list as were killed.

The author has, however, thought proper to call the king's household troops by that name, rather than make use of any other term : this name household troops, which comprizes so many invincible bodies, contains an idea sufficiently great, without the addition of any other figure. Mr. *Addison* himself has given them no other name. The rapidity of the action furnishes another reason for using this term.

Vous peuple de heros dont la foule s'avance,
Louis, son fils, l'état, l'*Europe* est en vos mains.
Maison du roy, marchez, &c.

The addition of another syllable would have rendered the last line altogether flat and prosaic.

It was judged proper not to deviate a moment from the gravity of the subject. *Despreaux* indeed, writing of the passage over the *Rhine*, pretty nearly in the style of his epistles, has mixed the facetious with the heroic ; for immediately after the following verses,

Un bruit s'épand qu' Enguien & Condé sont passez ;
Condé dont le seul nom fait tomber les Murailles,
Vol. XX. K Force

Force les escadrons et gagne les Botailles,
Enguien, de son Hymen, le seul & digne fruit, &c.

That *Enguien* and *Condé* now are past,
The busy goddesses fame aloud declares ;

Condé, whose force o'erturns walls built to last,
Whose uprais'd arm all adverse power o'erbears.
Enguien, the worthy son of such a fire.

He proceeds thus :

Bientôt—mais *Wurts*, s'oppose à l'ardeur que m'anime,
Finiſſons ; il est tems ; aussi bien si la rime
Alloit, mal à propos, m'engager dans *Arnheim*,
Je n'en fai, pour sortir, de porte qu'*Hildesheim*.

Soon—but *Wurts* quenches my poetic fire.
Our song let's finish, let's finish in good time,
For if perversely wicked rhyme
Should lead the roving muse to *Arnheim*,
She could not pass except by *Hildesheim*.

Those, who have wished, that the author, in his narrative poem upon the battle of *Fontenoy*, had adopted some strokes of this familiar style of *Boileau*, seem not to have sufficiently distinguished times and places, nor to have duly weighed the difference between an epistle and a work of a more serious and severe sort. What is graceful in the epistolary way, might be quite the reverse in the heroic.

It would be improper to say any thing farther upon art and taste in writing at the head of a work which turns upon the most important interests, and which should fill the mind entirely with the ideas of the glory of our king and the happiness of our country.



P O E M

UPON THE

BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

WHAT! could the bard, whose fam'd satiric
 lays
 Have gain'd a wreath of never-fading bays ;
 His voice, inspir'd by energy divine,
 Paint delug'd o'er with blood the banks of *Rhine* ;
 Sing how her billows, struck with horror, fled,
 Whilst her defenders round by thousands bled ;
 How even her god was seiz'd with dire dismay,
 And to our conquering ancestors gave way !
 And when your king, in fields with crimson dy'd,
 Sees instant death fly round on every side ;
 And from proud Tournay, where with ceaseless roar,
 His mortal engines urg'd the siege before,
 Retires suspending the besieger's rage,
 And takes the field impatient to engage ;
 Whilst his great son, by love of glory led,
 For tented fields forsakes the nuptial bed :

Great thro' his valour, happy thro' his care,
 Can you, my countrymen, to praise forbear?
 Behold your monarch deathless glory gain,
 Where Fontenoy extends her spacious plain.
 Glory and virtue, powers divine attend;
 You, who our monarch aid, and who defend;
 Bellona, goddess of the dreadful fight,
 Minerva, who in wisdom dost delight:
 Thou, ruling passion of each gen'rous heart,
 Our countries love, your succour now impart;
 My labouring breast, oh! pow'rs divine inspire,
 And fill the poet with a warrior's fire;
 Paint their great actions in a deathless page,
 Such as may live to ev'ry distant age:
 My soul on fancy's pinions wings her way,
 The adverse hosts already I survey;
 Their bands I see with mutual hate engage,
 I see the battle glow with tenfold rage;
 I see the haughty Saxon there advance,
 * Maurice amongst us deem'd a son of France;
 Hov'ring upon the brink of endless night,
 His soul was just prepar'd to take its flight;
 But he delay'd, he stopp'd its flying wing,
 He could not unassisted leave the king:
 One single day to live was his desire,
 Contented after conquest to expire.
 Propitious heav'n, watch o'er the hero's fate,
 For Lewis' sake and ours prolong his date.
 The French forsaking, † Harcourt joins our host,
 Each danger is foreseen, assign'd each post;
 Attach'd both to his country and the throne,
 ‡ Noailles, the good of France regards alone.
 The mighty D'eu §, whose birth from Condé springs,
 D'eu, whose right arm the Gallic light'ning wings;
 The

* The count de Saxe, marshal of France, being dangerously ill during the battle, was carried thro' the ranks in a litter, as his weakness, and the pains he felt, rendered him unable to ride. When the king embraced him after the victory, he expressed the same sentiments that are ascribed to him here.

† The duke of Harcourt had invested Tournay.

‡ A marshal of France.

§ Master of the artillery.

* The chief, for youth remark'd, for valour more,
 Whose great exploits the Mayne had seen before :
 Buffler and Luxemburgh untaught to yield,
 Depons, Bavaria, hasten to the field ;
 The stroke decisive at their posts they wait,
 Their men attend with sanguine hope elate :
 † Danoy, who still with fortune favour found,
 Berenger for the Rhine's defence renow'd ;
 Chabanes, Colbert, and Gallerande advance,
 Du Chaila, all the hardy chiefs of France ; §
 These, in the silent horror of the night,
 Wait with impatience for the promis'd fight.
 Already from the East, the dawn of day
 Upon the colours darts a feeble ray ;
 Colours, which various diff'rent nations bear,
 That threat'ning death wave proudly in the air.
 The Flemings rul'd by France in time of yore,
 Who then knew plenty which they know no more ;
 The Dutch to whom the Indies homage pay,
 By industry and freedom rais'd to sway,
 Who, long oppress'd by Austria's laws severe,¹
 Now arm for those whose yoke they could not bear ;
 The Hanoverian's constant, faithful band,
 To combat brave, and prompt t' obey command ;
 The haughty Austrians of past greatness vain,
 And the long glories of their Cæsar's reign :
 Chief the aspiring nation, that with pride,
 Beholds her greatness swell on ev'ry side ;
 And of the Gallic glory jealous still,
 Thinks Europe's balance subject to her will.
 All these pour on us eager to engage,
 By hope seduc'd, by hatred fir'd to rage ;

K 3

The

* The duke of Penthièvre, who had signalized himself at the battle of Dettingen.

† Monsieur de Danoy was taken by his nurse out of a heap of dead and dying men, at the battle of Malplaquet, two days after it was fought: this is a certain fact. The same woman came with a passport, accompanied by a serjeant of the king's regiment, in which he was then an officer.

§ The lieutenant-generals in their several departments.

The never-conquer'd genius of the state
Attends our monarch, and defies their hate ;
Rous'd by the din of war the gods repair,
From rivers, woods, and floods to fields of air ;
Doubtful for whom their silver stream shall flow,
And in whose fertile plains their harvests grow :
Fortune displays a laurel wreath on high,
And hov'ring near them wings the azure sky :
Provok'd that, independent of her sway,
Valour alone shall win the glorious day.
Cumberland, who the Allied hosts commands,
To firm array draws out his hardy bands ;
Not where Scamander flow'd in many a round,
Under those walls in antient song renown'd,
Did the great heroes of that famous age,
Like these with order in the field engage.
But such was Scipio, such the chief, whose fate
In ruin plung'd the Carthaginian state ;
Skill, equal to their courage, they display'd,
Each to his rival's worth due homage paid.
Ruin and death in various forms appear,
But Lewis' dauntless bosom knows no fear.
With their rude throats a hundred cannon gave
The signal, then march'd forth the Squadron brave ;
With firm and speedy pace, in just array,
Towards our ranks they took their hostile way ;
Before them terror stalks a phantom dire,
Onward they march, environ'd round with fire ;
Thus a thick cloud by winds is borne on high,
Whence light'ning, thunder, and destruction fly.
They come, those rivals of our monarch's fame,
More fierce than we, their worth perhaps the same ;
Still proud of their exploits in times of yore,
Bourbons revenge whate'er the Valois bore.
With direful shock the hosts three times engage,
Thrice change the ground, yet meet with equal rage,
The French, whose fire their leader strove to rein,
With art to prowess join'd their posts maintain ;
The cruel hand of death strikes either side,
And constant carnage swells the bloody tide.

By

BATTLE OF FONTENOY. 199

By the sword's edge, or by a leaden death,
 Chiefs, soldiers, officers, resign their breath :
 Swept by one common fate confus'dly die,
 And in promiscuous heaps expiring lie.
 Their parting groans transpierce the wounded air,
 And heaven's vengeance they implore by prayer.
 Grammont for valour, and for worth renown'd,
 Cover'd with wounds lies prostrate on the ground ;
 Blest had he known e'er sunk in endless night,
 That Lewis was victorious in the fight.
 What now avail his titles of command *,
 The warrior's truncheon which once grac'd his hand,
 Honours on which the great in vain presume,
 With them forgotten in the silent tomb.

† Craon you fall, may heav'n, grown less severe,
 Make your brave brother's fate its chiefest care :
 Say much lov'd Longaunay †, what art can save
 Such worth as thine from an untimely grave ?
 Those sons of Mars ||, who at their chiefs command,
 Darted like light'ning on the hostile band ;
 Stopt in their course impetuous, breathless fall,
 Their speed o'ertaken by the murd'rous ball ;
 As birds when shot in many an airy round,
 Descend and palpitate upon the ground.
 § D'Avray is by a hostile sabre slain,
 Daubeterre beholds upon th' ensanguin'd plain,
 Close by his side, his dauntless chiefs expire,
 Victims or to the hostile sword or fire ;

K 4

Warriors

* He was upon the point of being created a marshal of France.

† Nineteen officers belonging to the regiment of Hainault, were either killed or wounded. The prince de Beauveau, brother to Craon, afterwards served in Italy.

‡ Monsieur de Longaunay, colonel of the new grenadiers, died of his wounds after the battle.

|| General officers, Messrs. de Puisfigur, de Meziere, de St. Sauveur, de St. George.

§ The duke de Avray, colonel of the brown regiment.

Warriors, whom Chabillant, with Brancus leads,
 How many English slain appease your shades ?
 Mars, sanguinary God, 'our thanks we pay,
 That Colbert's noble * race escap'd that day:
 Ev'n war's fierce God in virtue takes delight,
 Since † Guerchy 'scapes uninjur'd from the fight .
 But thou, ‡ brave Dache, what shall be thy fate ?
 'Tis heav'n's to shorten, or protect our date.
 Hapless || Lutteaux, with wounds all cover'd o'er,
 Striving to cure thee, art but tortures more:
 You die in torments, while with ceaseless pray'r,
 We importune the Gods your life to spare.
 How many virtues does the tomb devour !
 How brilliant youth is nipt, e'en in its flower !
 What tears our bloody laurels should bedew !
 Conquests so dearly bought, how should we rue !
 Those valiant leaders perish in the field,
 Our happy lives each day new pleasures yield ;
 Voluptuous ease and luxury unite,
 To glut our souls with ev'ry soft delight.
 This bliss our sov'reign purchas'd at the head
 Of arm'd hosts, for this our warriors bled :
 Upon their tombs let's strew each fragrant flow'r,
 Let's save their names from black oblivion's power ;
 You, who the thunder roll'd, who felt its rage,
 § Thrice honour'd chief, live in our grateful page.
 Is there a man with heart unfeeling curst,
 Sparing to praise, and prone to think the worst,
 Who, led by sordid jealousy astray,
 Can envy them the tribute which I pay ?

If

* M. de Croissy, with his two sons and his nephew, M. Duplessis Chatillon, was slightly wounded.

† All the officers of his royal regiment were obliged, by their wounds, to quit the field : he alone escaped unhurt.

‡ M. Dache ('tis generally written Dapchier) a lieutenant-general.

|| M. de Lutteaux, a lieutenant-general, who died in the surgeon's hands.

§ M. du Brocard, field-marshal, and commander of the artillery

If there is one, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
 At public good, or feel for public woe ;
 Who hears this praise with a neglectful ear,
 Ungrateful men for Lewis learn to fear ;
 The fiery torrent, spreading as it goes,
 Fed with new fuel, still more furious grows :
 Not winter inundations, swell'd with rain,
 Not tides impetuous of the roaring main,
 Are half so rapid in their headlong course,
 Or rush precipitate with such a force,
 As the battalion, which in close array
 Against our adverse legions took its way ;
 They march'd with sabres brandish'd o'er their head,
 And cut a passage thro' the heaps of dead ;
 The god of battle for their side declar'd,
 Our monarch saw the danger and repair'd.
 His son, his only hope—lov'd prince, forbear,
 Where do you haste ? Is life not worth your care ?
 The Dauphin's danger only can inspire
 Lewis with dread, the son § fears for the fire ;
 For both our warriors fear, that fear alone,
 Touches their hearts, all other dread's unknown.
 † Guards of the king, protectors brave of France,
 Nation of heroes, who in crouds advance,
 Haste to the fight ; 'tis yours to fix our fate,
 Save Europe, save the king, the prince, and state.
 March, household troops, vanquish without delay,
 † Your chiefs to certain conquest lead the way.

K 5

You

§ A cannon ball covered a man with dirt who stood between the king and the dauphin ; and a servant of Mons. D'Argenson received a shot of a musquet just behind them.

* The king's guards, the gens d'arms, the light horse, the musqueteers, commanded by M. de Montesson, lieutenant-general, two batalions of the French and Swiss guards, &c.

† The prince of Soubise and Mons. de Peguigny are here named in the original ; the former undertook to second the count de la Mark in obstinately defending the post d'Anton : he afterwards headed the gens d'arms, whilst M. de Peguigny headed the light horse, which contributed not a little to the victory.

You hardy † veterans, whose experienc'd hands
 Lance distant death upon the hostile bands;
 § Advance, you chosen troops, our army's boast,
 With balls of fire annoy the adverse host;
 Squadrons of Lewis, crush those haughty foes,
 Courage like yours they're worthy to oppose.
 Richelieu, who flies where'er the hosts engage,
 Valiant with knowledge, and with ardour sage,
 Favourite of Love, by Mars to combat taught,
 By wisdom's goddess to express each thought;
 * He calls your bands; his soul discerning knows
 From whence your enemy's success arose;
 Depending on your valour Richelieu flies,
 And shews where you may win the victor's prize.
 † La Marck, † la Vanguion, chiefs renown'd in fight;
 Valiant Choiseul endu'd with matchless might,
 A turf retrenchment's weak defence oppose
 Against the fury of their warlike foes;
 Yet thus they stem the hostile torrent's force,
 And stay an army in its headlong course.
 D'Argenson, whom his father's presence fires,
 Whose bosom ardent zeal for France inspires;
 Struck with the danger of the best of kings,
 Excited by the blood from whence he springs,
 Attack'd three times that formidable band,
 Which like a fiery rampart seem'd to stand;
Stopp'd,

† The carbineers, a corps established by Lewis the XIVth; they fire with screwed carbines. Every body knows what high praises the king bestowed upon them in his letter.

§ The horse grenadiers, commanded by the chevalier de Grille; they march at the head of the king's household troops.

* A minister of state, who during the battle never once quitted the king, has used this expression concerning Mons. de Richelieu: *It was Mons. de Richelieu who gave this advice, and carried it into execution.*

† The count de la Marck at the post d'Antoin.

† M. La Vanguion, Choiseul, Meuse, &c. at the retrenchment raised in a hurry at the village of Fontenoy. Mons. de Crequi was not at that post, but headed the carbineers, as was said above.

Stopp'd, he undaunted to the charge returns,
 And with redoubl'd rage his bosom burns.
 Thus battering rams with strokes redoubled ply'd
 A town, whose ramparts shook on every side.
 That brilliant regiment, well known to fame *,
 With which fam'd Catinat the foe o'ercame,
 Came, saw, and fought; the glory they had gain'd,
 More glory still acquiring, they maintain'd.
 Young Castlemoron, glorious was thy part,
 In tender years you shew'd a manly heart;
 † Your feeble arm from the stern English bore
 The bloody standard, which they took before.
 But Chevrier falls a victim to their ire,
 And Love with sighs sees Monace expire.
 Ye English, twice Du Guesclin feels your rage;
 Shrink at that name, to you of dire presage.
 What brilliant hero, 'midst the horrid fray,
 Falls, and then rising, cuts himself a way?
 † Biron, thy ancestors on Ivry's plain
 Thus fought great Henry's empire to maintain.
 Such Grillon was in worth and rank supreme,
 Amongst the valiant a distinguish'd name:
 Such were Daumonts and Crequi's chiefs renown'd;
 The Montmorencys still with conquest crown'd;
 Heroes who brightly shone in former days,
 The sons now emulate their father's praise *.
 Such was Turenne, who in the field of fame
 Was taught by arms to win a deathless name,

Under

* Four squadrons of gens d'arms arrived after a seven hours march, and attacked the enemy.

† A mettlesome horse had hurried the cornet into the English battalion. *Monf. de Castelmoron*, who was then but fifteen years of age, accompanied with four more, went to retake it in the midst of the enemy's camp. *Monf. de Bellay* commanded the squadrons of gens d'arms; he had a horse killed under him. The same accident happened to *Monf. de Chimenes*, whilst he was forming a brigade that had been put in disorder.

‡ The duke of Biron commanded the infantry, when *M. de Lutteurs* was obliged to quit the field on account of his wounds; he charged successively at the head of almost all the brigades.

* *M. de Luxemburgh*, *M. de Loigni* and *M. de Tingri*.

Under another || chief of Saxon birth,
 Whose conquering arm with terror shook the earth.
 When in another Lewis' glorious days,
 Justice and Mars at once conspir'd to raise
 Gallia to grandeur never known before,
 And make the Austrian eagle cease to soar.
 Can polish'd courtiers, us'd to soft delight,
 Thus rush like lions furious to the fight?
 How grace and valour happily combine!
 How Boufflers, Meuze, d'Ayen and Duras shine!
 At Lewis' voice intrepid troops advance;
 Led by their king, how great the sons of France!
 They'll surely conquer headed by their fire,
 No headlong instinct does his soul inspire;
 Free from all passion, he, with mind serene,
 Can o'er himself and over fortune reign;
 His vigilance can suffer no surprise,
 No error cast a mist before his eyes;
 He marches like the cloud-compelling fire,
 Hurling at Titans heaven's vindictive fire,
 Whose boisterous rage he guided by a nod,
 And in the storm with brow unruffled trod.
 He marches thus; beneath his hosts the ground
 Groans, and the noise is echo'd all around;
 'The ocean roars; the Scheld its fountain's head
 Astonish'd seeks; with darkness heaven's o'erspread.
 Beneath a cloud, which with a hideous roar
 From northern caves the winds impetuous bore,
 The Valois' conquerors enrag'd descend;
 On you, great duke *, they cry'd, we all depend;
 Rally your hardy legions to the fight,
 Dutchmen, defend your barriers and your right.
 Since peace, you English, fills you with alarms
 Against a king who loves it turn your arms;
 Will you his valour as his friendship fear?
 In vain they urge, for Lewis soon draws near.

Their

|| The duke of Saxe-weimar, under whom the viscount de
 Turenne made his first campaigns. The present M. de Turenne
 is descended from that great man.

* The duke of Cumberland.

Their genius fails, the English lose the field,
 † Fierceness to valour is constrain'd to yield.
 The valiant Clare, who heads Hibernia's powers,
 At once defends his country's cause and ours.
 † Happy Helvetians, faithful race, and sage,
 With France united during many an age,
 Drawn up in close compacted firm array,
 You follow where fierce Neustrians § lead the way.
 || That Dane, that hero of immortal fame,
 Who from the frozen north to Gallia came,
 Beholds our nation with astonish'd eyes,
 When suddenly he hears a thousand cries,
 Or die, or to our force superior yield,
 Lewis at length has won the bloody field.
 Go, brave d'Estree *, the mighty work complete ;
 Go, chain the foes who have escap'd from fate.
 Let them implore his aid whom they defy'd,
 To yield to him will scarce abate their pride †.
 Swift after them these rapid warriors ride,
 Who like the dragon ‡, formerly their guide,

Are

† This reproach of ferocity is levelled at the soldiers alone, not at the officers, who are as generous as ours. I have been informed by letter, that when the English battalion fled off from Fontenoy, many of the soldiers belonging to that body cried out, no quarter.

‡ The regiments of Diesbach, Betens, Courten, &c. with battalions of the Swiss guards.

§ The Norman regiment, which charged the English battalion a second time, at the same time that the household troops, the gens d'armes, the carbineers, &c. poured down upon it.

|| M. de Lovendal.

* The count d'Estree at the head of his division, and M. de Brionne at the head of his regiment, had forced the English grenadiers sword in hand.

† Since the reign of St. Lewis, no king of France had in person defeated the English in a pitched battle.

‡ Some troops of dragoons were sent in pursuit of the enemy: that corps was commanded by the duke de Chevreuse, who had distinguished himself in the fight at Sahi, where he had received several

Are prompt to fight on foot, or urge the steed
 Against the foe, and noted for their speed.
 Thus in Numidia's plains, with rapid race,
 Intrepid bands of hunters urge the chase;
 Across the field the foaming courfers bound,
 They climb the hills, the forests they surround;
 The snares are spread, the hunters watch with care,
 And balls and pointed javelins pierce the air;
 With wounds the bloody leopards covered o'er
 Make the wide forests echo with their roar;
 Then to some shady wood's recess repair,
 To hide their rage, and howl in secret there.
 Enough our foes as well as friends have bled,
 Too long you walk on mountains of the dead.
 § Noailles, retire with your triumphant bands,
 Mars overjoy'd sees their victorious hands;
 Draw to our camp those tubes for ruin fram'd,
 Whose thunder at our heads so long was aim'd.
 Come, turn against the foe their hostile balls,
 And with them batter Tournay's lofty walls;
 Tournay, the Dutchman's barrier and retreat,
 || Which was of Gallic monarchs once the seat.
 Tournay surrenders, terrors Ghent * invade,
 Disturb'd and restless the fifth Charles' † shade.

With

several wounds. The most probable opinion with regard to the etymology of the word dragoon is, that there was the figure of a dragon upon their standards in the time of the marshal de Brissac, who raised that corps during the wars of Piedmont.

§ The count de Noailles attacked the battallion of English infantry with a brigade of horse, which afterwards took their artillery.

|| Tournay was the principal city belonging to the French under the first race of their kings. The tomb of Childeric was found there.

* The city of Ghent was surrendered to his Majesty on the 11th of July, after Mons. de Chaila, at the head of the brigades of Crillon and Normandy, the regiment of Grassin, &c. had defeated a body of English.

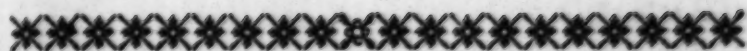
† Charles the fifth was born at Tournay in the year 1500, on the 25th of February. Philip, arch duke of Austria, was his father, and Joan of Castile heiress to the crown of Spain, his mother.

With dismal cries makes from the town retreat,
 Where he was born to be by conquest great.
 He flies, but what beholds the frighted ghost ?
 Those spacious plains all covered by our host ;
 Routed and broke he sees the English bands,
 Leaving their standards in our soldiers hands ;
 The Dutch in vain retiring from the stroke,
 Whilst on the ground Ghent's ruin'd ramparts smoke,
 The place that gave the † first of Cæsars birth,
 By Lewis' car triumphant crush'd to earth.
 Thrice happy French, 'tis not your only boast,
 That to sure conquest Lewis led your host ;
 That bearing death and terror thro' the field
 He could with brow serene his thunder wield ;
 His greatest triumph is, that, mild as brave,
 He wept the slaughter'd foe he could not save :
 That victor, modest with heroic mind,
 Lavish in others' praise, he praise declin'd ;
 And that he strove, at once humane and brave,
 To snatch the wounded warrior from the grave.
 Those mangled captives, by our soldiers borne
 From hungry death's devouring jaws scarce torn,
 The fury of the battle over, find,
 In the mild victors, benefactors kind.
 Oh real greatness ! Conquest ever blest !
 Can any foe have such a ruthless breast,
 Our monarch's royal virtues not to own,
 And wish to be the subject of his throne ?
 The empire soon with peace his arms shall bless,
 Germans and English both his worth confess.
 Bavaria wondering his exploits survey'd,
 And griev'd at having lost his powerful aid.
 Naples is safe, and Turin in alarms,
 The kings, his allies, triumph by his arms ;
 To Seine from Ebro 'tis by all confess,
The first of heroes is of kings the best.
 Kind heaven our monarch with that title grace,
 Dear to himself and to the human race,

That

† Of the modern Cæsars, i. e. the emperors of Germany.

That prize of virtue, highest pitch of fame,
The peace-maker's august and holy name ;
And may a life, on which our lives depend.
Be blest with ease, and to late time extend.
You warriors brave, who emulate your king,
The hero to his grateful people bring ;
Palms in their hands, your fellow subjects burn
For your long wish'd-for prosperous return ;
Your wives and children, with your past distress
And danger terrified, around you press.
They haste with ardour to your lov'd embrace,
With tears of joy to bathe each manly face.
Your wish'd return no longer then delay,
Kind love prepares the prize of worth to pay.



P O E M S

UPON THE

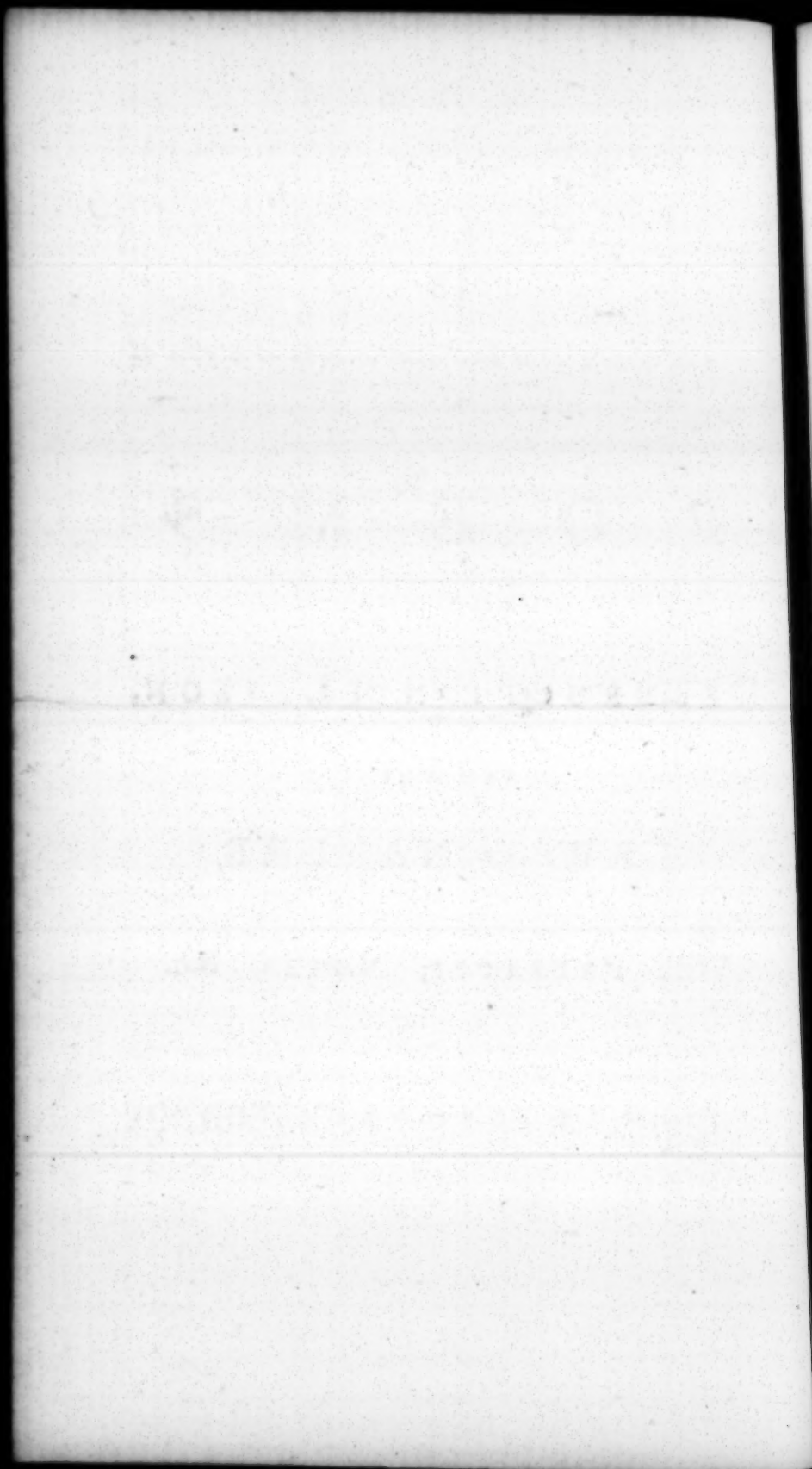
DESTRUCTION of LISBON,

AND THE

LAW OF NATURE.

With PREFACES, NOTES, &c.







The AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

IF the question concerning physical evil ever deserves the attention of men, it is in those melancholy events which put us in mind of the weakness of our nature; such as plagues, which carry off a quarter of the inhabitants of the known world; the earthquake which swallowed up four hundred thousand of the *Chinese* in 1699, that of *Lima* and *Callao*, and, in the last place, that of *Portugal*, and the kingdom of *Fex*. The maxim, *whatever is, is right*, appears somewhat extraordinary to those who have been eye-witnesses of such calamities: All things are doubtless arranged and set in order by providence, but it has long been too evident, that its superintending power has not disposed them in such a manner as to promote our temporal happiness.

When the celebrated *Pope* published his *Essay on Man*, and expounded in immortal verse the systems of *Leibnitz*, Lord *Shaftsbury*, and Lord *Bolingbroke*, his system was attacked by a multitude of divines of a variety of different communions: They were shocked at the novelty of the propositions, *whatever is, is right*; and

and that *man always enjoys that measure of happiness which is suited to his being*. There are few writings that may not be condemned, if considered in one light, or approved of, if considered in another. It would be much more reasonable to attend only to the beauties and improving parts of a work, than to endeavour to put an odious construction upon it; but it is one of the imperfections of our nature to put a bad interpretation upon whatever has a dubious sense, and to run down whatever has been successful.

In a word, it was the opinion of many, that the axiom, *whatever is, is right*, was subversive of all our receiv'd ideas. If it be true, said they, that whatever is, is right, it follows, that human nature is not degenerated. If the general order requires, that every thing should be as it is, human nature has not been corrupted, and consequently could have had no occasion for a redeemer. If this world, such as it is, be the best of systems possible, we have no room to hope for a happy future state. If the various evils, by which man is overwhelm'd, end in general good, all civiliz'd nations have been wrong in endeavouring to trace out the origin of moral and physical evil. If a man devour'd by wild beasts, causes the well-being of those beasts, and contributes to promote the order of the universe; if the misfortunes of individuals are only the consequence of this general and necessary order, we are nothing more than wheels which serve to keep the great machine in motion; we are not more precious in the eyes of God, than the animals by whom we are devour'd.

These are the inferences which were drawn from Mr. *Pope's* poem; and these very conclusions increased the sale and success of the work. But it should have been seen in another point of view. Readers should have considered the reverence for the Deity, the resignation to his supreme will, the useful morality, and the spirit of toleration, which breathe thro'

thro' this excellent poem. This the public has done, and the work being translated by men equal to the task, has completely triumph'd over critics, tho' it turn'd upon matters of so delicate a nature.

It is the nature of over violent censurers to give importance to the opinions which they attack. A book is rail'd at on account of its success, and a thousand errors are imputed to it. What is the consequence of this? Men disgusted with these investives, take for truths the very errors which these critics think they have discover'd. Cavillers raise the phantoms on purpose to combat them, and indignant readers embrace these very phantoms.

Critics have declared, that *Pope* and *Leibnitz* maintain the doctrine of fatality: the partizans of *Leibnitz* and *Pope* have said, on the other hand; if *Leibnitz* and *Pope* have taught the doctrine of fatality, they were in the right, and all this invincible fatality we should believe.

Pope had advanc'd, that *whatever is, is right*, in a sense that might very well be admitted, and his followers maintain the same proposition in a sense that may very well be contested.

The author of the poem upon the destruction of Lisbon does not write against the illustrious *Pope*, whom he always lov'd and admir'd; he agrees with him in almost every particular, but compassionating the misery of man, he declares against the abuse of the new maxim, *whatever is, is right*. He maintains that antient and sad truth acknowledged by all men, that *there is evil upon earth*; he acknowledges, that the words, *whatever is, is right*, if understood in a positive sense, and without any hopes of a happy future state, only insult us in our present misery.

If

If when *Lisbon*, *Moquinxa*, *Tetuan*, and other cities were swallow'd up with a great number of their inhabitants in the month of *November* 1759, Philosophers had cry'd out to the wretches, who with difficulty escaped from the ruins, *all this is productive of general good; the heirs of those who have perish'd will increase their fortune; masons will earn money by rebuilding the houses; beasts will feed upon the carcases buried under the ruins, it is the necessary effect of necessary causes, your particular misfortune is nothing, it contributes to universal good.* Such an harangue would doubtless have been as cruel as the earthquake was fatal, and all that the author of the poem upon the Destruction of *Lisbon* has said, amounts only to this.

He acknowledges with all mankind, that there is evil as well as good upon the earth: he owns, that no philosopher has ever been able to explain the nature of moral and physical evil. He asserts, that Bayle, the greatest master of the art of reasoning that ever wrote, has only taught to doubt, and that he combats himself; he owns that man's understanding is as weak as his life is miserable. He lays a concise abstract of the several different systems before his readers. He says, that Revelation alone can untie the great knot which philosophers have only rendered more puzzling; and that nothing but the hope of our existence being continued in a future state can console us under our present misfortunes; that the goodness of providence is the only asylum in which man can take refuge in the darkness of reason, and in the calamities to which his weak and frail nature is exposed.

P. S. Readers should always distinguish between the objections which an author proposes to himself, and his answers to those objections, and should not mistake what he refutes for what he adopts.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT occasioned by the following passage of the above Preface: when the illustrious Pope expounded in his immortal Verse, the systems of Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Bolingbroke, &c.

Perhaps Mr. Pope's system was never before looked upon as the same with Lord Shaftesbury's; it is however, an incontestable truth that it is so: the whole physical part of it is to be met with, word for word, in the first part of the chapter, entitled, The Moralists, section the [first], beginning with, *Much is alledged in answer to shew, &c.* Many answers have been made to these complaints of the defects of nature. How can she have come so faulty and impotent out of the hands of a perfect being? But I deny that she is faulty, — her beauty is the result of contrarieties, and universal harmony springs from a perpetual combat. . . . Every thing that exists must be sacrificed to something else; vegetables to animals, animals to the earth . . . and the laws of central power and vegetation which gives the celestial bodies their weight and motion, will not be put in confusion for the sake of a wretched and weak animal, who, tho' protected by those laws, will soon be reduc'd to dust by them. This is admirable; yet notwithstanding this, Mr. Clarke, in his treatise upon the existence of God has declared, *That in the rank which the human species is placed in this present state, the order of things is inverted.* page 20. vol. ii. second edition, translated by Mr. Ricotie: Man may notwithstanding say, I should be as dear to my master, I that am a sensible and thinking being, as the planets which are probably without sensation; the affairs of this world might be otherwise notwithstanding this, since we are told, that order has been perverted, and will be re-established: notwithstanding this, moral and physical evil may be things incomprehensible to the human mind: notwithstanding this, Pope and Shaftesbury's maxim, *whatever is, is right*, may be justly called in question. The moral part of Pope's Essay on Man is likewise to be found entire in Shaftesbury, in the inquiry

[third]

quiry into the nature of moral virtue, at the beginning of the second volume of the *Characteristicks*. Therein the author lays it down as a maxim, that particular interest well understood, constitutes the general interest.

It is not only possible to love the public good as well as our own, but the latter sort of love is inseparably connected with the former. The words of Lord *Shaftesbury* are : *To be well affected towards the public interest and ones own, is not only consistent, but inseparable.* This he makes it his business to prove through the whole book ; and this is the basis of the moral part of *Pope's* Essay on Man. He concludes it by asserting,

*That reason, passion, answer one great aim,
That true self love and social are the same.*

Reason and passion conspire to produce the great end which the Deity has in view. True self-love and social love are, in effect, the same.

Such excellent morality much more forcibly inculcated in *Pope* than *Shaftesbury*, always gave high satisfaction to the author of the Poems upon the Destruction of Lisbon, and the Law of Nature : For this reason he speaks of the former in these terms,

*Mais Pope approfondit se qu'ils ont effleuré,
Et l'homme avec lui apprend à se connoître.*

Lord *Shaftesbury* farther proves, that the perfection of virtue must spring from the belief of a God. His words are, *and thus perfection of virtue must be owing to the belief of a God.*

It is most probable that these are the words which have induced some persons to look upon *Shaftesbury* as an atheist. If they had read his work with care, they

they would not have cast such an aspersions upon a Peer of *England*, and a philosopher educated by the sagacious *Locke*.

'Twas in the same manner Father *Hardouin* treated *Pascal*, *Mallebranche*, and *Arnaud* as atheists. Thus did Dr. *Lange* represent the respectable *Wolfius* as an atheist, for having spoken well of the morality of the *Chinese*: And *Wolfius* having alledged, in his vindication, the testimony of the Jesuits missionaries to *China*, the answer made by the Doctor was, *Does not every body know that the Jesuits are atheists?* Those, who lamented the affair of the devils of *Loudun*, which was such a disgrace to human nature; those, who were scandalized that a monk conducting *Urbain Grandier* to execution should strike him with an iron crucifix, were called atheists by the whole order. Those of the sect of Convulsionaries declared, in printed books, that all, who made a jest of their convulsions, were no better than atheists: and the Molinists have a hundred times given the same appellation to the Jansenists. About twenty years ago, when an author of reputation wrote upon inoculating for the small-pox, an author, never before heard of, expressed himself in the following terms, No one but an atheist, infected by the follies of the *English*, could be so mad as to advise his countrymen to incur an unavoidable disease, for the hope of a precarious cure.

The author of the Ecclesiastical Journal, who has so long enjoyed a plenary indulgence of writing against government, law, and reason, has, in one whole sheet, exerted himself to the utmost to prove that *Monf. de Montesquieu* was an atheist; and in another, that he was a Deist.

St. Sorlin des Maretz, known to the world by the Poem of *Clevis*, and by his fanaticism, one day seeing *La Motte le Vayer*, privy counsellor and preceptor to the king's brother, pass through the gal-

lery of the *Louvre*, cried out: *There goes a man, who has no sense of religion*; *La Motte* turned about, and made him this answer, *Friend, I have too much religion to be of yours*. To conclude, the odious and ridiculous practice of accusing all, who are not exactly of the same sentiments with us, of atheism, has contributed more than any other cause whatever to render controversy contemptible to all *Europe*.

POEM



P O E M

UPON THE

DESTRUCTION of LISBON:

OR,

An Inquiry into the Maxim, *Whatever
is, is right.*

OH wretched man, earth, fated to be curst ;
 Abyfs of plagues, and miseries the worst !
 Horrors on horrors, grief on griefs must shew,
 That man's the victim of unceasing woe,
 And lamentations, which inspire my strain,
 Prove that philosophy is false and vain.
 Approach in crowds, and meditate a while
 Yon shatter'd walls, and view each ruin'd pile,

L 2

Women

- Women and children heap'd up mountain high,
 10 Limbs crush'd, which under pond'rous marble lie ;
 Wretches unnumber'd in the pangs of death,
 Who, mangl'd, torn, and panting for their breath,
 Bury'd beneath their sinking roofs expire,
 And end their wretched lives in torments dire.
 15 Say, when you hear their piteous, half-form'd cries,
 Or from their ashes see the smoak arise,
 Say, will you then eternal laws maintain,
 Which God to cruelties like these constrain ?
 Whilst you these facts replete with horror view,
 20 Will you maintain death to their crimes was due ?
 And can you then impute a sinful deed
 To babes, who on their mothers' bosoms bleed ?
 Was then more vice in fallen Lisbon found,
 Than Paris, where voluptuous joys abound ?
 25 Was less debauchery to London known,
 Where opulence luxurious holds her throne ?
 Earth Lisbon swallows ; the light sons of France
 Protract the feast, or lead the sprightly dance.
 Spectators, who undaunted courage shew,
 30 While you behold your dying brethren's woe ;
 With stoical tranquillity of mind
 You seek the causes of these ills to find :
 But, when like us Fate's rigours you have felt,
 Become humane like us, you'll learn to melt.
 35 When the earth gapes my body to entomb,
 I justly may complain of such a doom.
 Hem'd round on every side by cruel fate,
 The snares of death, the wicked's furious hate,
 Prey'd on by pain and by corroding grief,
 40 Suffer me from complaint to find relief.
 'Tis pride, you cry, seditious pride, that still
 Asserts mankind should be exempt from ill.
 The awful truth on Tagus' banks explore,
 Rummage the ruins on that bloody shore,
 45 Wretches interr'd alive in direful grave
 Ask if pride cries, *good Heaven, thy creatures save !*
 If 'tis presumption that makes mortals cry,
Heaven on our sufferings cast a pitying eye !

All's right, you answer : the eternal Cause
 Rules not by partial but by general laws.
 Say, what advantage can result to all,
 From wretched Lisbon's lamentable fall ?
 Are you then sure, the power, which could create
 The universe and fix the laws of fate,
 Could not have found for man a proper place,
 But earthquakes must destroy the human race ?
 Will you thus limit the eternal mind ?
 Should not our God to mercy be inclin'd ?
 Cannot then God direct all nature's course ?
 Can power almighty be without resource ?
 Humbly the great Creator I entreat,
 This gulph, with sulphur and with fire replete,
 Might on the deserts spend its raging flame.
 God my respect, my love weak mortals claim ;
 When man groans under such a load of woe,
 He is not proud, he only feels the blow,
 Would words like these to peace of mind restore
 The natives sad of that disastrous shore ?
*Grieve not, that others bliss may overflow,
 Your sumptuous palaces are laid thus low ;
 Your burned towers shall other hands rebuild ;
 With multitudes your walls one day be fill'd ;
 Your ruin on the North shall wealth bestow,
 For general good from partial ills must flow ;
 You seem as abject to the sov'reign power
 As worms, which shall your carcases devour.*
 No comfort could such shocking words impart,
 They'd only wound the sad afflicted heart.
 When I lament my present wretched state,
 Alledge not the unchanging laws of fate ;
 Urge not the links of the eternal chain ;
 'Tis false philosophy and wisdom vain.
 The God who holds the chain can't be enchain'd * ;
 By his blest will are all events ordain'd :

L 3

He's

* The universal chain is not, as some have thought, a regular
 gradation which connects all beings. There is, in all probability,
 an

85 He's just, nor easily to wrath gives way,
 • Why suffer we beneath so mild a sway.
 This is the fatal knot you should untie,
 Our evils do you cure when you deny?
 Men never strove into the source to pry
 90 Of evil, whose existence you deny.
 If he, whose hand the elements can wield,
 To the wind's force makes rocky mountains yield,

If

an immense distance between man and beast, as well as between man and substances of a superior nature; there is likewise an infinity between God and all created beings whatever. There are none of these insensible gradations in the globes which move round our sun in their several periods, whether we consider their mass, their distances, or their satellites.

If we may believe Pope, man is not capable of discovering the reason why the satellites of Jove are less than Jove himself; he is herein mistaken, such an error as this may well be overlooked in so fine a genius. Every smatterer in mathematics could have told Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope, that if the satellites of Jove had equalled him in magnitude, they could not have moved round him; but no mathematician is able to discover the regular gradation in the bodies of the solar system.

It is not true, that the world could not subsist if a single atom was taken from it: This was justly observed by Mr. Crouzaz, a learned geometrician, in a tract which he wrote against Pope. He seems to have been right in this point, though he was fully refuted by Mr. Warburton and Mr. Silhouette.

The concatenation of events was admitted and defended with the utmost ingenuity by the celebrated philosopher Leibnitz; it is worth explaining. All bodies and all events depend upon other bodies and other events. That cannot be denied; but all bodies are not essential to the support of the universe, and the preservation of its order; neither are all events necessary in the general series of events. A drop of water, a grain of sand, more or less, can cause no revolution in the general system. Nature is not confined to any determinate quantity, or any determinate form. No planet moves in a curve completely regular; there is nothing in nature of a figure exactly mathematical: no fixed quantity is required for any operation: Nature is never very strict or rigid in her method of proceeding. It is, therefore, absurd to advance, that the removal of an atom from the earth might be the cause of its destruction.

This holds, in like manner, with regard to events. The cause of every event is contained in some precedent event; this no philosopher has ever called in question. If Cæsar's mother had never gone through the Cæsarean operation, Cæsar had never subverted the

the

If thunder lays oaks level with the plain,
 From the bolts' strokes they never suffer pain.
 But I can feel, my heart oppress'd demands
 Aid of that God, who form'd me with his hands.
 Sons of the God supreme to suffer all
 Fated alike; we on our father call.
 No vessel of the potter asks, we know,
 Why it was made so brittle, vile, and low?

L 4

Vessel.

the commonwealth; he could never have adopted Octavius, and Octavius could never have chosen Tiberius for his successor in the empire. The marriage of Maximilian with the heiress of Burgundy and the Low Countries, gave rise to a war which lasted two hundred years. But Cæsar's spitting on the right or left side, or the dutchess of Burgundy's dressing her head in this manner or in that, could have altered nothing in the general plan of Providence.

It follows, therefore, that there are some events which have consequences, and others which have none. Their chain resembles a genealogical tree, some branches of which disappear at the first generation, whilst the race is continued by others. There are many events which pass away without ever generating others. Thus in every machine there are some effects indispensibly necessary towards producing motion, and others which are productive of nothing at all. The wheels of a coach make it go; but whether they raise more or less dust, the journey is finished alike. Such is the general order of the world, that the links of the chain would not be in the least discomposed by a small increase or diminution of the quantity of matter, or by an inconsiderable deviation from regularity.

The chain is not in an absolute *plenum*; it has been demonstrated, that the celestial bodies perform their revolutions in an unresisting medium. Every space is not filled. It follows then, that there is not a progression of bodies from an atom to the most remote fixed star. There may of consequence be immense intervals between beings endued with sensation, as well as between those that are not. We cannot then be certain, that man must be placed in one of these links joined to another by an uninterrupted connection. *All things are linked together* means only that all things are regularly disposed in their proper order. God is the cause and the regulator of that order. Homer's Jupiter was the slave of destiny; but according to more rational philosophy, God is the master of destiny. See Clarke's *Treatise upon the Existence of God*.

* Sub Deo justo nemo miser nisi mereatur. St. Augustin. The meaning of this ipse dixit of the Saint is, no one is miserable under the government of a just God, without deserving to be so.

- 1 Vessels of speech as well as thought are void ;
 The urn this moment form'd, and that destroy'd,
 The potter never could with sense inspire,
 Devoid of thought it nothing can desire.
 5 The moralist still obstinate replies,
 Others' enjoyments from your woes arise,
 To numerous insects shall my corps give birth,
 When once it mixes with its mother earth :
 Small comfort 'tis, that when Death's ruthless pow'r
 10 Closes my life, worms shall my flesh devour.
 Remembrancers of misery, refrain
 From consolation, you increase my pain :
 Complaint, I see, you have with care repress,
 And proudly hid your sorrows in your breast.
 15 But a small part I no importance claim
 In the vast universe, the gen'ral frame ;
 All other beings in this world below
 Condemned like me to lead a life of woe,
 Subject to laws as rigorous as I,
 20 Like me in anguish live and like me die.
 The vulture, urged by an insatiate maw,
 It's trembling prey tears with relentless claw :
 This it finds right, endued with greater powers
 The bird of Jove the vulture's self devours ;
 25 Man lifts his tube, he aims the fatal ball,
 And makes to earth the tow'ring eagle fall ;
 Man in the field, with wounds all cover'd o'er,
 Midst heaps of dead lies weltring in his gore,
 While birds of prey the mangled limbs devour,
 30 Of Nature's Lord who boasts his mighty pow'r.
 Thus the world's members equal ills sustain,
 And perish by each other born to pain :
 Yet in this direful chaos you'd compose
 A gen'ral bliss from individual's woes ?
 35 Oh, worthless bliss ! in injur'd reason's spite,
 With fault'ring voice you cry, What is, is right.
 The universe confutes your boasting vain,
 Your heart retracts the error you maintain.
 Men, beasts, and elements know no repose
 40 From dire contention ; earth's the seat of woes :

We strive in vain its secret source to find,
 Is ill the gift of our Creator kind ?
 Do then fell Typhon's * cursed laws ordain
 Our ill, or Arimanius † doom to pain ?
 Shock'd at such dire chimeras, I reject
 Monsters, which fear could into Gods erect.
 But how conceive a God, the source of love,
 Who on man lavish'd blessings from above,
 Then would the race with various plagues confound,
 Can mortals penetrate his views profound ?
 Ill could not from a perfect being spring,
 Nor from another ‡, since God's sov'reign king !
 And yet, sad truth ! in this our world 'tis found,
 What contradictions here my soul confound !
 A God once dwelt on earth amongst mankind,
 Yet vices still lay waste the human mind § ;
 He could not do it, this proud sophist cries ;
 He could, but he declin'd it, that replies ;
 He surely will, ere these disputes have end,
 Lisbon's foundations hidden thunders rend,
 And thirty cities shatter'd remnants fly,
 With ruin and combustion thro' the sky,
 From dismal Tagus's ensanguin'd shore,
 To where of Cadiz' sea the billows roar.
 Or man's a sinful creature from his birth,
 And God to woe condemns the sons of earth ;
 Or else the God, who being rules and space,
 Untouch'd with pity for the human race,
 Indiff'rent, both from love and anger free,
 Still acts consistent to his first decree :
 Or matter has defects which still oppose
 God's will, and thence all human evil flows ;

L 5

Or

* The author of evil, according to the ancient Egyptians.

† The author of evil, according to the ancient Persians.

‡ From another principle.

§ An English philosopher has maintained, that the physical world should have been new formed at the first coming of Christ, as well as the moral world.

- Or else this transient world, by mortals trod,
Is but a passage that conducts to God ||.
- 75 Our transient sufferings here shall soon be o'er,
And death will land us on a happier shore.
But, when we rise from this accurs'd abyss,
Who by his merit can lay claim to bliss ?
Dangers and difficulties man surround,
80 Doubts and perplexities his mind confound.
To nature we apply for truth in vain,
God should his will to human kind explain,
He only can illumine the human soul,
Instruct the wise man, and the weak console.
- 85 Without him, man, of error still the sport,
Thinks from each broken reed to find support.
Leibnitz can't tell me from what secret cause,
In a world govern'd by the wisest laws,
Lasting disorders, woes that never end,
90 With our vain pleasures real suff'rings blend ;
Why ill the virtuous with the vicious shares ?
Why neither good nor bad misfortune spares ?
I can't conceive that *what is, ought to be*.
In this each doctor knows as much as me.
- 95 We're told by Plato, man, in times of yore,
Wings gorgeous to his glorious body wore,
That all attacks he could unhurt sustain,
By death ne'er conquer'd ne'er approach'd by pain.
Alas ! how chang'd from such a brilliant state !
200 He crawls 'twixt heav'n and earth, then yields to fate.
Look round this sublunary world, you'll find
That nature to destruction is consign'd.
Our system weak, which nerves and bone compose,
Cannot the shock of elements oppose ;
5 This mass of fluids mix'd with temper'd clay,
To dissolution quickly must give way.
Their quick sensations can't unhurt sustain
Th' attacks of death and of tormenting pain.

This

|| These and the foregoing lines contain, besides the hypothesis of two self-existent principles, one of good, and the other of evil, all the solutions that occur to the human mind upon this abstruse subject ; 'tis revelation alone that can enlighten the mind in matters above our comprehension.

This is the nature of the human frame ;
 Plato and Epicurus I disclaim.
 Nature was more to Bayle than either known :
 What do I learn from Bayle, to doubt alone * ?

Bayle,

* About a hundred observations scattered up and down in Bayle's Dictionary, have acquired him immortal reputation. He has left the controversy concerning the *origin of evil* undecided. He lays all manner of opinions before his readers ; all the arguments by which they are supported, and all the arguments by which they may be contested, are by him discussed ; he is, as it were, the recorder of philosophers, but he never gives his own opinion. He resembles Cicero, who often, in his philosophical works assumes the character of an academician who decides nothing ; this is the remark of the learned and judicious abbe d'Olivet.

I think it my duty, in this place to endeavour to soften those, who have so long attacked Bayle with so much virulence, and to so little purpose ; when I say to so little purpose, I do not say enough ; their invectives have only made people more desirous of reading his works : they should endeavour to learn moderation, and the art of reasoning from him. The philosophical Bayle did not, however, deny providence, or the immortality of the soul. The works of Cicero are translated, commented upon, and thought necessary in the education of princes ; yet what strange doctrine occurs in almost every page of Cicero, amongst passages worthy of the highest admiration ? He advances over and over, that *if there is a providence, it is to be blamed for giving man an intelligent soul, which it knew he would make an ill use of.* Sic vestra ista providentia reprehenda est quæ rationem dedit eis quos sciret eâ perverse uti. (Libro tertio de Naturâ Deorum.)

No one ever looked upon virtue as a gift of the gods, and it certainly can't be considered in that light. Virtutem nunquam Deo acceptam nemo rettulit, minime recte Ibidem. If a criminal dies unpunished, you say the Gods will afflict his posterity. Would a state bear with a legislator who should punish the grand-children for the crimes of their grandfather ? Ferrentne ulla civitas latorem legis ut condemnaretur nepos si avus deliquisset ? What is still more surprizing, Cicero concludes his treatise upon the Nature of the Gods without refuting such assertions as these. In his Tusculan Questions he in many places endeavours to prove the mortality of the soul, after having before laboured to prove its immortality.

This is not all ; in his oration for Cluentius he declares his sentiments in these terms before the whole Roman senate : *What has he suffered by death ? we reject all the idle stories of the infernal regions.* What

- Bayle, great and wise, all systems overthrows,
 Then his own tenets labours to oppose.
 15 Like the blind slave to Dalilah's commands,
 Crush'd by the pile demolish'd by his hands,
 Mysteries like these can no man penetrate,
 Hid from his view remains the book of fate.
 Man his own nature never yet could sound,
 20 He knows not whence he is, nor whither bound. *
 Atoms tormented on this earthly ball,
 The sport of fate, by death soon swallow'd all,
 But thinking atoms, who with piercing eyes
 Have measur'd the whole circuit of the skies;

We

What has he then been deprived of by the loss of life except the sense of his sufferings? Quid illi mors attulit mali nisi fortè ineptiis ac fabulis ducimur ut existimemus illum apud inferos supplicia perferre? Quæ si falsa sunt, quod omnes intelligunt, quid eimors eripuit præter sensum doloris?

Even in his letters, in which men generally speak their real sentiments, has not he expressed himself thus, *cum non ero, sensu omni carebo*: when I am dead, I shall be in a state of perfect insensibility.

Bayle never spoke in such terms as these. Yet Cicero is put into the hands of youth at college by the very persons who inveigh against Bayle: How can we account for this? Only by saying that men are inconsistent and unjust.

* It is self-evident, that man cannot acquire this knowledge without assistance. The human mind derives all its knowledge from experience; no experience can give us an insight into what preceded our existence, into what is to follow it, nor into what supports it at present. In what manner have we received life? What is the spring upon which it depends? How is our brain capable of ideas and memory? In what manner do our limbs obey every motion of the will? Of all this we are entirely ignorant. Is our globe the only one that is inhabited? Was it created after other globes, or at the same instant? Does every particular species of plants proceed from a first plant? Is every species of animals produced by two first animals? The most profound philosophers are no more able to solve these questions than the most ignorant of men. All these questions may be reduced to the vulgar proverb; *Was the hen before the egg, or the egg before the hen?* The proverb is rather low, but it confounds the utmost penetration of human wisdom, which is utterly at a loss with regard to the first principles of things, without supernatural assistance.

- 25 We rise in thought up to the heav'nly throne,
 But our own nature still remains unknown.
 This world, which error and o'erweening pride,
 Rulers accurst between them still divide,
 Where wretches overwhelm'd with lasting woe,
 30 Talk of a happiness they never know,
 Is with complaining fill'd, all are forlorn
 In seeking bliss; none would again be born*.
 If in a life midst sorrows past and fears,
 With pleasure's hand we wipe away our tears,
 35 Pleasure his light wings spreads, and quickly flies,
 Losses on losses, griefs on griefs arise.
 The mind, from sad remembrance of the past,
 Is with black melancholy over-cast;
 Sad is the present, if no future state,
 40 No blissful retribution mortals wait;
 If fate's decrees the thinking being doom
 To lose existence in the silent tomb.
All may be well; that hope can man sustain,
All now is well; 'tis an illusion vain.
 45 The sages held me forth delusive light,
 Divine instructions only can be right,
 Humbly I sigh, submissive suffer pain,
 No more the ways of Providence arraign;
 In youthful prime I sung in strains more gay,
 50 Soft pleasure's laws which led mankind astray.
 But times change manners; taught by age and care,
 Whilst I mistaken mortals' weakness share,
 The light of truth I seek in this dark state,
 And without murmuring submit to fate.
 55 A caliph once, when his last hour drew nigh,
 Pray'd in such terms as these to the most high:
Being supreme, whose greatness knows no bound,
I bring thee all that can't in thee be found;

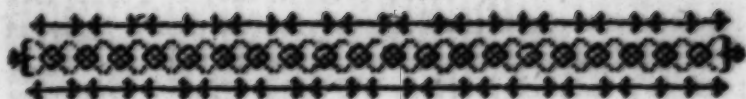
Defect,

* We scarce ever meet with a man, who would willingly re-commence his past course of life, and go through the same events.

260 *Defects and sorrow, ignorance and woe.*
 Hope he omitted, man's sole bliss below *.

* Most nations entertained this hope even before they had the assistance of revelation. The hope of existing after death is founded upon the desire of existing during life; it is founded upon the probability that what thinks now shall think hereafter. Of this there is no demonstration, because the contrary of whatever is demonstrated is a contradiction, and because there never was any dispute concerning demonstrable truths. Lucretius, in his third book offers arguments of a force, which must afflict those who wish for a life to come, in order to destroy this hope: but he does no more than oppose probabilities to probabilities more strong. Many of the Romans thought like Lucretius; and these words, in a chorus of Seneca the Tragedian, were sung upon the Roman stage; *Post mortem nihil est, tibi remains nothing after death.* But instinct, reason, the desire of consolation, and the good of society prevailed, and men have always hoped in a life to come: this hope has, however, been generally accompanied with doubt. Revelation destroys that doubt, and makes it give place to certainty.

P R E F A C E



P R E F A C E

T O T H E

P O E M

U P O N T H E

L A W O F N A T U R E.

IT is generally known, that this Poem was not intended for the public, it long remained a secret between a great King and the Author. About three months ago a few copies were handed about at *Paris*, and soon after several impressions of it were published as incorrect as those of other works by the same hand.

It would be no more than justice, to be more indulgent to a work forced out of the obscurity to which the author had condemned it, than to a work offered by the writer himself to the inspection of the public. It

It would likewise be agreeable to equity not to pass the same judgment upon a Poem composed by a Layman, as upon a theological thesis. These two Poems are the fruits of a transplanted tree. Some of these fruits may perhaps not be to the taste of certain persons; they come from a foreign climate, but none of them are poisoned, and many of them may prove highly salutary.

This work should be considered as a Letter, in which the author freely discovers his sentiments. Most books resemble those formal and general conversations in which people seldom utter their thoughts. The author in this poem declares his real opinions to a philosophical prince, whom he then had the honour of living with. He has been informed, that persons of the best understanding have been pleased with this sketch: they were of opinion that the poem upon the Law of Nature was intended only to prepare the world for truths more sublime. This consideration alone would have determined the author to render his work more complete and correct, if his infirmities had permitted it. He was at last obliged to content himself with correcting the faults which the first edition swarms with.

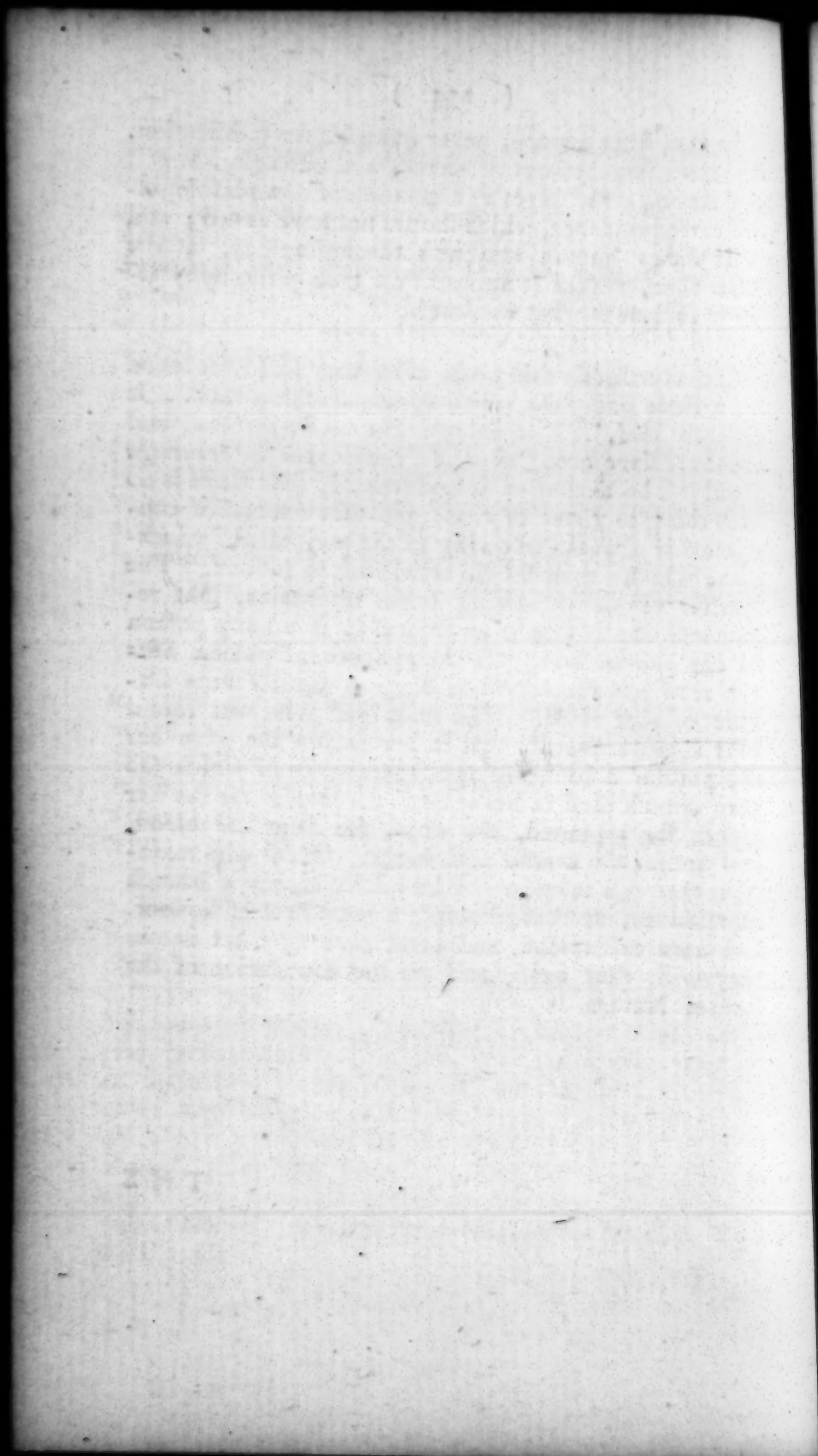
The praises bestowed in this work upon a prince, by no means solicitous about praise, should not surprise any body; they came from the heart; they are very different from that incense, which self-interestedness lavishes upon power. The Man of Letters might not perhaps have deserved the praises or the favours poured upon him by the Monarch, but the Monarch was every way deserving of the encomiums bestowed upon him in this poem by the Man of Letters. The change which has since happened, in a connection which does so much honour to learning, has by no means altered the sentiments which gave occasion to these praises.

In

In fine, since a work, never intended for publication, has been snatched out of secrecy and obscurity, it will last among a few Sages as a monument of a philosophical correspondence, which should not have ended ; and if it shews human weakness throughout, it, at the same time, makes it appear, that true philosophy always surmounts that weakness.

To conclude, this weak essay was first occasioned by a little pamphlet which appeared at that time. It was entitled, *A Treatise upon the Sovereign Good*, and it should have been called *A Treatise upon the Sovereign Evil*. The author of it maintained, that there is no such thing as virtue or vice ; and that remorse of conscience is a weakness owing to the prejudice of education, which a man should endeavour to subdue. The Author of the following poem maintains, that remorse of conscience is as natural to us as any passion of the human soul. If the violence of passion hurries man into a fault, when come to himself he is sensible of that fault. The wild girl who was found near *Chalons* owned, that in her passion she gave her companion a blow, of the consequence of which the poor wretch died in her arms. As soon as she saw her blood, she repented, she wept, she stopt the blood, and dressed the wound with herbs. Those who maintain, that this relenting of humanity is only a branch of self-love, do that principle a great deal of honour. Let men call reason and conscience by what names they will, they exist, and are the foundation of the Law of Nature.

THE





THE LAW OF NATURE.

A POEM in FOUR PARTS.

EXORDIUM.

THOU, by whose works, deeds, reign, with wonders fraught,
The brave and wise their duty shall be taught,
Who with unalter'd brow alike look down
On life and death, the cottage and the crown;
With force like thine my wavering soul inspire,
Spread o'er me rays of that celestial fire,
Which owes to sacred reason all its light,
W prepossession dimm'd and turn'd to night.
On darkness, which o'erspreads the world below,
Let's strive some light, however faint, to throw.
Our first of studies in our early age,
Was courtly *Horace* with *Boileau's* chaste page.

In

In them you fought, with philosophic mind,
 The true and beautiful at once to find;
 Oft with instructive and with moral lines,
 Brightly each finish'd composition shines;
 But Pope, possess'd of genius more profound,
 What lightly they skim'd over, knew to sound.
 Light into th' abyss of being first he brought,
 And man by him to know himself was taught.
 A trivial now, and now an useful, art,
 Verse is in Pope divine, it forms the heart.
 What need we know that Horace, hir'd, to praise
 Octavius in vile, prostituted lays,
 When from the night's polluted joys he rose,
 Insulted *Crispinus* in measur'd prose?
 That pension'd *Boileau* satire's venom shed,
 On *Quinault's* lyre and *Tasso's* laurel'd head;
 Could paint the hurry, bustle, and the throng
 Of Paris, where men scarce can pass along;
 Or at a wretched feast what pass'd rehearse,
 In flowing numbers and harmonious verse.
 A soul like thine to higher views aspires,
 Far other information it requires;
 The essence of our spirit you explore,
 Its end, beginning, but its duty more.
 On this important theme what others thought,
 What error has to vulgar doctors taught!
 Let's scan and balance with those truths divine,
 Which Heaven suggests to such a soul as thine.
 God we should search for in ourselves alone;
 If he exists the human heart's his throne.
 The God whose pow'r from dust could mortals raise,
 Must we then seek in learning's winding maze?
 You trust not *Origen's* or *Scotus' page*,
 Nature instructs us more than either sage;
 Systems let's drop, the follies of the wise,
 And into self-descending learn to rise.

P A R T I.

God has given men ideas of justice and conscience to
 astonish them, just as he has given them every thing
 else

else necessary. This is that Law of Nature upon which religion is founded. This is the only principle herein discussed. The author speaks only of the Law of Nature, and not of religion and its awful mysteries.

Whether a self-existent † being laid
The world's foundations, out of nothing made,
If, forming matter, o'er it he presides,
And having shap'd the mass directs and guides;
Whether the soul, that bright, æthereal spark
Of heav'nly fire, too oft obscure and dark,
Makes of our senses one, or acts alone;
We all are subject to the Almighty's throne.
But at his throne, round which deep thunders roar,
What homage shall we pay, how God adore?
Can jealousy affect th' eternal mind?
Will adulation there acceptance find?
Is it that warlike race of haughty brow,
Who to their power made fam'd Byzantium bow,
The phlegmatic Chinese, the Tartar rude,
Whose arms so many regions have subdu'd,
That rightly knows to praise the power divine,
And offer grateful homage at his shrine?

Various

† As God is an infinite being, his nature must of consequence be unknown to all men. As this is a philosophical work, it was judged necessary to cite the opinions of philosophers. All the ancients, without exception, looked upon matter as eternal; this is almost the only point upon which they were agreed. Most of them maintained, that God had set the world in order; none of them knew, that he had created it out of nothing. They asserted, that the celestial intelligence was by his nature endued with a power of arranging matter, and that matter was by its nature self-existent.

According to almost all the philosophers and poets, the great gods dwelt at a distance from the earth. The soul of man was, in the opinion of many, a celestial fire; according to others, it was a harmony resulting from the organs; others represented it as a part of the Divinity, *divinæ particulam auræ*; others a refined matter, or quintessence; the wisest considered it as an immaterial being: but whatever sect they embraced, they acknowledged, that man is in every respect subject to the Deity.

Various in language and religious lore,
 A different deity they all implore;
 Then all have err'd, let's therefore turn our eyes
 From vile impostors who delight in lies †:
 Nor let us vainly make attempt to sound
 Awful religion's mysteries profound,
 To reason let researches vain give place,
 Let's strive to know if God instructs our race.
 Nature to man has given with bounteous hand
 Whate'er his nature's cravings can demand;
 Sense's sure instinct, spirit's vary'd springs,
 To him each element its tribute brings.
 In the brain's-foldings memory is plac'd.
 And on it nature's lively image trac'd.
 Ready at every motion of his will,
 His call external objects answer still;
 Sound to his ear is wafted by the air,
 The light he sees without or pains or care.
 As to his God, the end of human kind,
 Is man to ceaseless errors then confin'd?
 Is nature then display'd to mortals' eyes,
 While nature's God obscure and hidden lies?
 Is succour in my greatest need deny'd?
 Must my chief craving rest unsatisfy'd?
 No; God in vain has not his creatures made,
 The hand divine on every brow's display'd.
 My master's will can't from me be conceal'd;
 When he gave being he his law reveal'd.
 Doubtless he spoke, but spoke to all mankind;
 To Egypt's deserts he was ne'er confin'd.
 In Delphi, Delos, or the Sibyl's cave,
 No oracle the godhead ever gave.
 Morality, unvary'd and the same,
 Denounces to each age God's holy name.
 'Tis *Trajan's* law, 'tis *Socrates's*, yours,
 By nature preach'd, like nature it endures,

Reason

† *Confucius* should not be confounded with these; he confined himself to natural religion, and discovered every thing that could be discovered without the light of revelation.

Reason receives it, and the keen remorse
 Of conscience strengthens it, and gives it force ;
 For conscience makes the obstinate repent,
 And hardest bosoms at her voice relent.
 Think you young *Ammon*, mad ambition's slave,
 Not like you moderate, altho' as brave,
 In a friend's blood, when he his hands embru'd,
 By augurs to soft pity was subdu'd ?
 Religious rites for gold they had prophan'd,
 And wash'd the monarch's hands by murder stain'd :
 But nature's instinct could not be suppress'd,
 It pleaded powerful in the monarch's breast :
 He could not his impetuous rage forgive,
 But thought himself a wretch unfit to live.
 This law, which bears in China sov'reign sway,
 To which fierce Japonese due rev'rence pay,
 Fir'd *Zoroaster's* genius unconfin'd,
 And shed its sacred light on Solon's mind.
 It cries from Indus to cold Zembla's shore,
Be just, thy country love, and God adore.
 The Laplander, amidst eternal snows,
 His God adores, and, what is justice, knows ;
 And sold to distant coasts the negro race
 With joy in others negro features trace.
 No sland'rer vile, no murd'rer ever knows
 The mind's calm sunshine and the soul's repose ;
 Nor ever thus his secret thoughts express'd
 He, who destroys the innocent is bless'd ;
 Bless'd he, by whom his mother's blood is spilt,
 Great the attractions and the charms of guilt.
 Believe me, mortals, man, with dauntless brow,
 Would openly such sentiments avow,
 If there was not an universal law
 Crimes to repress, and keep the world in awe.
 Did men create the sense of guilt or shame ?
 Their soul and faculties did mortals frame ?
 Whether in Peru or in China flame
 The golden heaps, their nature is the same :
 From th' artist's hands new forms the ingots take,
 But he who shapes unable is to make :

Thus

Thus God, to whom each man his being owes,
 In ev'ry heart the seeds of virtue sows.
 True virtue by th' Almighty first was made,
 By man its counterfeit and empty shade ;
 He may disguise the truth with errors vain,
 His feelings an attempt to change restrain.

P A R T II.

Containing answers to the objections against Universal
 Morality, with a demonstration of that truth.

Cardan and fam'd Spinosa both reply,
 This check of conscience, nature's boasted cry,
 From mutual wants and habit takes its rise,
 'Tis these cement our friendships and our ties.
 Foe to thyself, sophist, both weak and blind,
 Whence springs this want; Why did the sov'reign
 mind
 Make in the bosom of all mortals dwell
 Instincts, which to society impel ?
 Laws made by mortal man soon pass away,
 The vary'd, weak productions of a day.
Jacob of old, as inclination led,
 Two sisters of the Hebrew race could wed ;
 David, exempt both from restraint and shame,
 Could to an hundred beauties tell his flame,
 Whilst at the Vatican the pope, distress'd,
 Can't without scandal be of one possess'd.
 Here successors are chosen by their fires,
 Whilst birthright there the whole estate acquires.
 If but a whisker'd Polander commands,
 All public business suspended stands.
 Electors must the emperor sustain,
 The pope has dignity, the English gain.
 Worship, law, interests, variations know,
 Virtue's alone unchangeable below. *

But

* It is evident that variations are here ascribed only to institutions, such as civil laws and discipline, which are altered every day as occasion requires.

But whilst this moral beauty we admire,
 See, on a scaffold, Britain's king expire.
Borgia the blade against his brother drew,
 And stabb'd, whilst to his sister's arms he flew.
 There the dutch rabble, rouz'd to frantic rage,
 Two brothers tear, the worthies of their age.
 In France, Brinvilliers, constant still at prayers,
 Poisons her fire, and to confess repairs ;
 The just is by the wicked's force subdu'd,
 Hence do you virtue but a name conclude ?
 When with the baleful south wind's tainted breath
 All nature sickens, and each gale is death,
 Will you maintain, that since the world began
 Health never yet was known to dwell with man ?
 The various pests, that poison human life,
 Effects that spring from elemental strife,
 Corrupt the bliss of mortals here below,
 But quickly vanish both their guilt and woe.
 Soon as our passions fierce subside and cool,
 Our hearts assent to every moral rule.
 The source is pure, the furious winds in vain
 Disturb its waves, and rushing torrents stain ;
 The mud that on its surface flows refines,
 And by degrees the wat'ry mirror shines ;
 The worst man there, fierce as the storm before,
 His image sees when once its rage is o'er.
 The light of reason heav'n gave not in vain
 To man, but added conscience to restrain.
 The springs of sense are moved by her command ;
 Who hears her voice is sure to understand :
 To minds by passion sway'd, tho' free before,
 She still an equilibrium can restore ;
 She kindles in each breast a gen'rous flame,
 And makes self-love and social love the same.
 This was the dæmon, Socrates's guide,
 Ordain'd o'er all his actions to preside,
 The God, whose presence could his fears controul,
 Who made him dauntless drink the poison'd bowl.
 Was to the sage its influence confin'd ?
 No ; Heaven must sure direct each human mind.

By this for five years Nero's rage was quell'd ;
 Five years the voice of flatt'ry he repell'd.
 His soul to this Aurelius still apply'd,
 Like a philosopher he liv'd and dy'd.
 Julian, apostate by the Christians nam'd,
 Adher'd to reason whilst he faith disclaim'd,
 The church's scandal, but of kings the pride,
 Ne'er from the Law of Nature turn'd aside.
 But cavillers truth's force will never own,
 They cry, to infants reason is unknown ;
 The pow'r of education forms the mind,
 Man still to copy others is inclin'd ;
 Nothing peculiar actuates his heart,
 Others he apes, and acts a borrow'd part ;
 Justice and truth with him are words of course,
 But machine-like he acts by instinct's force.
 He's Turk or Jew, Pagan or Child of Grace,
 Layman or Monk, according to his race.
 I know example influence acquires
 O'er man ; that habit sentiment inspires.
 Speech, fashions, and the mind's unbounded range
 Of mad opinions, subject still to change,
 Are feeble traces by our fires impress'd,
 With mortal signet on each human breast.
 But the first springs are made by God's own hand,
 Of source divine they shall for ever stand.
 To practise them the child a man must grow,
 Their force he cannot in the cradle know.
 The sparrow, when he first beholds the light,
 Can he unsledg'd feel amorous delight ?
 Do new born foxes prey to seek begin ?
 Do insects, taught by nature silk to spin,
 Or do the humming swarms, whose artful skill
 Can wax compose, and honey's sweets distil,
 Soon as they see the day their work produce ?
 Time ripens and brings all things into use.
 All beings have their object, and they tend
 At a fix'd period to their destin'd end.
 Passion, 'tis true, may hurry us along,
 Sometimes the just may deviate into wrong.

Oft man from good to hated evil flies,
None in all moments virtuous are or wise.
We're told, that man's a mystery o'er and o'er ;
All nature as mysterious is, or more.
Philosophers, sagacious and profound,
The beasts sure instinct could you ever sound ?
The nature of the grass can you explain,
That dies, then rising spreads a verdant plain ?
This world a veil o'erspreads of darkest night,
If thro' the deep obscure the glimm'ring light
Of reason serves to guide us on our way,
Should we extinguish it, and go astray ?
When God first fill'd the vast expanse of sky,
Bid oceans flow and kindled suns on high ;
He said, be in your limits fix'd contain'd,
And in their bounds the rising worlds remain'd.
On Venus laws, and Saturn, he impos'd,
The sixteen orbs of which our world's compos'd ;
On jarring elements that still contend,
On rolling thunders that the æther rend,
On man created to adore his power,
And on the worm that shall man's flesh devour.
Shall man audaciously, with effort vain,
His own * laws add to those the heav'ns ordain ?
Should we, the phantoms of a day at most,
Who scarcely can a real being boast,
Place ourselves on the throne, at God's right hand,
And issue forth, like Gods, supreme command ?

* By the word laws in this place, are meant only the transient opinions of men, who would make their peculiar sentiments pass for general laws.

P A R T III.

Shews, that as men have for the most part figured, by the various opinions which they have adopted, the principle of natural religion which unites them, they should mutually bear with each other.

The universe is God's eternal shrine,
 * Men various ways adore the power divine.
 All of their faith, their saints, their martyr'd host,
 And oracle's unerring voice make boast.
 On numerous ablutions one relies,
 He thinks Heav'n sees them with propitious eyes ;
 And that all those, who are not circumcis'd,
 Are by his God rejected and despis'd.
 Another thinks he Brama's favour gains,
 Whilst he from eating rabbit's flesh abstains,
 Amongst the bless'd above he hopes a seat,
 The just reward of merit so complete.
 Against their neighbours all alike declaim,
 And brand them with the unbeliever's name.
 The jars, amidst contending Christians bred,
 More desolation through the world have spread,
 Than the pretext of statesmen weak and vain,
 Midst Europe's powers a balance to maintain.
 See an inquisitor, with air benign,
 His neighbour's body to the flames consign ;
 Much sorrow at the tragic scene he shews,
 But takes the money to assuage his woes.
 Whilst touch'd with zeal religious crowds advance,
 And, praising God, around the victim dance.
 Blind zeal could oft good Catholics excite,
 At leaving mass, to hurry to the fight,

And

* Men in this place means those only who have erected themselves into legislators ; and the passage relates only to the forms of worship established in Heathen countries, as has been declared in the beginning of the first part.

And threatning each their neighbour loudly cry,
Wretch, think like me, or else this moment die.
 From Paris Calvin and his sect withdrew,
 Their effigies the bloodless hangman slew :
 Servetus, born in torments to expire,
 By Calvin's self was sentenc'd to the fire.
 Had but Servetus been of power possest,
 The Trinitarians had been sore oppress'd ;
 Quickly had ended all the warm dispute,
 For halters can the obstinate confute.
 Thus sectaries, who 'gainst Arminius rose,
 Bent all his tenets warmly to oppose,
 In Flanders gain'd the martyr's glorious name,
 In Holland executioners became.
 Why for so many years, with pious rage,
 Religious wars did our fore-fathers wage ?
 From nature's laws allegiance they withdrew,
 Or added others dangerous as new ;
 And man, to his own sense an abject slave,
 To God his weakness and his passions gave,
 To him man gave the faults of human kind,
 They paint him fickle, false, to rage inclin'd :
 But reason, thanks to heaven, in these our days,
 O'er half the globe diffuses kindly rays ;
 Man at her voice persuasive grows humane,
 No piles are lighted, blood no altars stain.
 If bigot fury should again be known,
 Those fires would soon to tenfold rage be blown.
 So oft opinion does not pass for guilt,
 By man his brother's blood more rarely spilt.
 * More rarely horror acts of faith inspire
 At Lisbon, fewer Jews in flames expire ;
 Less oft the Musti cries in furious strain,
Slave, follow Mahomet, from wine refrain.
 † But Christians still the furious Musti names
 Dogs, and condemn them to eternal flames..

M 3

The

* When this poem was written, the author could not foresee that flames were to destroy a great part of that unhappy city in which faggots were too often kindled.

† 'Tis common with the Turks to give the appellation of Dog and Infidel to the Christians.

The Catholics again from bliss exclude
 The Turks, who have so many realms subdu'd ;
 They to damnation northern realms consign,
 The curse, great King, affects even worth like thine.
 In vain your goodness is each day display'd,
 In vain all mankind you protect and aid ;
 You people and improve the barren plain,
 Arts cultivate, asylums build in vain :
 † For confidently many doctors say,
 That you from Beelzebub derive your sway.
 The Pagan virtues were but crimes at best,
 All generous souls such maxims must detest.
 Journalist base, who with malignant mind
 Think'st thyself authoris'd to damn mankind ;
 Thou seest with joy God human beings frame,
 To glut the devil and burn with endless flame,
 Is't not enough, that you at once consign
 Montagne and Montesquieu to wrath divine ?
 Shall Aristides, Socrates the sage,
 Solon, the guide and model of his age ;
 Aurelius, Trajan, Titus dear to fame,
 Against whom you with bitterness declaim,
 All be cast into the abyss of hell,
 By the just Being, whom they serv'd so well ?
 And shall you be in heaven with glory crown'd,
 While crowds of cherubims your throne surround ;
 Because with monks a wallet once you bore,
 In ignorance slept and greasy sack-cloth wore ?

Be

† The maxim, *Extra ecclesiam nulla est salus*, There is no salvation out of the church ; is held in great veneration by the Catholics, yet all men of sense look upon it as both ridiculous and abominable to thunder such an anathema against men of the highest rank and most extraordinary talents : this is not like the procedure of reasonable men. Archbishop Tillotson would never have wrote in these terms to the Archbishop of Cambray, *Sir, you are damned*. A King of Portugal would not have written in this manner to a King of England, who should send him aid, *Brother, you will certainly go to hell*. The menace of eternal damnation to those, who do not think like us, is like a weapon deposited in an arsenal by the church, and no individual is allowed to make use of it.

Be blest above, with souls no war I wage ;
 But why should Newton, wonder of this age,
 Leibnitz profound, and Addison, whose mind
 With learning fraught was by true taste refin'd ;
 * Locke, who could spirits properties explain,
 And understanding's limits ascertain ;
 Men whom the God supreme deign'd to inspire,
 Wherefore should these be doom'd to penal fire ?
 In judging be more temperate and cool,
 Teach not eternal wisdom how to rule ;
 To judge severely such great men beware,
 And those, who ne'er condemn'd you, learn to spare:
 Religion well observ'd will quell your rage,
 And make you mild, compassionate and sage ;
 Drown others not, but try the port to find,
 He's right who pardons, but the angry blind.

M 4.

Sons

* It is well known, that the wise and modest Locke discover'd the whole progress of the human understanding, and pointed out the limits of its power. Fully convinc'd of human weakness, and sensible of the infinite power of the Creator, he says, that we have no knowledge of the nature of our souls, but from faith: he says, that man is not sufficiently enlighten'd to assert, that God could not communicate thought to any being whatever, and even to matter itself.

Those, who were still immers'd in ignorance, rose up in arms against him. Infatuated with a Cartesianism as false in every respect as Peripateticism itself, they were of opinion, that matter is nothing else but extent in length, breadth, and depth; they did not know that it is endued with the property of gravitating towards a centre, the *vis inertiae*, and many more; that its elements are indivisible, tho' it's compotent parts may be divided *ad infinitum*. They limited the power of the supreme Being, they did not reflect, that, notwithstanding all the discoveries that have been made concerning the nature of matter, we are still in the dark as to its essence. They should have taken it into consideration, that it has been long debated, whether the human understanding be a faculty or substance. They should have examined themselves, and they would have been sensible, that our understandings are too limited to sound this abyss.

The faculty of moving, which beasts have, is not a substance, a particular essence; it appears to be a gift of the Creator. Locke has advanced, that the same Creator may confer the gift of think-
 ing.

Sons of one God, in these our days of woe,
 Let's live like brothers whilst we dwell below.
 Let's strive to lend each other kind relief,
 We groan beneath a load of woes and grief:

Against

ing upon whatever being he thinks proper. According to this hypothesis, which subjects us more than any other to the supreme Being, thought added to any element of matter is not less pure or less immortal, than it is supposed to be in any other system. That indivisible element is unperishable: thought may, doubtless, exist with it to all eternity, after the body is dissolv'd. This is what Locke offers to our consideration, without affirming any thing. He speaks of what God might have done, and not of what he has done. He does not pretend to know what matter is: he acknowledges that, between it and God, there may be an infinity of created substances totally different from each other: in fact, light, elementary fire, as Sir Isaac Newton has observed in his principles, seems to hold the middle place between the unknown essence called matter, and other essences still more unknown. Light does not tend to a centre like matter; it does not seem to be impenetrable; accordingly *Newton* often repeats in his *Optics*, *I don't enter into the question, whether the rays of light are bodies or not.*

Locke has advanc'd, that there may be an infinite number of substances, and that God may communicate ideas to these substances. We cannot conjecture by what art divine, any being can form ideas; we are very far from such a degree of penetration; we shall never know, how an earth worm can be capable of motion. In all these researches, we should look up to God and acknowledge our weakness. Such is Mr. Locke's philosophy, as grand as it is simple; and this submission to God, men have presum'd to treat as impiety; his followers, convinced of the immortality of the soul, have been call'd Materialists, and such a man as Locke has been censur'd as tedious, by the compiler of a treatise upon Physics.

Granting even, that Locke was mistaken in this point, (if he can be mistaken who affirms nothing) he is not the less deserving of the praise bestow'd on him here: he is, in my opinion, the first, who has made it appear, that we are not acquainted with any axiom, till we know the particular truths that enter into it; he is the first, who has shewn in what entity consists, what it is to be same the person, the same self: he is the first who has prov'd the system of innate ideas to be false. Upon this occasion I can't help observing, that certain schools pronounc'd anathemas against innate ideas, when they were established by *Descartes*, and afterwards pronounced other anathemas against the adversaries of innate ideas, when Locke had shewn them to be absurd. Thus do men judge when they are not philosophers.

Against our lives a thousand foes lay wait,
 Our lives, which we at once both love and hate :
 Some guide, some prop, our wavering hearts require,
 With languor chill'd, or burn'd with strong desire.
 Tears by the happiest mortals have been shed,
 All have their share of anxious care and dread.
 If kind society her succors lend,
 Her joys awhile our griefs and cares suspend :
 Yet even here a weak resource we find,
 'Gainst grief, that ever rankles in the mind.
 Dash not the cup in which our comforts flow,
 Do not corrupt the balm of human woe.
 Felons, methinks, I in a dungeon spy,
 Who at their fellows throats with fury fly ;
 And, tho' they could relieve each other's pains,
 For ever jar and combat with their chains.

P A R T IV.

Proves that it is the business of the government to put
 an end to the unhappy disputes of the schools, by
 which the peace of society is disturbed.

I oft have heard it from your lips augst,
 'Tis the grand duty, doubtless, to be just ;
 And the first blessing is the heart's repose.
 How could you, where so many sects oppose,
 Amidst incessant wrangling and debate,
 Preserve a peace so lasting in the state ?
 Whence is it *Calvin's* sons, and *Luther's*, tell,
 Deem'd by the papist's Satan's off-spring, fell,
 The Roman, Greek, who will not own the pow'r
 Of Rome ; the Quaker, Anabaptist four,
 Who in their law could never yet agree,
 Are all united in the praise of thee ?
 'Tis because nature form'd you for the throne ;
 Like you to rule had the first Valois known,
 A Jacobin had not, with fury fir'd,
 To rival *Judith* and *Aod* aspir'd ;
 Ne'er on the king his hands profane had laid,
 But Valois edg'd the * Church's murd'rous blade,

That blade by which, tho' subject crouds stood round,
 Great Henry after fell, for worth renown'd.
 Such curs'd effects from pious quarrels flow,
 Or soon or late all factions bloody grow ;
 Quickly they spread, and strength acquire, if priz'd,
 But quickly sink to nothing, if despis'd.
 He, who can armies lead against the foe,
 To govern refractory priests should know.
 Yet could a Norman confessor persuade
 A king, who prowess in the field display'd,
 That *Quesnel*, *Jansen*, threaten'd much the state,
 The monarch by his greatness gave them weight.
 Then rose a hundred factions fill'd with ire,
 Blind zeal made judges, pleaders, clerks conspire ;
 Then jesuits, capuchins, and cordeliers,
 The kingdom fill'd with scruples and with fears :
 † Ridiculous once by the regent made,
 They quickly sunk into oblivion's shade.
 The master's presence and his care suffice
 To scatter bliss, thence general good must rise,
 Who cultivates within the well-fenc'd field,
 The treasures which the spring and autumn yield,
 Can water, earth, sun's various gifts bestow,
 Upon the trees, that in his gardens grow ;
 On slender props he feeble branches rears,
 And from the ground the useless plants up-tears ;
 Or prunes them when they too luxuriant shoot,
 And drain of needful sap the trunk and root.
 His lands afford him all he can desire,
 The laws of nature with his toil conspire ;
 A tree, which he has planted with his hand,
 Is sure, with others, to enrich the land ;

And

* We are not by the word Church, in this place, to understand the Catholic Church ; nothing is here alluded to but the abominable fanaticism of some Ecclesiastics, detested by the Church in all ages.

† This ridicule, the sense of which is universal amongst all nations, falls upon great intrigues occasion'd by trifles, upon the inveterate animosity of two parties, which could never agree with regard to the sense of four thousand printed volumes.

And all the planter's cares are well repaid
 With luscious fruits and with a grateful shade.
 A gardener never could, by vengeance led,
 Make heav'n upon it baleful influence shed;
 Could ne'er, by curses, make his fruits decay,
 Or vines and fig-trees wither quite away.
 Wretched those nations where laws still contend!
 Their jarring factions never can have end:
 The Roman senate, watchful o'er the state,
 Morals and rites intent to regulate,
 Set to the vestals number its due bound,
 Nor suffer'd bacchanals to range around.
Aurelius, Trajan, princes of renown,
 The pontiff's bonnet wore, and emperor's crown:
 The world depended on their care alone,
 And the schools vain disputes were then unknown:
 Those legislators, with sage maxims fraught,
 Ne'er for their sacred birds with fury fought.
 On the same principle Rome now holds command,
 The throne and altar by their union stand;
 Her citizens enjoy serene repose,
 More blest'd than when they vanquish'd numerous
 foes.

Not that I think kings should the mitre wear,
 And the cross jointly with the sceptre bear;
 Or when they come from council should, aloud,
 Utter their benediction to the croud;
 But I assert that kings, when they are crown'd,
 To maintain order are by duty bound,
 § That their authority's o'er all the same,
 That all their fatherly protection claim.
 On various orders well-form'd states depend,
 Merchants enrich them, warriors defend.
 Religious ordinances level all,
 The rich and poor, the great as well as small;

Equal

§ It should not be inferr'd from hence, that every order in the state has not its peculiar distinctions, its privileges inseparably annex'd to its particular functions. In all countries the various orders of a state enjoy their several privileges: but they are all equally bound by the general law.

Equal authority has civil law,
 This keeps both citizens and priests in awe.
 Law in a state should equal sway extend
 O'er all; all to it equally should bend.
 Farther to treat of such points I decline,
 Heav'n ne'er for government form'd souls like mine;
 But from the port where now my life I close,
 In tranquil happiness and calm repose,
 Seeing the storms that all around me rage,
 I with your lessons moralize my page.
 From this discourse what inference shall we draw?
 That prejudice to fools alone gives law;
 We should not for it with fierce rage contend,
 Earth teems with error, truths from heav'n descend;
 And amidst thistles which obstruct the way,
 The sage finds paths, that cannot lead astray.
 Peace, which man wishes, whilst he from it flies,
 As much as sacred truth should mortals prize.

PRAYER.

Great God, whose being by thy works is known,
 Hear my last words from thy eternal throne:
 If I mistook, 'twas whilst thy law I sought,
 I may have err'd, but thou wert in each thought,
 Fearless I look beyond the opening grave,
 And cannot think the God, who being gave,
 The God, whose favours made my bliss o'erflow,
 Has doom'd me, after death, to endless woe.

ODES.



O D E S.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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O D E.

Upon FANATICISM *.

ASPASIA, whose heroic mind
 Nobly aspires the truth to find;
 Who in philosophy profound,
 The nature of thy God hast found;
 You know that being, great, supreme;
 From you his emanations beam;
 Of all his works the most complete,
 Your genius shews that he is great,
 You worthy homage to him pay,
 O'er you weak error bears no sway.
 But as you wisely still reject
 The errors of the godless sect:

Fanaticism's

* This ode was written in the year 1732. It was inscribed to the famous marchioness du Chastelet, whose genius was admired by all the men of true learning, and all the wits of Europe.

Fanaticism's rage unblest
 You fly and equally detest ;
 You worship the eternal power
 Without false zeal, austere four ;
 False zeal, which bigot souls inspires,
 And oft with rage destructive fires.
 A subject thus sincere and just,
 Before his monarch's throne august,
 Free from all servile awe can stand,
 Not flatter like the courtly band.

Fanaticism's frantic flame
 First from religion's altars came ;
 That fiend profanes her rights divine,
 And men with horror fly the shrine:
 Religion, he profanes thy name,
 Thy kindred he presumes to claim ;
 From you that horrid pest of earth
 Pretends that he derives his birth.
 Could such a mother e'er be curst
 With such a son of fiends the worst.

Sometimes we in an atheist's mind
 Humanity's fair virtues find ;
 Their error always to their heart
 Does not contagion vile impart.
 † Desbarreaux was with mildness blest,
 Justice and candour fill'd his breast :
 The God, with whom he strove in vain
 A senseless combat to maintain,
 His weakness with compassion view'd,
 And with some worth his soul endu'd.
 I own, I shou'd be much inclin'd
 To pity him as mad and blind,
 Who in his folly should deny
 That the sun's rays pervade the sky.

A man

* Desbarreaux was a counsellor of parliament ; when he made
 his clients wait any considerable time, he paid the suit costs.

A man does not so much blaspheme,
Denying God the judge supreme,
As when he paints him to mankind
As cruel, and to wrath inclin'd,
Taking delight in human woes,
His creatures treating as his foes.

When man by error is mislead,
When superstition turns his head,
When that chimera's baleful force
Has poison'd pure religion's source,
His heart relentless grows, and hard,
Access to reason is debarr'd ;
His fury nothing can assuage,
His justice then is turn'd to rage ;
No more compunction he can feel,
But sacrilege commits thro' zeal.

In that Court, by the French proscrib'd,
Whose horrors scarce can be describ'd ;
In that curst, court where truth's prophan'd,
Reason by ignorance enchain'd ;
The reverend tyrants without shame
Made Galilæo truth disclaim.
Thy system, oh ! illustrious sage,
Abjure to calm their barbarous rage.

In the most silent hour of night
See Paris fill'd with dire affright ;
See carnage raging all around,
Thousands expiring on the ground ;
Brothers by brothers slain expire,
The son assassinate the fire ;
Against the husband see the wife
In frenzy turn the murderous knife ;
Inhuman priests their rage excite,
In blood and slaughter they delight.

Noted for manners mild, and mirth,
Can the French owe to these their birth ?

You

You Jansenists and Molinists, who
 Each other with such hate pursue ;
 Who fierce disputes and contests hold,
 As Grecian Sophists did of old ;
 Fear least your quarrels should once more
 Occasion bloodshed as before.
 With less of furious rage contend,
 You know not where your jars may end.

The Grecian sages you despise,
 Tho' by the world reputed wise ;
 Their ignorance dark as shades of night,
 Is dissipated by your light :
 But tho' such guides were weak and blind,
 Tho' oft they might mislead mankind,
 They ne'er made persecution rage,
 Copy their moderation sage.
 Their various errors you may blame,
 But let your mildness be the same.

Ye wretches, would you comprehend
 Religion's nature and it's end,
 Behold Marseilles, when every gale
 Did pestilence and death exhale,
 When the tomb swallow'd up the dead,
 The land when ruin overspread
 The towns of citizens, the plains
 Depriv'd of the industrious swains,
 And Terror fill'd each neighbouring state,
 Lest they should share it's hapless fate.

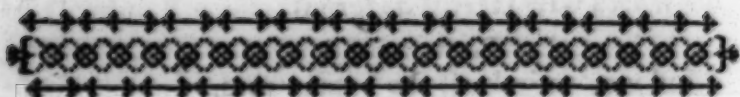
† The good Belzuns then strove to save
 His Flock from the devouring grave :
 Langeron, prodigal of breath,
 Brav'd all the fierce attacks of death.
 Whilst you strain'd hard with labour vain
 Your trivial dogmas to sustain ;

And

† Mr. de Belzuns, Bishop of Marseilles, and Mr. de Langeron, the governor, in person, administered remedies to the infected ; tho' the priests and physicians would not venture to come near them.

And all your conferences were full
Of father Quenel, and the bull ;
Points, by the knowing, valu'd not,
And which will shortly be forgot.

Must we, to instruct the human race,
Humanity itself deface ?
Must hatred's torch light on the way,
Lest we from sacred truth should stray ?
The man, who can compassion shew,
Whose heart can feel another's woe,
Can by example virtue teach,
Seems most persuasively to preach.
The pedant, with o'er-weening pride,
Intent to argue and decide,
Who blows up persecution's flame,
A vile imposter we shou'd name.



O D E.

Inscribed to the gentlemen of the Academy of Sciences, who sailed to the Polar Circle, and the Line, in order to ascertain the figure of the earth.

OH truth sublime ! Urania, heavenly maid !
Bright emanation of the eternal mind,
By whom all nature's secrets are display'd,
Who range the heavens with spirit unconfin'd.

Whilst you those heroes o'er the seas attend,
Sages and ministers of thy sacred laws,
From the equator or the pole, attend
The words of one, that's zealous in thy cause.

On what great business are thy sons intent ?
They mean to pull the vail from nature's face ;
On most important truths their minds are bent,
To find earth's mass, its figure and its space.

Their voyage has even rous'd the silent shades,
I see those Grecian heroes ghosts arise,

Chiefs

Chiefs whom, in Colchos, the admiring maids
Beheld in times of yore with ravish'd eyes.

Ye Argonauts, ye demi-gods of Greece,
The twins and Orpheus, thou, whose sure address,
Found means to win the much fam'd golden fleece,
And fair Medea's charms divine possess.

When our fam'd worthies labour's you behold,
Your own exploits you view with conscious shame ;
The brightest glories of the times of old
Are vanquish'd, and eclips'd by modern fame.

Whene'er Greece spoke, the list'ning world admir'd ;
And even her falsehoods could regard obtain ;
Her writers were by vanity inspir'd,
Highly to celebrate achievements vain.

Happy the first in glory's great career,
They're still successful in acquiring fame ;
Whilst those who later in the lists appear,
By all their efforts scarce procure a name.

Falshood in memory's temple makes abode,
And graves there, by credulity's weak hand,
Annals, which must to ev'ry age be shew'd,
Which as the monuments of truth must stand.

Those fables, oh ! Urania, heavenly maid,
Those names illustrious usurp'd deface ;
By thee be to th' admiring world display'd,
Of real heroes the illustrious race.

The Genoese, who the new world first found,
Cortez, who vanquish'd it, with great surprize,
Seeing our fages earth's extent sail round,
In terms like these extoll'd the enterprize.

Our

Our great achievements were by all men prais'd,
Our glorious actions none could emulate,
Those, to whom mortals oft have altars rais'd,
Were less entitled to the name of great.

We have done much, 'tis true, you have done more ;
Plutus was in America our guide ;
Virtue's your leader, whilst you earth explore,
Your breasts resolv'd in virtue still confide.

Whilst thus they spoke, Newton from heaven look'd
down,

Newton upon them fix'd his piercing eyes,
And said, your labours shall my labours crown,
Like me to glory's summit you shall rise.

Whilst mortals, objects of contempt and scorn,
Under the yoke of prepossession bend ;
Wretches who might as well have ne'er been born,
Since e'er they learn to live their lives they end.

To truth let your immortal spirits soar,
Pour on all minds bright truth's refulgent day ;
To you the mighty God, whom you adore,
Has given of his divinity a ray.

It is his pleasure, that you cultivate
The genius, which he only can bestow ;
He that instructs mankind is truly great,
The noblest object we behold below.

But above all that monster envy fly,
And its curst offspring, which with hellish ire
Pursues all merit. Envy sure should die
In those pure souls, who to the heavens aspire.

Let a vile Zoilus, who carps at all,
Revile each genius who adorns the age ;

Let

Let him his venal quill still dip in gall,
Act basely, write with rancour and with rage.

Copy those blessed spirits, those sons of light,
Who in the empyreum wear a starry crown ;
Who, like the great first mover, from the height
Of heaven, on mortals look propitious down.

O D E



O D E.

Upon the PEACE concluded in 1736.

ETNA within his cavern dire,
 Thunder conceals and liquid fire ;
 On earth the fiery torrent pours,
 And its inhabitants devours.
 Your steps, afflicted Driads, turn
 From dreary plains which always burn :
 Those caverns where hell seems to breathe
 In fire and sulphur from beneath ;
 Those gulfs which to deep Tartarus bend,
 Their furious floods incessant send.

More fierce and terrible the Po
 Makes his fierce stream his banks o'erflow ;
 Pours thro' the plain his furious waves,
 Foams, and with dreadful uproar raves :
 He spreads destruction thro' the plain,
 Fright, terror, death, compose his train ;
 And thro' Ferrara's fire conveys
 The spoils of nations to the seas.

This

This war where elements contend,
Which heaven's expanse with fury rend;
These shocks by which all nature quakes,
By which earth's solid basis shakes:
Scourges of heaven, which oft appear
To hang o'er this sad hemisphere;
Are all disasters much less dire,
Than statesmen who too high aspire;
From them less desolation springs,
Than from the dangerous feuds of kings.

From India's verge to Gallia's shore,
One family the sun rolls o'er:
O'er this love only still should reign,
And union amongst all maintain.
Mortals you're bound by sacred tie,
Therefore those cruel arms lay by;
Can you advantage gain by fight?
Can you in havock find delight?
When you're sunk in death's dismal gloom,
What bliss expect you in the tomb?

Those soldiers well deserve applause,
Who combat in their country's cause;
But you for hire your lives expose,
You're paid to combat others foes:
You die to prop some tyrant's throne,
Some tyrant to your eyes unknown;
You're hired assassins to defend
Lords, who ill pay you in the end.

Such are those greedy birds of prey,
Those animals who man obey,
Who can their native fierceness tame,
And teach them to pursue their game,
The sounding horn excites their rage,
And makes them ardent to engage;
They headlong pour upon the game,
Not led by int'rest, choice, or fame;

The victory they strive to gain,
Altho' no prize they can obtain.

Italy, climate of delight,
How much you suffer'd by the fight !
With desolation cover'd o'er,
You're Europe's garden now no more !
An army of confederate powers,
With greediness your crops devours ;
Altho' the curs'd destructive band,
Vow'd to revenge your injur'd land :
Ravag'd and desolate you fight
To assert a foreign master's right.

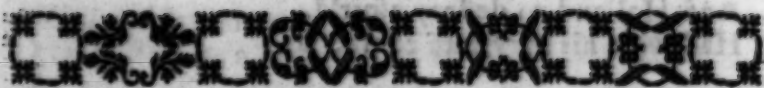
Let kings be arm'd, let discords cease,
Let them all reign like gods of peace ;
Let them the thunder bear on high,
But never lance it thro' the sky.
The faithful shepherd, who befriends,
His flock, and with due care attends,
By care and diligence obtains
Th' applause of all the neighbouring swains:
Unpitied may that shepherd die,
Who let's his flocks neglected lie,
Who can his fleecy care expose,
To perish by the wolves their foes.

In that king's fame, can I take part,
Whose frenzy stabs me to the heart :
A king, at whose capricious will,
My heart's blood I'm oblig'd to spill ?
When I'm by indigence oppress'd,
Diseas'd, depriv'd of needful rest ;
Say, shall my lot more bless'd appear,
When I our princes glories hear ;
Shall my distresses all be o'er,
I German plains are drench'd in gore ?
Colbert, whose praises we resound,
Who planted arts on Gallic ground :
France shall revere you as a sage,
Posterity in ev'ry age

Shall

Shall own you born the land to bless,
 And Louvois be applauded less;
 Louvois, who with ambition dire,
 Set the Palatinate on fire;
 And Holland to destroy aspir'd,
 Had with his fury fate conspir'd.

Let Lewis even in decline,
 Still as the greatest monarch shine:
 But may he wisely fame acquire,
 Not to the conqueror's wreath aspire;
 Lewis in peace claims just applause,
 His subjects all revere his laws;
 Their happiness from Lewis springs,
 Lewis the greatest, best of kings.



O D E

To the King of PRUSSIA upon his
accession to the throne.

AT length arrives the blest auspicious day,
Which sheds its kindest influence on thee ;
A day which fills thee only with dismay,
Whilst others wish thy exalted state to see.

Fly hence, ye fanatic, ye fraudful bands,
Ye persecutors, who enslave the mind ;
Whose souls implacable, and frantic hands,
Delight in carnage, and destruction find.

Shall odious calumny still lift her head ?
Monster, thou didst, with cursed rage inspir'd,
On fam'd Descartes and Bayle thy venom shed,
On Wolfe who Leibnitz to approach aspir'd.

You

You from the sacred altar took a sword,
 Whose point you turn'd against each far-fam'd sage
 By the same weapon shall your breast be gor'd,
 Your blood shall expiate your frantic rage.

He strikes, you die, his arm asserts truth's cause;
 Truth is restor'd and error disappears;
 Philosophy is freed from tyrant laws,
 The face of nature glorious freedom cheers.

And you, your odious rules, by Borgia taught,
 The art in gov'ning mankind t' oppress;
 The art of crimes with vilest maxims fraught,
 The art which tyrants openly profess.

May you t' oblivion ever be consign'd,
 With too much ease men learn the dang'rous art:
 The crafts of policy shew a narrow mind,
 The best of statesmen has a gen'rous heart.

The annals of all nations amply shew,
 That tyrants never tasted sweet repose,
 But suffer all their lives unceasing woe,
 As they on others bring a load of woes.

They died with infamy, they died with rage,
 But Trajan, Titus, Antoninus wise;
 The ornaments and blessings of their age
 Liv'd blest, and calmly clos'd their dying eyes.

In thee those heroes shall again arise,
 Virtue with happiness shall still be crown'd;
 You may with justice claim fair virtue's prize,
 Since in you ev'ry royal virtue's found.

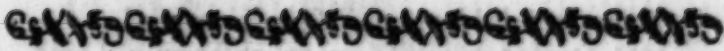
Upon the throne we now behold a sage,
 A blessing which men rarely can obtain;
 He, who is able to instruct the age,
 Is doubtless worthy o'er mankind to reign.

Presumptuous ignorance long has spurn'd the head
Of patient merit, which defenceless lay;
The fury dar'd on sciences to tread,
And virtue's self was forc'd to bear her sway.

Immers'd in soft delights, the courtly train
Think man was never born the truth to know;
All knowledge they despise as weak and vain,
Tho' science can content of mind bestow.

Dunces to truth can scarcely ope their eyes,
Their souls are wrapt in darkness black as night;
Behold a Northern Solomon arise,
Approach, Barbarians, to the source of light.

O D E



O D E

Upon the death of the Emperor CHARLES
the sixth *.

THE Cedar, which so long defied the rage
Of winds and storms, now sinks upon the
ground ;
That cedar which cou'd flourish even in age,
And with its boughs o'ershade the states around.
The stroke is given, the cedar dies,
And on the plain extended lies.

Behold the king of kings, supreme in power,
Death, from his brow has thirty diadems torn ;
His power extensive's vanish'd in an hour,
Crowns can't preserve the men by whom they're
worn.
Oh, haughty race ! oh, race august ;
You now are levell'd with the dust.

The tomb absorbs his very name,
He's now no longer the renown'd ;
That he once reign'd is all his fame,
No courtiers now his praise resound.

N 4

Thus

† Written in November 1740.

Thus kings when once life's breath is fled,
Are number'd with the vulgar dead.

Ah! wherefore did he not his squadrons head,
Where Eugene delug'd deep th' ensanguin'd field;
His numerous cohorts by their monarch led,
Had made the allied army quit the field.
Their arms the Empire had upheld,
And the invading turks repell'd.

Had he not idly loiter'd in a town,
And none but his own chiefs with dread inspir'd;
Had he to pull the haughty Sultan down,
Warm with ambition's noble flame, aspir'd.
Had he fell Turkish rage restrain'd,
And from his subjects blood refrain'd.

All war declining like a monarch sage,
Had he to mankind shewn himself a friend;
With virtue, arts, and plenty, blest'd the age,
And to alarms and discord put an end.
Reviv'd the peace to Rome once known,
When great Augustus fill'd the throne.

Then fame had round him wav'd her purple wings,
With glorious light his head incircled round;
He had been plac'd amongst illustrious kings,
He had been as a patriot king renown'd.
Happy had been the monarch's fate,
Esteem'd not only good but great.

I don't th' harmonious art of verse profane,
I do not dip my pen in satire's gall;
Apollo disapproves th' audacious strain,
I must not one reproachful word let fall.
I must not by one single line
Offend a king, the royal pow'r's divine.

But sacred truth, impartial goddess, fame,
Thou, to whose orders mortals still attend;

Love

Love of mankind, which does my breast inflame,
Your needful succour to my genius lend.
Do you my lays inspire.
I'll teach Mortals to aspire.

Monarchs, death cites you to that court august,
Wherein posterity, a judge most sage,
Shall pass on you a sentence wise and just,
Trusting the depositions of your age.
'Tis to posterity alone,
The real worth of kings is known.

N 5 O D E



O D E.

* To the Queen of HUNGARY.

PRINCESS, descended from that noble race,
Which still in danger held th' imperial throne,
Who human nature and thy sex dost grace,
Whose virtues even thy foes are forc'd to own.

The gen'rous French, as fierce as they're polite,
Who to true glory constantly aspire ;
While obstinately they against thee fight,
Thy virtue and great qualities admire.

The French and Germans, leagu'd by wond'rous ties,
Make christendom one dismal scene of woe ;
And from their friendship greater ills arise,
Than e'er did from their longest quarrels flow.

Thus from th' equator, and the frozen pole,
Th' impetuous winds drive on with headlong force ;
Two

† Written the 30th of June, 1742.

Two clouds, which, as they on each other roll,
Forth from their sable skirts the thunder force.

Do virtuous kings such ruin then ordain ?
A calm they promise, but excite a storm :
Felicity we hope for from their reign,
Whilst they with slaughter dire the earth deform.

Oh ! Fleury, wise and venerable sage,
Whom good ne'er dazzles, danger ne'er alarms ;
Who dost exceed the antient Nestor's age :
Must Europe never cease to be in arms ?

Would thou could'st hold with prudent steady hand
Europa's balance, shut up Janus' shrine ;
Make feuds and discords cease at thy command,
And bring from heaven Astrea, maid divine.

Wou'd France's treasures were dispers'd no more,
But prudently within the realm apply'd ;
Opulence to our cities to restore,
And make it flourishing on every side.

You arts, from heaven, and from the muses sprung,
Whom Lewis brought triumphant into France ;
Too long your hands were idle, lyres unstrung,
'Tis time to start from so profound a trance.

Your labours are of lasting glory sure,
Whilst warlike pomps, the triumphs of a day,
Blaze for a moment, never long endure,
But soon like fleeting shadows pass away.



THE

P A D L O C K . *

I Triumph'd, love's victorious power
 Prevail'd, and near approach'd the hour,
 Which should have crown'd our mutual flame,
 Just then your tyrant husband came.
 That hoary Jailer was too hard,
 To love he all access has barr'd,
 And all our wishes to defeat,
 Secures the key of pleasure's seat :
 For such strange matters to account,
 Our tale to antient days should mount :
 Ceres must to you sure be known,
 Ceres one daughter had alone,
 Who much resembled you in face,
 Beauteous, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 To the soft passion much inclin'd,
 And guided by a cupid blind.

Hymen,

* This poem is of an ancient date ; the author was but eighteen when he compos'd it, and it was occasioned by a lady who was in the circumstances here spoken of.

Hymen, a God as blind as he,
Treated him as he treated thee :
Pluto the rich and old, in hell,
Made her his wife, and forced to dwell ;
But she the jealous miser scorn'd,
And Pluto, tho' a God, was horn'd ;
Pirithous, his rival bright,
Young, handsome, generous, and polite,
Found means to get to hell ere dead,
And clapp'd huge horns upon his head.
This as a fable you'll deride,
But love a man to hell may guide ;
In hell as here by some strange spite,
Intrigues are always brought to light :
In a hot hole a spy conceal'd,
Saw all, and all he saw reveal'd ;
And added, that the royal dame,
With half the damn'd had done the same :
The horn'd God, on this report,
Convokes at his infernal court
Each odious, black, and cursed soul,
Sainted below, for actions foul.
Each cuckold's soul, who during life
Did all he could to plague his wife.
Then thus declar'd a Florentine,
Most mighty monarch I'd opine
For death ; for once a wife is dead,
She can't defile the marriage bed :
But ah, sir, an immortal wife
Can never be depriv'd of life ;
A Padlock, therefore, I'd invent,
Which should such accidents prevent ;
She must be virtuous of course,
When under the restraint of force ;
Not to be come at by her elf,
Your sure to have her to yourself :
Wou'd I had thought, before I died,
Such a convenience to provide.
This sage advice a loud applause
From all the damn'd assembly draws ;

And

And straight, by order of the state,
 Was register'd on brass by fate ;
 That moment in the shades below,
 They anvils beat and bellows blow.
 Tifiphone the blacksmith's trade
 Well understood, the locks she made :
 Proserpina, from Pluto's hand
 Receiving, wore it by command.
 Sometimes the hardest hearts will melt,
 Even Pluto's self some pity felt :
 When spouse's virtue he made fast,
 And said, you'll now perforce be chaste.
 This lock, which hell could frame alone,
 Soon to the human race was known ;
 In Venice, Rome, and all about it,
 No gentleman or cit's without it ;
 'Tis always thought a method sure,
 All female honour to secure.
 Their husbands, tho' some sneerers mock,
 Keep virtue safe and under lock :
 But now to bring the matter home,
 Your spouse you know liv'd long at Rome ;
 With bad men few infection scape,
 He has learn'd the Roman modes to ape ;
 But all his jealous care is vain,
 Love always knows his ends to gain ;
 That God will sure espouse our cause,
 He still protects who keep his laws ;
 For you have given me your heart,
 And can't refuse me any part.



STANZAS

Upon the EPIC Poets.

THE antient Homer I admire,
 Replete with faults, but full of fire ;
 He, like the heroes of his time,
 Is a great pratler, but sublime.

Virgil cou'd greater charms impart
 To poetry, and had more art :
 But he his fire with Dido spends,
 And with Lavinia coldly ends.

Too much of magic and false graces,
 Tasso below both poets places ;
 But his two heroine's heavenly charms
 Have force, that critic rage disarms.

Milton, tho' more sublime than these,
 Does not so much a reader please :
 He wrote in strange fantastic flights,
 For madmen, angels, hellish sprites.

'Twould

'Twould be presumption but to name
Myself with bards so dear to fame ;
'Tis death alone that can decree,
What place shall be consign'd to me.

You, who by wit and beauty shine,
Who charm the world by grace divine ;
In your affections if I find
A place, I'm first of human kind.

THE



T H E

Utility of SCIENCES to PRINCES.

To the Prince Royal of PRUSSIA, since
King of PRUSSIA.

FEW kings, my prince, can with enlighten'd
mind

Instruct the people to their care consign'd ;
Few Antoninus's on earth appear,
For since that hero, to all Rome so dear,
Since great Aurelius, wonder of his age,
Who shone as monarch, warrior, and sage :
Did ever king like him the truth explore,
Like him give ear to sacred wisdom's lore ?
But two or three of those, who wore a crown,
Were held philosophers of high renown ;
Others appear as vulgar to your eyes,
The tyrant slaves of pleasure you despise,
Who burthen'd earth, or else destruction hurl'd,
Slept on the throne, or wide laid waste the world.
The world can't see them in a proper light,
To reign is the grand art, if courts say right.
But what's this art so boasted of by kings ?
What are of all their policy the springs ?
He speaks the word and all around obey ;
Just as he smiles, or frowns, they're sad or gay.
Is it then hard to play the monarch's part ?
Is then to govern slaves so great an art ?
But error's cup break too with manly hand,
Repel the flattering, fawning, craving band,
Aspiring prelates' wily arts defeat
Justice secure upon her awful seat,
From learned bodies vain debates to chace,
And make vain sophistry to truth give place ;

T' instruct

T' instruct at once the learned, and support,
 These are the glories of the Prussian court;
 High station's lustre ignorance can deface,
 Which join'd to grandeur makes even grandeur base.

• A formal envoy of the king of Spain

'Two English artists importun'd in vain,
 For leave upon a mountain's top to state,
 By a barometer, air's real weight.

The envoy could with ease have help'd the schools,
 But, tho' a fool, he thought the artists fools.

Shall I the folly of a pope reveal?

Shew cardinals, with apostolic zeal,

Teaching mankind in their illustrious codes,

'Twas sinful to believe the antipodes.

How many kings and sultans dire alarms

Have felt at an eclipse and dreaded charms?

A monarch, who to indolence gives way,

Is by the vilest wretches led astray.

Star-gazers, chymists, and dull monks, contrive

To bubble him, and on his folly thrive.

By avarice to alchymists betray'd,

He thinks each piece with treasures will be paid;

Th' astrologer he asks, if heaven benign

Permits to go to council or to dine;

As knavish monks direct he God adores,

And to escape from hell gives up his stores.

Such kings we should no more than idols prize;

Idols who see not, tho' endued with eyes.

A king, who has both sense and talents rare,

We justly to th' Almighty may compare.

Knowledge of arts, 'tis true, should not alone

Distinguish him that sits upon a throne.

Of all the kings in sacred history nam'd,

Which for his royal virtues was most fam'd?

'Twas Solomon, by God himself inspir'd,

Belov'd in Sion, by the world admir'd;

Rul'd by a sage, his subjects all were blest,

Of all earth bears they were by trade possess'd:

His

• This happened at London, in the first year of the reign of Charles the 2d, king of Spain.

His navy visited each distant shore,
 And still new wealth to fam'd Judea bore :
 Thus fleets to Bourdeaux, and to London bring
 All Asia's treasures at returning spring,
 To him, not dazzled by so bright a throne,
 The art t' enjoy what he possess'd was known.
 'Tis thus wise monarchs o'er their subjects reign ;
 Knowledge, if not to prudence join'd, is vain.
 A monarch should not, midst a thousand cares,
 Neglect for love of money state affairs.
 To you that English monarch's history's known,
 James of his name the first who fill'd the throne,
 † Who in sad exile let his nephew die,
 Tho he cou'd necessary aid supply ;
 His nephew's wrongs the king should have redress'd,
 Reliev'd the German towns by force oppress'd ;
 He should, by force, insulting foes have quell'd,
 And between nations a just balance held :
 Not as a doctor, labour to be great,
 And tracts pedantic to Christ dedicate*.
 No king of parts in pedantry delights,
 He justly thinks, and like a hero fights :
 Such Julian was, ill-known to vulgar eyes,
 Dreaded, yet lov'd, and, tho' a warrior, wise :
 Such Cæsar, who to all things great aspir'd,
 Who conquer'd Rome, and was by Rome admir'd :
 Your model he had been in every art,
 Had he not banish'd justice from his heart.

† Frederic the 5th Elector Palatine, elected King of Bohemia, defeated at the battle of Prague, in 1619, and deprived of his dominions.

* James the first dedicated a short treatise to Jesus Christ ; Father Talon dedicated one to the Trinity. Such dedications were then in fashion.



AT THE
CAMP before PHILIPSBURGH.

July 3, 1734

WITHOUT a bed we now sleep sound,
And take our meals upon the ground ;
And tho' the blazing atmosphere
Must dreadful to the eye appear,
The air tho' roaring cannons rend
Whilst warriors with fierce rage contend,
The thoughtless French drink, laugh, and sing,
And with their mirth the heavens ring ;
The walls of Philipsburgh shall burn,
And all her towers to ashes turn
By fifty thousand Alexanders,
Who all deserve to be commanders,
Tho' they receive the paulty pay
Of only poor four sous a day.
Lavish of life, with high delight
I see them rushing to the fight ;
They all appear both gay and jolly,
Quite cover'd o'er with fame and folly:
The Phantom, which we Glory name,
Spurs them to the pursuit of fame ;
With threat'ning eye, and front all o'er
Bedusted, marching still before ;
She holds a trumpet in her hand
To sound to arms, and cheer the band,

And

And loudly sings, with voice sonorous,
Catches, which they repeat in chorus.
Oh! people, brilliant, gay, and vain,
Who drag with patience glory's chain,
'Tis great, an honourable grave
To seek, Eugene and Death to brave.
But what will be your mighty prize?
What from your prowess will arise?
Regret your blood, in vain you spilt it;
At Paris cuckolded, or jilted.

ANSWER



* ANSWER TO A LADY,

Or one who passed for such.

THE highest praises you bestow me ;
 And finish with desires to know me ;
 You'll praise me less when I am known ;
 But what I am I'll freely own.
 Three revolutions of the sphere
 Will bring about my fortieth year ;
 Phœbus presided at the time
 That I was born, I lisp'd in rhyme ;
 The potent God approv'd my wit,
 And to his presence did admit :
 My heart was by the God subdu'd,
 I worship'd him thro' gratitude.
 Their inclinations some excite,
 But fate ordain'd that I should write.
 My soul was by each taste possess'd,
 Each noble art inflam'd my breast :
 Painting delights me : oft' I've been
 At the king's or duke's palace seen,
 Gazing on works with raptur'd eye,
 Where art with nature seems to vie ;
 Paul Verones's noble fire
 And skill divine I much admire ;

Poussin

* In 1732, a gentleman of Bretagne, for a frolic, wrote letters to several of the wits of Paris, and signed them with a woman's name. This artifice imposed upon every body, and gave occasion to the present answer.

Pouffin and Raphael my sight
 Ravish with exquisite delight.
 From those rooms to the opera, I
 Upon the wings of pleasure fly;
 What there gives pleasure, from me draws
 The tribute of deserv'd applause.
 In music, Mauret's sprightly strain,
 † Destouches's grace, my praise obtain,
 † Pelissier's art, le More's fine voice,
 Pleasing by turns, suspend my choice.
 Sometimes I to that science soar
 Which teaches nature to explore,
 Following great Newton thro' the sky
 I to find natural causes try;
 I'd know if Cynthia in her course
 Is by a changeful central force
 Towards us made to gravitate,
 And coming near acquires new weight;
 I read philosophers profound,
 Who nature by their reason sound;
 I see Cleraut, Mauperitus, rise
 By calculation to the skies;
 And I indeed too often find
 Such studies but perplex my mind.
 Obscure researches set apart,
 I study next the human heart.
 I often Pascal's works review,
 A genius singular and new;
 That satyrists, devout and sage,
 Against mankind too prone to rage.
 I his austerity oppose;
 He'd have men to themselves be foes.
 A friend to man, I strive to shew
 How he to love himself may know.
 I'm free from passion, care and strife;
 The muse diversifies my life:

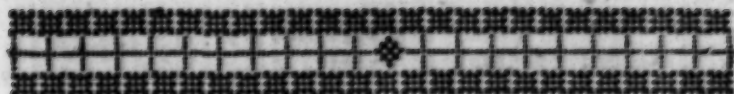
My

† Pleasing musicians.

† Actresses belonging to the opera.

My day begins with joy, and ends
In cheerful suppers with my friends.
I now no more of love complain,
Reason at last has broke my chain ;
I follow Cupid now no more,
The happy age of love is o'er ;
With love's flame I no more burn ;
Each art I cultivate in turn,
Indolent languor to avoid ;
But all this can't fill up the void,
For, notwithstanding all my pains,
Still there a craving void remains.

EPISTLE



E P I S T L E *

T O

Monsieur de BUSSI,

Bishop of LUCON,

Upon the Hurry and Bustle of the Town.

O H Buffy, who wert surely born
 The church and mankind to adorn ;
 Soon as profusely Flora pours
 Upon the plains her various flowers,
 To much-lov'd Paris straight repair ;
 Where is your home, if 'tis not there ?
 And could even heaven itself display
 A brighter heaven, more brilliant day,
 If we could any means contrive
 That monster Hurry hence to drive ;
 That hideous monster let us fly,
 A female, whose most baleful eye
 Does the beholder fascinate,
 By heaven created in it's hate,
 And to our climes delightful sent,
 Amidst our pleasures to torment ;
 How flattery from her lips distils !
 Flattery, the source of many ills.
 Imposture follows as her maid,
 And ever lends her dangerous aid ;
 Vol. XX. O

Perplexity,

Perplexity, Suspicion pale,
Attend with steps that seem to fail ;
Still eager for some false report,
To the wretch Error pays her court.
May love fly far on his light wings
From hurry, she corruption brings ;
And let him cease to forge his darts
For guilty beauties' yielding hearts.
I hate the railer who defames
Virtues, and gives them vices' names,
Dulness by him content of mind,
As folly constancy's, defin'd.
The man is happy to whose share
Falls ease and freedom from all care ;
Whom blest in love no tricks e'er vex,
Intrigues nor ruffle nor perplex.
His mistress no coquet, but gay,
Rewards him at the close of day.
Lovers like these with bliss are crown'd,
With pleasure ever circl'd round.
Then, cheerful prelate, don't delay,
To joy and Paris haste away ;
The humblest of your friends, Voltaire,
Your absence can no longer bear ;
Of graces, an obsequious band,
Will ready be at your command ;
And I'll your excellence salute
With jocund airs upon the flute ;
And, as towards you I advance,
Quite mad with joy, I'll leap and dance.



E P I S T L E

T O

Monfieur DE GERVASI*, the Phyfician.

YOU return'd to Paris a phyfician renown'd,
 Thofe you cur'd of the plague your juft praifes
 refound;

Like Hypocrates felf you reftor'd the difeas'd,
 And the peftilence rage by your art was appeas'd ;
 At Maisons mean time I lay on a fick bed,
 And thought I fhould in a few moments be dead.
 The grim king of terrors, relentless death,
 Shook his terrible fcythe, I was gasping for breath :
 Old Charon push'd forward, with fail and with oar,
 And I thought I fhould foon fee the fam'd Stygian
 fhore :

But like Æfculapius you came to my aid,
 And death from his conqueror retreated difmay'd.
 Had you undertook dear Genonville to cure,
 He had from death's direful attacks been fecure ;

O 2

He'd

* Monfieur de Gervafi, a celebrated phyfician of Paris, had been fent to cure the plague, and at his return he cured the author of the fmall pox, at the caftle of Maisons, fix leagues from Paris, in the year 1723.

He'd have liv'd, and I still had the pleasure enjoy'd
 Of his converse, with which I cou'd never be cloy'd,
 And my eyes, which in death had been clos'd, but for
 you,

Tears for a lost friend would not each-day bedue.
 To you, and to your cares, I own myself debtor,
 That of my disease I have now got the better;
 That now all my griefs and afflictions have end,
 That I still am belov'd, and I still love my friend:
 Maisons, my physician, I shall now see once more,
 Maisons, the physician, that cur'd me before;
 Maisons, whose deep science surpasses his age,
 Who rivals in medical skill the Greek sage.
 I hope my last tragedy will not disgust
 The virtuous Sully, as brave as he's just;
 That his gen'rous heart will discover some pleasure
 To see me reviv'd, and intent upon measure;
 And that fam'd Mariamne's distress may impart,
 Some tender sensations to his gen'rous heart.
 You gardens of Villars, seats with bliss ever crown'd,
 'Twas there I again met the hero renown'd;
 Whom peace crown'd with olive to his country brings,
 Triumphant and joyous upon victory's wings:
 There I saw Richelieu gay, the delight of his age,
 Whose wit and vivacity all men engage;
 When Richelieu appears, all my misery ends,
 He'll soon re-unite me to his amiable friends:
 And thou, Bolingbroke, by Apollo inspir'd,
 As an orator, wit, and a statesman admir'd:
 You, to whom I so often have listen'd before,
 I shall live and improve by your converse once more;
 But what sad idea possesses my mind,
 Shall my mistress, shall my charming mistress be kind?
 Her image was strongly impress'd on my heart,
 When I thought I was ready from this world to depart;
 Her virtues, her graces, and her charms divine,
 The pleasures I tasted when I once call'd her mine;
 In my last moments cherish'd my amorous fire,
 And my heart love possess'd when I thought to expire.

Can

Can she then have forgot me, can she then prove
unkind,

But wretch as I am, why so wanders my mind?
From death scarce escap'd, can love still in my breast
Be of all my affections, and my reason, possess'd.



E P I S T L E

To A L A D Y,

Very well known to the whole town.

PHILLIS, how much the times are chang'd,
 Since in a hack the town you rang'd,
 Since without dress or train you shone,
 Conspicuous for your charms alone ;
 When, tho' you supp'd on sorry fare,
 You nectar seem'd with gods to share,
 You foolishly to one consign'd,
 Beauty which might charm all mankind :
 A desp'rate lover, who for life,
 Engag'd you when he made his wife.
 You then no treasure did inherit,
 Your beauty was your only merit,
 Your bosom charms divine display'd ;
 There Cupid still in ambush laid ;
 Your heart was tender, and your mind
 To youthful frolicks much inclin'd.
 With so many charms endu'd,
 What woman e'er could be a prude ?
 That fault, oh ! beauty all divine,
 Is very far from being thine ;
 Because of favours you were free,
 You were the better lik'd by me.
 How differently you live, grown great,
 Your life is but the farce of state ;

The

The hoary porter, who still plies
At your house door, and tells such lies,
Is a just emblem of the age,
His very looks ill-luck presage ;
He thinks the duty of his place is,
To drive away the loves and graces.
The tender train's abash'd, afraid
Your pompous palace to invade.
When you were young to my amazement,
I've seen them enter at the casement ;
I've seen them enter ev'ry day,
And in your chamber nimbly play.
Not all your carpets, and your plate,
Not all your proud parade of state,
Those goblets which so brightly shine,
Grav'd by Germain with art divine ;
Those closets nobly furnish'd, where
Martin's exceeds the China ware.
Your vases of japan and all
The brittle wonders of your hall ;
Your diamond pendants which appear
With such bright lustre at each ear ;
Your solitaires so dazzling bright,
Your pomp which strikes the gazer's sight,
Are worth one quarter of that bliss,
Which once you imparted by a kiss.



E P I S T L E

To the KING,

Presented to his Majesty at the Camp before Fribourgh.

KING, of benign, but of undaunted heart,
 As brave as mild, and prudent without art,
 Whither do you precipitately go?
 The fever 'scaping, you provoke the foe!
 You haste to Fribourgh, Peyronie in vain
 Strove your impetuous ardour to restrain.
 To risk your precious life, great king, beware;
 Fields suit not him who wants physician's care.
 When laurels bind the conquering hero's brow,
 Some care of health he surely may allow.
 Zeal spoke, but from you no attention drew,
 Deaf to advice, you to the combat flew;
 Inclement seasons with the foes conspire,
 You brave the seasons and the cannon's fire:
 Your headlong courage fills with dread the state,
 But your foes dread it as they dread their fate.
 Give to Vienna, not to Paris fear,
 Make us rejoice to whom you are so dear:
 The hero they admire and love, once more,
 To loving subjects graciously restore.
 A sage has said, the only good below,
 The only solid bliss that mortals know,
 Springs from the tender sympathy of hearts,
 From the blest transports friendship's force imparts,
 How

How happy then must be the monarch's fate,
Who's lov'd by every member of the state!
How blest the king whose throne's each subject's breast!
This bliss enjoy, by thee it is possess'd.
To Paris' ramparts, even from Alface bound
Approach, you'll hear the voice of love resound.
Subjects you'll see whose bosoms transports fire,
Blessing the hero whom their souls admire;
Do you not see how on their knees they fall,
How on your face are fix'd the eyes of all,
How our hearts leap with transport at the sight
Of our lov'd kings? This triumph's your delight.
Kings dragg'd, like slaves, thro' an insulting throng,
Led to the capitol in chains along,
Those glittering chariots, priests, that warlike host,
That senate, which made earth oppress'd its boast,
Wretches from the procession to the tomb
Sent, were the triumphs both of pride and Rome:
Yours is love's triumph, and its glory pure,
Theirs time effac'd, yours ever will endure;
They shock'd mankind, the sinking world you raise,
In you his image God on earth displays;
In the blest age of gold you had been king,
Enjoy the days of happiness you bring,
May peace for ever bless their happy course,
Peace makes blest days, the glorious, martial force.
May she still hear the victor's voice well-known,
He combated for us and her alone.



THE

REQUISITES TO HAPPINESS.

A Man must think, or else the brute
May his superior worth dispute ;
A man must love, for were it not
For love, most hard would be his lot.

A man must always have a friend,
To whose advice he may attend ;
Whose friendly sympathy still knows,
Our bliss to encrease, assuage our woes.

He must, at the approach of night,
Still sup with freedom and delight ;
Drink the best wine, and dainties eat,
And make before he's drunk retreat.

Each night he must his love declare,
With raptures to the yielding fair ;

Must

Must when awake her charms adore,
And when he sleeps must think them o'er:

My friends, you all will sure allow,
That I true bliss have shewn you now;
And when my Sylvia I address'd,
I soon was of such bliss possess'd.

TO



TO THE

Manes of Monsieur de GENONVILLE,

Counsellor of the Parliament, and one of the
author's intimate friends*.

THOU, who didst in thy early youth depart,
Whose dear idea ne'er shall leave my heart,
Whose loss has fill'd my soul with lasting grief,
Which from time's lenient hand finds no relief;
If the whole system dies not with the frame,
If entity, the spark of heavenly flame,
Made both to serve the body, and controul
That active principle we call the soul;
Tho' lost to us, lives in some other sphere,
If thou hast being, and these words canst hear;
With pleasure, Genonville, receive this lay,
This tribute which I to thy ashes pay,
The monument of an eternal love,
Which like thy spirit shall immortal prove:
Thou must remember how, in life's first stage,
The fair Egeria did our loves engage;
She heard our songs, approv'd of either's flame,
And in all three love seem'd to be same.
Reason conspir'd with amorous follies light,
And love's enchantments, souls thus to unite.
How great our bliss! it suffer'd no allays
From want companion of our youthful days.

Young

* This piece was wrote in 1729. Mons. de Genonville had not
been quite ten years dead.

Young, gay, contented, free from anxious care,
Of exquisite delight we had our share ;
We could not hope to find enjoyment more,
Had we possess'd even Cræsus' countless store ;
With what we had we well might be content,
In joy youth's dear, delightful days we spent ;
Those days which in a round of joys were past,
Those smiling pleasures could not always last ;
From thee those joys are fled, that period bright
Was follow'd soon by death's eternal night.
Thy much lov'd mistress, favour'd more by fate,
Now lives in grandeur, opulence, and state ;
Supports of age, attended with some care,
And which we can't to youthful joys compare.
As love her youth, so wealth sustains her age,
To gaiety succeed reflexions sage.
His flight love with the youthful graces takes,
But friendship never virtuous hearts forsakes.
By that excited, oft we sing that verse,
And all thy conversation's charms rehearse :
Whene'er we meet we always talk of you,
We read your works, and tears our eyes bedew :
Hence, hence for ever fly the unfeeling train,
Wretches who would the name of friend profane ;
Wrapt up in self, or dissipated quite,
Who in the world and idle joys delight ;
Wretches whose hearts are to affection dead,
Who never learn'd a virtuous tear to shed.



V E R S E S

UPON THE

Death of Madame LA COUVREUR,

A celebrated Actress.

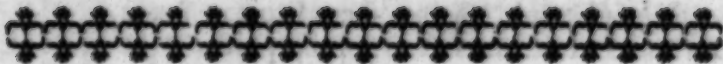
WHAT fight of woe thus harrows up my soul !
 Must those love darting eyes in anguish roll ?
 Shall ghastly death such charms divine invade ?
 You muses, graces, loves, come to the aid.
 Oh ! you, my gods and hers, assist the fair,
 Your image sure must well deserve your care.
 Alas ! thou diest, I press thy corpse alone ;
 Thou diest, the fatal news too soon is known.
 In such a loss, each tender feeling heart
 Is touch'd like mine, and takes in grief a part.
 I hear the arts on ev'ry side deplore
 Their loss, and cry Melpomene's no more :
 What exclamations will the future race
 Utter, at hearing of those arts' disgrace ?
 See cruel men a burying place refuse
 To her whom Greece had worshipp'd as a muse ;
 When living, they ador'd her power divine,
 To her, they bow'd like votaries at a shrine :
 Should she then breathless criminal be thought,
 And is it then to charm the world a fault ?

Seine's

* Seine's banks should now no more be deem'd prophane,

La Couvreur's sacred ashes there remain :
 At this sad tomb, shrine, sacred to thy shade,
 Our vows are still as at a temple paid,
 I don't revere the fam'd St. Denis more,
 Thy graces, charms, and wit, I there adore :
 I lov'd them living, incense now I'll burn,
 And pay due honours to thy sacred urn.
 Tho' error and ingratitude are bent,
 To brand with infamy thy monument.
 Shall Frenchmen never know what they require,
 But damn capriciously what they admire ?
 Must laws with manners jar ? Must ev'ry mind,
 In France, be made by superstition blind ?
 Wherefore should England be the only clime,
 Where to think freely is not deem'd a crime ?
 Oh ! London, Athens' rival, thou alone,
 Could'st tyrants, and could'st prejudice dethrone ;
 In that blest region, gen'ral freedom reigns,
 Merit is honour'd, and reward obtains :
 Marlborough the greatest gen'ral of his age,
 Harmonious Dryden, Addison the sage,
 Immortal Newton, charming Oldfield there,
 The honours due to real genius share.
 The farce of life had there La Couvreur clos'd,
 With heroes, statesmen, kings she had repos'd :
 Genius at London makes its owner great,
 Freedom and wealth have, in that happy state,
 Procur'd the inhabitants immortal fame,
 They rival now the Greek and Roman name.
 Parnassian laurels wither in our fields,
 And France no more a crop of merit yields :
 Wherefore, you gods, do all our glories fade,
 Why is not honour due to genius paid.

* She was buried on the bank of the Seine.



TO HER

Royal Highness the Princess of ***.

A Beauteous princess often may
Languish in pleasure's season gay ;
The empty forms of haughty state,
Oft make life tedious to the great.

It must the greatest king confound,
With all his courtiers circled round ;
Amidst a splendid court to find,
That grandeur can't give peace of mind.

Some think that play can give delight,
But soon it grows insipid quite ;
And monarchs have been often seen,
Whilst gaming, tortur'd with the spleen.

A king oft feasts with heavy heart,
Pleasures to him no joy impart ;
Whilst the dull vulgar contemplate,
Like gazing ideots, pomp and state,
And fondly think, who is possess'd
Of them with bliss supreme is bless'd.

Soon as the sun's refulgent rays,
Spread o'er the hemisphere their blaze ;

The

The king begins another day,
Yet knows not where to take his way :
Tir'd of himself he straight repairs
To company to sooth his cares.

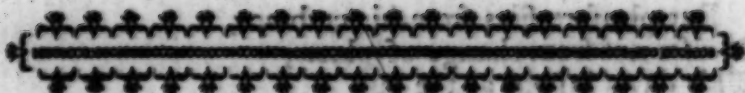
But pleasure flies from his embrace,
It rises not from change of place ;
This day's insipid as the last,
At night he knows not how it pass'd.

Time's loss is not to be repair'd
Life's to an instant well compar'd ;
What, when life posts away so fast,
Can days appear so long to last ?

Princess, whose worth, above thy age,
All hearts at two courts can engage ;
You usefully that time employ,
By youth consum'd in rapid joy.

The genius given by heav'n benign,
You strive to polish and refine,
By studies which at once unite
Instructions solid with delight.

'Tis best the mind should be employ'd,
Indolence leaves a craving void ;
The soul is like a subtle fire,
Which if not fed must soon expire.



TO THE

DUKE OF RICHELIEU,
 Marshal of FRANCE, *

In whose honour the Senate of GENOA had
 just before caused a statue to be erected.

TO thee, as her deliverer prais'd,
 A statue Genoa has rais'd;
 Your uncle with less lustre shone,
 His glory was not so far known;
 He doubtless would have jealous been,
 If he that monument had seen,
 Which you in youthful days acquir'd,
 When universally admir'd,
 And thought the wonder of your age
 For talents, which all hearts engage.
 To take a model of that face,
 The court of Venus form'd to grace;
 Of love he had made choice alone,
 That God to changing ever prone;

Less

* Written at Luneville, the 18th of November, 1748.

Less soft had he the features made,
Vertumnus' face he had display'd,
The graces of the young and gay,
Courtier at length must pass away;
Your glory will encrease with age,
Your air will then appear more sage:
At this you're not at all content,
You wish life could in love be spent,
But pleasures were not made to last,
They hurry to their period fast;
But still your influence you'll maintain,
By wit and valour still you'll reign.
The features of Richelieu the Rover,
The gallant, gay, and favour'd lover,
In miniature shall oft be found,
In boxes which shall much abound;
With skill by famous Macé wrought,
For Richelieu's sake by many bought:
But those of Richelieu, the victorious,
Support of armies, hero glorious;
Richelieu, who could protect by arms
A common wealth in dire alarms;
These are more pleasing to my sight,
They give me more sincere delight.
I ask your pardon, you are not quite
So sage, tho' still prepar'd to fight;
Altho' you can a city save,
You're not a patriot stern and grave,
I would not have the world be told
That you are grown austere and old;
Who did at Fontenoy display
Such courage on that glorious day;
Against the foe your thunder lance,
And crown with victory flying France.
Lavish of life you in the field
With terror made the allies yield;
When England, Austria, envy lay
Vanquish'd, you came without delay;
To Paris Cyprian wars to wage,
Subdue by love not hostile rage.

Love's

Love's wings and times you have curtail'd,
In love and war alike prevail'd ;
For ladies you can break a lance,
Just as for Genoa and France.



END OF THE TWENTIETH VOLUME.



